

THE
WORKS

Of the late INGENIOUS

Mr. *George Farquhar* :

Containing all his

POEMS, LETTERS,
ESSAYS and COMEDIES,
Publish'd in his Life-time.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

THE NINTH EDITION. Corrected from the
Errors of former Impressions. To which are
added some MEMOIRS of the Author, never
before Publish'd.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. CLARKE, JOHN RIVINGTON, JAMES
RIVINGTON and JAMES FLETCHER, S. CROWDER
and Co. T. CASLON, T. LOWNDS, H. WOODGATE
and S. BROOKES.

MDCCLX.

WORKS

Mr George Thompson

VOL. I

POETRY

CONTAINING

Prose, Poetry, and a Discourse upon

the State of the Nation

444

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THE CONSTANT COMPANY OF THE

449

By Mr HARRY WILKINS, being the second
of the series of the Jubilee.

The first volume of the series, never

before published.



THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. *George Farquhar.*

VOL. I.

CONTAINING,

I. Poems, Letters, and a Discourse upon
COMEDY.

II. LOVE and a BOTTLE.

III. THE CONSTANT COUPLE: Or, *A Trip
to the Jubilee.*

IV. Sir HARRY WILDAIR, being *the Sequel
of the Trip to the Jubilee.*

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WORKS OF MR. GEORGE FORDYCE

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It is only by the study of the world is naturally
the mind is enlarged into the late and Cha-
racter of the Men who have made them-
selves famous for their great Art or Science.
The student who is in the pursuit of an
honourable Avocation, and in this Curiosity, and
is a perfect till we are satisfied therein. On this
subject, since few Cornish Writers have met
with a more favourable Reception among People
of the most Polite Taste, than the Author of the
ill. The Good and the Evil of the World, is of his
life. Mr. Fordyce was born in the North of
Scotland, of a family that held no mean rank in the
Country, who, having a numerous Issue, could be-
stow on him no Fortune, farther than a gentle
allowance, which was not to be held with a Poet.
and Gentleman. His father was a man of a liberal
Taste in those Years, to be, and he arrived at his
Tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar
Turn that was One of his juvenile Productions
in which he discovered a Way
of thinking as well as an Elegancy of Expression.
and his Years, T. Down, 17 Woodgate
and S. Brookes.

MR. GEORGE FORDYCE



S O M E
M E M O I R S
O F

Mr. George Farquhar.

TIS observ'd that the World is naturally apt to enquire into the Life and Character of those Men who have made themselves famous for any particular Art or Science: The Satisfaction we receive in the Perusal of an ingenious Author excites in us this Curiosity, and is imperfect till we are satisfy'd therein. On this Consideration, since few Comick Writers have met with a more favourable Reception among People of the most Polite Taste, than the Author of the following Works, I thought it necessary to prefix these few Memoirs of his Life.

Mr. *George Farquhar* was born in the North of *Ireland*, of Parents that held no mean Rank in the Country, who, having a numerous Issue, cou'd bestow on him no Fortune, farther than a genteel Education. As they who are bless'd with a Poetical Genius always shew some Glimmerings of their Fancy in their Youth, so he, ere he arriv'd at his Tenth Year, gave several Specimens of a peculiar Turn that Way. One of his juvenile Productions I shall here mention, in which he discover'd a Way of Thinking, as well as an Elegancy of Expression, far beyond his Years.

1.

*The pliant Soul of erring Youth,
Is like soft Wax, or moisten'd Clay,
Apt to receive all Heavenly Truth;
Or yield to Tyrant Ill the Sway.*

2.

*Slight Folly in your early Years,
At Manhood may to Virtue rise;
But he, who in his Youth appears
A Fool, in Age will ne'er be wise.*

He was educated in the University of *Dublin*, where, by the Progress he made in his Studies, he acquir'd a considerable Reputation. He began very early to apply himself to the Stage, as an Actor, following the Examples of *Lee* and *Otway*, and with the like Success; who, tho' excellent Dramatick Poets, made but an indifferent Appearance as Actors: However, Mr. *Farguhar* having the Advantage of a very good Person, tho' with a weak Voice, was never repuls'd by the Audience in his Performances; so resolv'd to continue on the Stage till something better shou'd offer; which Resolution was soon thrown aside by the following Accident. Performing the Part of *Guyomar* in the *Indian Emperor*, who is suppos'd to kill *Vasquez*, one of the *Spanish* Generals, and forgetting to exchange his Sword for a Foil, in the Engagement he wounded the Person who represented *Vasquez*, tho' (as it happen'd) not dangerously, nevertheless it put an End to his appearing on the Stage as an Actor. Some Time after this, the Earl of *Orrery*, in regard to his particular Merit, gave him a Lieutenantancy in his Regiment then in *Ireland*: As a Soldier he behav'd very well, and gave several Proofs of his Courage and Conduct.

He

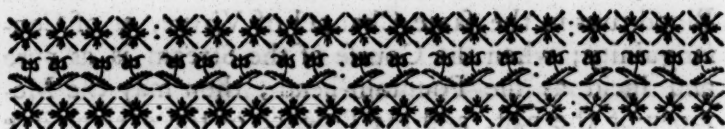
He was very young when he wrote his first Comedy, the Success of which far exceeded his Expectation, as indeed did most of his other Pieces. 'Tis remark'd of him, That he was peculiarly happy in the Choice of his Subjects, which he took Care to adorn with Variety of Characters and Incidents; his Style is pure and unaffected; his Wit natural, and flowing, and his Plots generally well contriv'd. He lash'd the Vices of the Age, tho' with a merciful Hand; for his Muse was good-natur'd, not abounding over-much with Gall, tho' he has been blam'd for it by the Criticks. It has been objected to him, that he was too hasty in his Productions, but I believe by such only who are chiefly Admirers of stiff and elaborate Performances, since with a Person of a sprightly Fancy those Things are often best, which are struck off in a Heat.

His last Comedy, the *Stratagem*, he began and ended in six Weeks, with a settled Sickness upon him all the Time; nay, he even perceiv'd the Approaches of Death, ere he had finish'd the second Act, and (as he had often foretold) dy'd before the Run of his Play was over. His other Plays were dedicated to Persons of Distinction, and he design'd a Dedication of this last to my Lord *Cadogan*; but his Lordship, for Reasons unknown, evaded it, tho' he made him an handsome Present, with Promises of his future Favour; which, probably, wou'd have been fulfill'd, if our Author had surviv'd: Tho' he had but little Reason to rely on the Promises of Great Men; a certain Great Courtier having prevail'd on him to sell his Commission, with solemn Assurances of providing for him better, which he forgot to keep. Mr. *Farquhar* in his Song of a Trifle, seems to point at the Person in this Stanza.

*But if you will go to the Place
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will show you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed.*

'Tis suppos'd, that thus failing in his Expectations, together with an unfortunate Marriage, shorten'd his Days. For his Wife, (by whom he had two Daughters only) through the Reputation of a great Fortune, trick'd him into Matrimony. This was chiefly the Fault of her Love, which was so violent for him, that she resolv'd to leave nothing untry'd to gain him. Tho' some Husbands wou'd have prov'd mere Husbands in such a Case, Mr. *Farquhar* was so much charm'd with her Love and Understanding, that he entirely forgave her, and liv'd very happily with her; therefore, when I say an unfortunate Marriage conduc'd, with other Circumstances, to the shortening his Days, I only mean, that his Fortune being too slender to support a Family, led him into a great many Cares and Inconveniencies; for I have often heard him say, *That it was more Pain to him in imagining that his Family might want a needful Support, than the most violent Death that cou'd be inflicted on him.* But his Wife being long since dead, his good Friend Mr. *Wilks* has been highly instrumental in setting his Children above Want.

Mr. *Farquhar*, besides these seven Comedies, assisted Mr. *Motteux* in a Farce call'd *The Stage-Coach*. He left no other Papers behind him; for, three Hours before his Death, he flung several Fragments into the Fire, declaring, at the same Time, that he had no Remains worth saving.



T O

Edmund Chaloner, Esq;

S I R,

AS it is the Business of Writing to transmit Virtue to Posterity, so it is the Policy of the Pen to make a Party for its Productions, by engaging in their Cause some worthy Person universally honour'd and belov'd, whose admir'd and establish'd Character may add a Value to the Work, and take off all Imputation of Flattery from the Author.

These Advantages I had design'd myself before, in a Piece of another Nature; had not Your Modesty caution'd me the contrary; but I think it Injustice that one Part of your Character should obscure the rest; and tho' I must despair of Your Consent for what they call a Dedication, yet I must beg Your Excuse, if at present I consult what shall turn most to my own Honour, and the Interest of my Book, before Your Approbation and Allowance. But I hope you will come to Pardon the Presumption, when I assure You, that my Intention is not so much a *Panegyrick* upon You, as to compliment myself; and my own Modesty, not Yours, should take the Offence.

The great and virtuous Actions of Progenitors look with a twofold Aspect upon their Posterity; for when the Vices of the latter appear in the same Degree of Opposition with the Merits of the first, the Praise of the Father becomes a Satyr upon the Son; and that *Coat of Arms* which was the Glory of one,

turns to a severe Libel upon the other. But when the Blood runs in the same Channel of Virtue, as of Con-
fanguinity; when the Course of the Stream is as pure
and lucid as the Fountain-head; then may the Me-
mory of the past, and the Practice of the present Age
come boldly Face to Face, where, by a just Resem-
blance of Features, the Fore-father may joyfully own
his legitimate Posterity.

This Advantage, Sir, is Yours in Perfection, be-
ing sprung from an Ancient and Honourable Family, of
which, Merit laid the Foundation, and Virtue has ce-
mented the Structure.

The known Bravery of your famous Ancestor, Sir
Thomas Chaloner, added more Value to the *Order*, than
he received by the *Knighthood*; not meanly dubbed by
a Court-Favourite, but on the Field of Battle, where
the Voice of War declar'd him Noble, before the Ge-
neral made him a *Banneret*. Add to this, the Poli-
tick and Prudent Discharge of his Honourable Em-
bassy from Queen *Elizabeth* to the King of *Spain*, and
it will evidently appear how *Minerva* had an equal
Share with *Mars* in his Education; and that his Cha-
racter left us by a great Statesman, and his intimate
Friend, the Illustrious *Cecil*, was just to his Merit:

—*Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus,*
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonerò juncta fuere.

This Encomium, Sir, is lineally descended to his
Posterity, but with all its Circumstances appears
most visibly intail'd upon you. In Vindication of
which I shall only appeal to the Judgment of Man-
kind, and the Actions of Your Life; and tho' Your
Modesty may quarrel with the World for doing You
Justice, yet You cannot give Your own Behaviour the
Lye.—Sir, there is not a Day of Your Life
but will rise up against You, and produce in le-
gitimate Characters the constant Actions of Your Piety,
Your Generosity, Your Loyalty, Honour and Inte-
grity,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

II

grity, to convince You of Your Merit, whether You will or not.

So that You must give me Leave to apply the Great *Burleigh's* Versification to the present Opportunity, with the Alteration only of a Word :

——— *Pietas, Prudentia, Virtus,*
Quæ divisa aliis, Chalonero juncta superfunt.

Another Part of Your great Ancestor's Character I remember is thus describ'd by Mr. *Malim*——*Nam quamvis πολυῖσιν ac variæ Lectionis fuerat Chalonerus, utilitatem tamen potius veræ, quàm ostentationem variæ Eruditionis mihi quæsi visse videtur.* These Colours, Sir, present You with Your own Picture drawn to the Life: Your Application to Books is qualify'd by an universal Knowledge in Mankind; and Your Acquisitions by Study are as far removed from Pedantry, as Your Experience in the World from the Foppery of a Traveller. The Qualifications of Foreign Countries are so naturaliz'd in You, that they seem rather a genuine Transmigration from Your Ancestors, than the Effects of Your own Industry; and the Temperance of Your Life, with the Modesty of your Conversation, serves not to inform us that You have seen so much, but may convince the World that You have chosen the best.

But we need not have Recourse to *France* or *Italy* for Your Improvements: Your Alliance and daily Conversation with so many of the most noble Families in *England* is sufficient to authorize Your Merit, and finish Your Character, being equally related to their Blood, and their Virtues.

And now, Sir, I come about to my first Position, inferring from this, a Compliment upon myself: I have the Honour sometimes of sharing some few Hours of that Conversation, which is so much courted by my Superiors, and consequentially to plume my Vanity in this Occasion of acquainting the World with my Happiness.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

From the mentioning of the Honourable Sir *Thomas Chaloner*, I deduce this Advantage, that I make the most courtly Address imaginable to Poetry, by informing the World, in Defence of that Art so much vilify'd by some, that this great Statesman and Soldier, the trustiest Minister to the greatest of Queens, and the intimate Friend to the wisest of Politicians, was at the same Time one of the greatest Poets that ever *England* produc'd. His ten Books *de Republicâ Anglorum instaurandâ*, are sufficient Proofs that the Qualifications of *Virgil* are consistent with those of *Cato*, and that a Poetical Genius has accompany'd the greatest Abilities both in Court and Camp.

Thus, Sir, You see that I have avoided the current Form in Pieces of this Nature; not loading the Modesty of my Patron, but heightening the Vanity of the Author; and by commending you, I have flatter'd myself.

As the Form is new, pray, Sir, let me intreat You to believe the Design of it Novel, it being only sent in the Capacity and Character of a familiar Letter, and therefore refuses to be receiv'd with the usual Formalities of a Mercenary Dedication. I am,

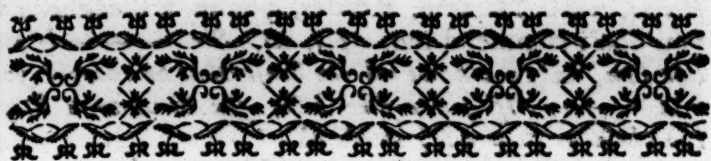
S I R,

Your most Faithful, and

most Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

TO



TO THE READER.

S I R,

IN this Collection of Letters, it is but reasonable that you should have one among the rest; and tho' I may want the Honour of your Acquaintance, yet be assur'd, there is no Person in the World more willing to oblige you than your humble Servant. I have heard such a Character of your honour, your Wit, your Judgment, your Learning, and your Candour, that I am in a perfect Rapture to think how happy I shall be in your Hands.

It was a good ancient Custom with our Forefathers, to begin their Prefaces with Kind Reader. I would have reviv'd that Fashion with all my Heart, and call'd you Courteous, or Gentle Reader, as you very well deserve; but I thought the Style a little too obsolete for a Book that I design'd should be a Beau. For you must understand, Sir, that this Gentleman is Span new from Top to Toe, talks of every Thing but Religion, admires himself very much, and his greatest Ambition is to please the Ladies. But to finish his Character, he's perfectly civil to every Body he meets, and with a more particular and profound Respect does he run to kiss your Hands.

He's

He's none of those Bully-books that come bluff into the World, with Damme, Reader, you're a Blockhead if you don't commend me. No, no, Sir——If you like him, why you have all the Sense that he thought you had——If you dislike him, you have more Sense than he was aware of, that's all.

Besides all this, he has more Manners than to come among Gentlemen with his Taylor's Bill in his Hand, and to entertain the Company with a long Preface or Inventory to his Equipments; as such a Thing cost so much, and such a Thing is worth so much, the Work of such a Part is excellent, the Fashion from Paris, and the Taylor a Frenchman; you must pardon him for that, Sir: If you like the Suit, taking it all together, approve his Fancy, and allow it becomes him, he's your very humble Servant.

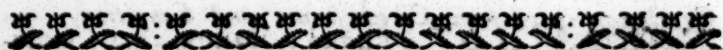
Moreover, Sir, I wou'd have you to know, that this Gentleman is of some Circumstance and Condition, and has not been engag'd in the Shifts that some late Sparks are put to for their Habiliments, who ferrit all the Wit-brokers in Town, taking up from several Places, and strut in a second-hand Finery, patch'd up of the Scraps and Remnants of the eminent Men of the Age. For I must tell you, Sir, tho' his Cloaths be but plain, yet they are his own, taken up handsomely at one Place, where he may have Credit for as much more, when these are worn out.

And now, dear Sir, let me intreat you to receive him with the usual Forms of Civility; if you be a Courtier, you will shew your Breeding; receive him with a sincere Smile, swear to do him all the Service you can, and you will certainly keep your Word——as you us'd to do. From the City he expects more than an ordinary Reception, because he is become one of their Honourable Society; he is bound to Mr. Lintot, and ten to one may serve seven Years in his Shop, if the Town don't club to purchase his Freedom; he expects good Quarter from the Wits and Criticks, because he sets up for neither; besides, he has scatter'd some little Nonsense here and there, that they might not be disappointed of their Prey. But his greatest Concern

The P R E F A C E. 15

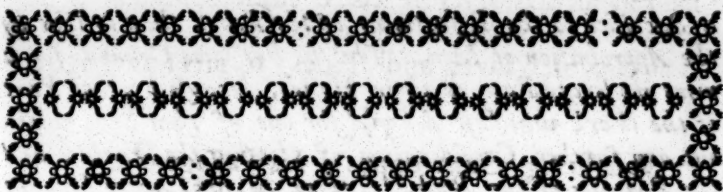
is for his Entertainment with the Ladies, resolv'd however not to complain, thinking it a greater Honour to fall a Sacrifice to the Resentment of the Fair, than to live by the Approbation of Men. Tho' he has some Grounds for a more moderate Fate at their Hands, because a great Part of the Work was first design'd for one of that Sex, without any farther Consideration of pleasing the World; and the Beauties of the Book, if there be any, were brought from a Lady's Cabinet to the Press; and if it can but from the Press get back again into the Ladies Closets, there may it rest, and Peace be with it.

Now, Sir, as we met good Friends, pray let us part so; I hate quarrelling mortally, and especially with a Person of your present Character and Condition; and as you like my Epistolary Style, we shall settle a farther Correspondence.



ADVERTISEMENT.

* * In the Discourse upon Comedy, I must beg the Reader's Excuse for omitting to mention a certain Fragment of Poetry written by *Aristotle*. I thank *Scaliger* for his timely Discovery, but shou'd be much more obliged to any Body that could shew me the Piece.



*On the Death of General Schomberg,
kill'd at the Boyn.*

A P I N D A R I C K.

I.



WHAT dismal Damp has over-
spread the War?
The Victor gives more than the
Conquer'd fears:
The Streams of Blood are lost in
Floods of Tears,
And Victory with drooping Wings comes flagging
from afar.

II.

The *British* Lion roars
Along the fatal Shores;
Th' *Iberian* Harp in mournful Strains,
Mixt with the *Eccho* of the Flood, complains:
Round whose reflecting Banks the grieving Voice,
Shakes with a trembling Noise,
As if afraid to tell
How the Great, Martial, Godlike *Schomberg* fell.

III.

Gods! How he stood,
All terrible in Blood,

Stopping

Stopping the Torrent of his Foes, and Current of the
 He, *Moses* like, with Sword instead of Wand, (Flood.
 This redder Sea of Gore cou'd strait command;
 But not, like *Moses*, to secure his Flight,
 But Spite of Waves and Tides, to meet and fight.

IV.

The labouring Guns oppos'd his Passage o'er
 With Throws tormented on the Shore,
 Of which delivered, they start back and roar,
 As frighted as the Monster which they bore.
 The furious Offspring swath'd in curling Smoak,
 And wrapt in Bands of Fire,
 Hot with its Parent's sulph'rous Ire,
 And wing'd with Death, flies hissing to the Stroke.

V.

Like some great rugged Tow'r,
 The ancient Seat of Pow'r,
 Bending with Age its venerable Halls,
 With old and craggy Wrinkles on its Walls,
 The Neighbour's Terror whilst it stands, and Ruin when
 Thus mighty *Schomberg* fell — (it falls.
 Spreading wide Ruins o'er the Ground,
 With Desolation all around,
 Crushing with destructive Weight
 The Foes that undermine his Seat;
 Whilst *Victory*, that always spread
 Her tow'ring Pinions o'er his Army's Head,
 Making his Banner still her Lure,
 Like *Marius's* Vultures, to make Conquest sure,
 Seeing the spacious Downfal so bemoan'd,
 Perch'd on the Ruins, clapt her Wings, and groan'd.

VI.

Thus * *Israel's* Hero 'twixt the Pillars sat,
 The *Ne plus ultra* of his Fate;

* *Sampson*.

These *Columns* which upheld his Name,
 Much longer by their Fall,
 Than those erected strong and tall,
 The standing Limits of *Alcides's* Fame.
 He sat depriv'd of Sight,
 Like a black rolling Cloud involv'd in Night,
 Conceiving *Thunder* in its swelling Womb,
 Big with surprizing Fate, and rushing Doom :
 No Flash the sudden Bolt must here disclose :
 The Lightning of his Eyes extinguish'd by his Foes.
 His Foes industrious in their juggling Fate,
 Him slavishly enchain'd we see,
 To what must set him free,
 And them his cheated Keepers captivate.
 He shook his Chains with such a Noise,
 The trembling Rout,
 Amidst their Joys,
 Gaz'd all about,
 And heard the real *Sampson* in the Voice :
 They saw him too, 'twas *Sampson* all,
 Who by his Thundring Fall
 Gave the loud dread Alarm,
 Dragging a Train of Vengeance by each *Giant* Arm,
 Their chilling Fears did such Amazement frame,
 They seem'd all stiff and dead before the Ruin came :
 The Ruin ! only such unto his Foes ;
 From thence his glorious Monument arose ;
 But *Time's* corroding Teeth, in spite of Stone,
 Has eat thro' all, and even the very Ruin's gone :
 But *Schouberg's* Monument shall ne'er decay,
 The gliding *Boyn*
 Time never can disjoin,
 Nor on its Floods impose his Laws ;
 They slide, untouch'd, from his devouring Jaws,
 And always running, yet must ever stay.

VII.

Hark ! how the *Trumpets* hollow Clangors sound !
 The Army has receiv'd an universal Wound :

The

The Death of *Schomberg* hung
 On every fault'ring Tongue,
 Whilst pallid Grief did place
 A sympathizing Death in every Soldier's Face :
 But hold, ye mighty Chiefs,
 Suspend your needless Grievs,
 And let victorious Joy your Arms adorn ;
 The mighty Warrior's *Ghost*,
 Upon the *Stygian Coast*,
 Your Sorrows, more than his own Fate, does mourn.
 He scorns to be lamented so,
 Moving in stately *Triumph* to the Shades below.
 Behold the Sprites that lately felt the Blow
 Of his commanding warlike Arm,
 They shivering all start wide, and even more fleeting
 As if that powerful Hand, (grow ;
 That cou'd their grosser Shapes alive command,
 Had Power to dissolve their airy Form.

VIII.

Then let not funeral Plaints his Trophies wrong,
 Let Spoils and Pageants march his Hearse along,
 And shout his *Conclamatum* in Triumphal Song.
 All baleful *Cypress* must be here deny'd,
 But Laurel Wreaths fix in their blooming Pride ;
 For as he conquer'd living, so he conqu'ring dy'd.



Written on Orinda's Poems lent to a Lady, in Imitation of Ovid.

ME *Damon* sends his amorous Cause to plead,
Orinda must for *Damon* intercede :
 Me has he chose to move your angry Mind,
 Me the soft Fav'rite of the softer Kind.
 Me has he chose your rigorous Breast to move,
 He knows my Force in Poetry and Love.
 Me has he chose to tell his anxious Pain ;
 Read me, and read the Passion of the Swain.

Whatever

Whatever Power of Love my Lines can show,
 It falls far short of what he feels for you:
 Where'er *Orinda* melts in moving Strains,
 Think, *Gælia*, think that *Damon* thus complains:
 Whene'er I grieve, think *Damon* grieves for you,
 Pity the Swain that does so humbly sue:
 This *Damon* begs, *Orinda* begs it too.

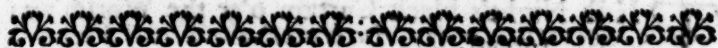


To the ingenious Lady, Author of the Fatal Friendship, design'd for a Recommendatory Copy to her Play.

LET others call the sacred Nine to aid (laid;
 Their moving Thoughts, in moving Numbers
 Invoke the fiery God, with all the Throng,
 That ancient Bards implor'd to guide their Song;
 Whilst I for nobler Inspiration sue,
 Scorning their weaker Helps; invoking you.
 You, who alone have Power our Thoughts to raise,
 And wing our Fancy to attempt your Praise,
 Nought but your charming Beauty can dispense
 A Flame sufficient to describe your Sense.
 Whilst so much Beauty in your Form is shown,
 No Pen on Earth can reach it but your own.
 Go on then, *Daphne*, *Phæbus* will pursue,
 His chaster Fires are all enjoy'd by you;
 You are his fairer Nymph, you bear his Laurel too.
 Go on, thou Champion for thy Sex design'd,
 And prove the Muses are of Female Kind;
 Let distant Nations *English* Beauties prize,
 As much for Charms of Wit, as Pow'r of Eyes:
 Your moving Scenes the ravish'd Audience drew,
 Raptures we felt, as when your Eyes we view;
 Such Arts were us'd to mix our Hopes and Fears,
 You made Grief pleasing, and we smil'd in Tears.
 Thus Lovers view a Mistress's Disdain,
 And love to look, tho' sure to look in Pain.

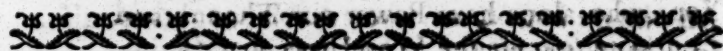
Th'

Th' Effects of labour'd Art your Work reveals,
 Yet a superior Art that Art conceals.
 Here Nature gains, tho' naked, thus display'd;
 Like Beauty, most adorn'd, when least array'd.
 Go on then, doubly arm'd, to conquer Men;
Phœbus his Harp and Bow, you boast your Eyes and Pen,
 All to the first without Reluctance yield,
 But your victorious Pen has forc'd the Field.



*An Epigram on the Riding-House in Dublin, made
 into a Chapel.*

A Chapel of the Riding-House is made;
 We thus once more see *Christ* in Manger laid;
 Where still we find the Jockey Trade supply'd,
 The *Layman* bridled, and the *Clergy* ride.



*To a Lady, being detain'd from visiting her by a
 Storm.*

SO poor *Leander* view'd the *Sessian* Shore,
 Whilst Winds and Waves oppos'd his Passage o'er;
 More moist with Tears, because by Floods restrain'd,
 Than in these Floods had he his Wish obtain'd;
 So drown'd, yet burnt within, upon the Banks he
 lean'd;

Lean'd, begging Calms; and as he begging lay,
 Implor'd with Sighs the Winds, with Tears the Sea.
 One wou'd have thought by all these Mixtures sent,
 To raise a second greater Storm he meant.
 Just so whilst kept from you by Storms I weep;
 The Winds my Sighs, my Tears augment the Deep;
 With flowing Eyes I view the distant Side,
 The Space that parts us doth myself divide.

Here's

Here's only left the poor external Part,
 Whilst you, where'er you move, possess my Heart.
 Depriv'd of Love, and your blest Sight, I die,
 Whilst you the first, and Storms the last deny.



The Lover's Night.

THE Night's black Curtain o'er the World was
 spread,
 And all Mankind lay Emblems of the Dead ;
 A deep and awful Silence, void of Light,
 With dusky Wings sat brooding o'er the Night :
 The rolling Orbs mov'd slow from East to West,
 With Harmony that lull'd the World to Rest ;
 The Moon withdrawn, the oozy Floods lay dead,
 The very Influence of the Moon was fled ;
 Some twinkling Stars, that thro' the Clouds did peep,
 Seeming to wink as if they wanted Sleep ;
 All Nature hush'd, as when dissolv'd and laid
 In silent *Chaos* ere the World was made ;
 Only the Beating of the Lover's Breast
 Made Noise enough, to keep his Eyes from Rest ;
 His little World, not like the greater, lay,
 In loudest Tumults of disorder'd Day ;
 His Sun of Beauty shone to light his Breast,
 With all its various Toils and Labours prest ;
 The Sea of Passions in his working Soul,
 Rais'd by the Tempests of his Sighs, did roll
 In tow'ring Floods, to overwhelm the whole ;
 Those Tyrants of the Mind, vain Hope and Fear,
 That still by Turns usurp an Empire there,
 Now raising Man on high, then plunging in Despair.
 Thus *Damon* lies, his Grief no Rest affords,
 'Till swelling full, it thus burst out in Words.
 Oh ! I could curse all Woman kind but one,
 And yet my Grievs proceed from her alone ;
 Was not our Paradise by Woman lost ?
 But in this Woman still we find it most.

Hell's

Hell's greatest Curse a Woman, if unkind,
 Yet Heav'n's great Blessing, if she loves, we find.
 Oh! if she lov'd, no God the Bliss cou'd tell,
 She wou'd be Heav'n itself, were she not so much Hell.
 Thus our chief Joys with most Allays are curst,
 And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst.
 But Heav'n is just; ourselves the Idols fram'd,
 And are for such vain Worship justly damn'd.
 Thus the poor Lover argu'd with his Fate;
Æmylia's Charms now did his Love create,
 That Love repuls'd, now prompted him to hate. }
 Sometimes his Arms wou'd cross his Bosom rest,
 Hugging her lovely Image printed on his Breast;
 Where flattering Painter-Fancy shew'd his Art,
 In charming Draughts, his Pencil *Cupid's* Dart;
 The Shadow drawn so lively did appear,
 As made him think the real Substance there;
 Then was he blest, all Rapture stunn'd with Joy,
 Excess of Pleasure did his Bliss destroy;
 He thought her naked, soft, and yielding Waste, }
 Within his pressing Arms lay folded fast;
 Nay, by the Gods, she really there was plac'd:
 Else how cou'd Pleasure to such Raptures flow?
 Th' Effect was real.—Then the Cause was so.
 What more can most substantial Pleasure boast,
 Than Joy when present, Memory when past?
 Then Bliss is real which the Fancy frames,
 Or these call'd real Joys, are only Dreams.

The Brill, August the 10th, 1700, New Style.

Dear S A M,

TO give you a short Journal of my short Voyage,
 on *Wednesday* I got to *Harwich* about Four
 the Afternoon, and alighted at one of the cleanest,
 best-furnish'd Inns in the Kingdom; my Warrant for
 the Packet-boat cost me *Half a Piece*, and to the Of-
 ficers for not executing their Duty, *Half a Crown*.
 This Place, like most Sea-Ports, we found extrava-
 gantly

gantly dear; but to ease that Inconvenience, we were advis'd to get aboard by Eleven at Night. Here I met a Gentleman, whose Company I was very happy in, tho' extremely concern'd for the Occasion of his Voyage, which was an Express to the King of the Duke of Gloucester's Death. This was the first News I had of this publick Loss, which I had not much Time to reflect upon, being so nearly touch'd on the Score of my private Concern by a violent Storm that immediately came upon us: You may guess at our Circumstances, when I assure you, that our greatest Comfort was the Lightning, that shew'd the Seamen their Business, which otherwise they must have grop'd for; all Intercourse of Speech being broken off by the Loudness of the Thunder. We had such warm Work, that I sometimes allow'd it a just Thought, that Satan shou'd be entitl'd *Prince of the Air*; and again, why the Devil shou'd command the Artillery of Heaven, I cou'd not so well comprehend. I supported myself with the Thought, that Providence had no Design upon me, but that this Tumult of the Elements was their Manner of expressing their Grief for the Loss of his *Higness*; or that they were angry at Mr. L——r for bringing such unwelcome News into their Dominions, and for making a Property of them to spread it abroad. By this Kind of Poetical Philosophy I bore up pretty well under my Apprehensions, tho' never worse prepar'd for Death, I must confess; for I think I had never so much Money about me at a Time. We had some Ladies aboard that were so extremely sick, that they often wish'd for Death, but were damnably afraid of being drown'd. But as the Scripture says, *Sorrow may last for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning*; the Weather clear'd up with the Day, the Wind turn'd Westerly, and in a few Hours, I was going to say, we saw *England* out of Sight. All *Thursday* we had a fresh Gale and cold Chickens; our Wine went about at a strange Rate; for our Stomachs ebb'd and flow'd like the Element. On *Friday* Morning we

made

made the Coast of *Holland*, a stiff Gale, and the Sea ran high. I was mightly pleased to view the Continent, you may be sure; but as I stood upon the *Poep* perusing its first Appearance with my *Perspective*, I had such a Rebuke for my Curiosity by a great Sea, that took us *Fore* and *Aft*, that I was season'd for a *Dutchman* immediately. Whether this be a Compliment of Salutation usually paid to Strangers, or that the *Batavian* Out-Guards took me for a Spy upon their Frontiers, I shall leave the Skipper to determine. In short, by working of a staunch Ship, and the Influence of a staunch *Proverb* in Favour of the *Old Bailey Bar*, we got over the *Bar* at the *Maeſe*; and the *Dutch Wave* has clear'd my Eye-sight of an Error that we *Britains* are very fond of, that the *Thames* is the finest River in the Universe; for I can assure you, *Sam*, that the *Rhine* is as much beyond it, as a *Pair of Oars* before a *Sculler*, let all the *Tritons* between *Chelſea* and *Richmond* argue never ſo loud to the contrary; tho' in one Sort of *Traffick* upon that Part of the *Thames* we exceed the whole World, both for the Quantity and Cheapneſs of the Commodity; and I believe the Store-house for this Kind of *Staple*, including the *Play-houſe* and the *Roſe*, may contend with moſt *Marts* in *Europe*.

This Day at Eleven we landed at the *Brill*, and here I have a ſmall Taſte of this *Republick*, that makes ſuch a Noiſe in the World.——My Fancy, in reſpect of Expectation, has generally been ſo fruitful; that the deareſt Part of my Hopes has frequently ended in Diſappointments; and I have ſeldom found Things come up to answer the *Idea* that I have uſually fram'd of their Excellence; but here I muſt confeſs the Reality exceeds the Shadow, and I am pleas'd once in my Life to find a Thing that can afford me ſubſtantial Pleaſure in the Enjoyment. I have read much of this Place, fancy'd more, yet all falls ſhort of what I ſee.

At my first Entrance into this Town, I made one Discovery, which I believe has hitherto 'scap'd most Travellers, *viz.* That the *Dutch* are the greatest *Beaux* in the World, only with this Difference from the Gentleman at *White's*, that their Finery is much more noble and substantial; I never knew the fairest, finest, full-bottom Wig, most nicely fixt on the most beautiful Block in the Side Box, look half so genteel as a *Dutch* Canal with a stately Row of flourishing Trees on each Side, and some twenty beautiful Bridges laid a-crofs it, within sixty or seventy Paces one of another. I never knew a Valet, and a Barber with Razors, Tweezers, Perfumes, and Washes, work half so hard upon a Gentleman's Face, that design'd a Conquest on a Birth-Night, as I have seen a lusty *Dutch* Woman with a Mop and warm Water scrub the Marbles and Tiles before the Door, till she has scour'd them brighter than any Fop's Complexion in the Universe. No first Rate Beau with us, drawn by his six before and six behind, lolling luxuriously in his Coach, appears half so gallant, as a jolly *Skipper* at the Stern of his Barge, with a fur'd Cap like Rays about his Head, the Helm in his Hand, and his Pipe in his Mouth, with Liberty seated in one *Whisker*, and Property in t'other; and in this Splendor making the *Tour* of half a Dozen fine Cities in a Day, without either Qualm of the Spleen, or Twinge of the Gout. Such a Person I take for a Beau of the first Magnitude, who scorning to be lugg'd by Beasts as Fellows are to *Tyburn*, can harness the Winds and Waves for his Equipage; and improving on the Works of Providence, make the universal Elements (Air and Water) submit to his private Composition of Advantage and Diversion. To see the Wind work in his Sails, and play with his Pendants, must certainly afford more substantial and pure Satisfaction, than the Wince of a Horse, or the Crack of a Coach whip.

In short, dear *Sam*, I am not so begotted to Domestick Customs, as not to approve what is admirable here: and you must pardon me, that I have

thrown up the Prejudices of Nativity with my Beef and Pudding as I came over ; and 'tis no small Part of my present Wonder, why we should call the *Dutch* a slovenly Sort of People, since to the Eye, which must determine that Circumstance, they are much more gaudy than that Nation we so mimic and admire, and with this Advantage, that they are gay without Levity, and fine beyond Foppery. Why we should mention the *Dutch* with Contempt, and the *French* with Admiration, is a severe Satyr upon the *English* Judgment, when the Bravery of the former attract the Admiration of Men, and the Pageantry of the latter draw only the Eyes of Women : But our *English* Ladies are so very fine, that we are very willing to please them, and thus are drawn into this unreasonable Prejudice ; but we ought to take Care, that by being thus particular Slaves to our respective *Mistresses*, we ben't drawn at last into universal Bondage to a *Master*. The *French* have taken no small Pains of late Years to render themselves agreeable ; they treat us like a Mistress, do every Thing that they fancy will please us, till they bring us at last to act whatsoever shall please them. But this is no News ; and I think it a little improper to tell you an *English* Story from a Place where you may expect some foreign Entertainment. I have no more to say at present, but that I am just going for *Rotterdam*, and departing from a *Scotch* House here, where nothing of that Country is to be found but the Landlord ; for the Rooms are a Paradise for Cleanliness, but the Host is a Rogue for his Reckoning. I have got such a Heap of Silver out of a Pistole, as upon a handsome Counter might give Credit to a Banker ; and I can assure you, that while I have a Brother to that Pistole left, you shall not see

Your Friend and Servant.

Leyden, October 15, 1700.

Dear S A M,

THE usual Excuse of Gentlemen abroad for neglecting their Friends at home is, that new Sets of different Objects continually entertaining us with Changes of Admiration, the Ideas of our old Acquaintance are by Degrees worn out by the Accession of the new: But this Kind of Forgetfulness were too severe a Charge upon the Merit of my Friends and my own Gratitude, both which I will choose to maintain; and I leave it to your Charity to make me an Excuse for my Silence. The Truth is, I have had a very tedious Fit of Sicknes, which had almost sent your Friend a longer Journey than he was willing to undertake at present; but now being pretty well recover'd, I can only inform you in general, that every Day surprizes me with some agreeable Object or other; and I find very much to my Wonder, that the Accounts I have had of this Country are very different from the Observations that may be made upon the Place. Some general Remarks there are indisputably certain, as that nothing can parallel the *Dutch* Industry, but the Luxury of *England*; and that the Money laid out in the Taverns in *London*, in purchasing Diseases, would victual the whole *United Provinces* very plentifully at their wholesome Course of Diet; that the Standing-Army maintain'd by the *Dutch* for their Security against a Foreign Force, are not half so expensive, as the fifty thousand Lawyers kept up by our Civil Factions in *England*, for no other Use, but to set us continually by the Ears; People, like the *Jews*, that are tolerated in all Governments for the Interest of the Publick, while their main Drift is to enrich themselves, and who by their Gettings and Cunning have brought their Riches and Practice into a Proverb. The Lawyers here put the Question only, Whether the Thing be lawful? And upon

upon Application to the Statutes the Controversy is immediately determin'd. But our Casuists at *Westminster* dispute not so much upon the Legality of the Cause, as upon the Letter of the Law, and make more Cavils on the Meaning of the Words that shou'd determine Justice, than upon the Equity of the Allegations contended for by the Parties; and the Bulk of our Laws have loaded Justice so heavily, that 'tis become a Burden to the People, who in Regard of their Sufferings in this Kind shou'd borrow an Appellation from Physick, and be call'd *Patients* rather than *Clients*.

Another Thing worth Consideration, in Respect of the Laws in *Holland*, is this: None but honest Men make Estates by their Practice; for the siding with the wrong Party brings the Lawyer into Contempt, and lays him under a severe Reprehension, either of Ignorance in his Business, or Knavery to the People: Hence it comes to pass, that Injustice, not finding a Patron to support its Cause, is forc'd to remove to a neighbouring Country, where the wrong Side was never known to make its Assertor blush; where the Eloquence of *S—re*, and the Impudence of *S—n* are plausible Pretences for patronizing Injustice, and abusing the Client: But there are Bravos in all Parts of the World, that will take Money for cutting of Throats, whether there be Grounds or not for the Resentment.

So much for the Law, now for the Gospel, *Sam*. I think *Holland* may contend for the Catholick Church with any Part in *Europe*, because it is more universal in its Religion, than any Country in the Universe. 'Tis a pleasant Thing to see *Christians, Mahometans, Jews, Protestants, Papists, Armenians* and *Greeks*, swarming together like a Hive of Bees, without one Sting of Devotion to hurt one another; they all agree about the Business of this Life, because a Community in Trade is the Interest they drive at; and they never jostle in the Way to the Life to come, because every one takes a different Road. One great

Cause of this so amicable a Correspondence and Agreement, is, that only the Laity of these Professions compose the Mixture; here are no Ingredients of Priestcraft to sour the Composition; Pulpits indeed they have, but not like *Hudibras's* Ecclesiastick Drums, that are continually beating up for Volunteers, to the a'arming the whole Nation. Here is no Intérest of Sects to be manag'd under the Cloak of gaining Profelytes to the Truth; nor strengthening of Parties by Pretence of reclaiming of Souls; every Shepherd is content with his own Flock, and *Mufti*, *Levite Pope* and *Presbyter*, are all Christians in this, that they live in Unity and Concord.

'Tis a strange Thing, *Sam*, that among us, People can't agree the whole Week, because they go different Ways upon *Sundays*: This is to make the Lord's Day a Sower of Dissension, and Religion (which is call'd the Bond of Peace) to be the Brand of Discord and Combustion: But we have some Preachers that think themselves inspir'd with the Spirit, when they are really possess'd by the Devil; the Fervency of whose Zeal dismisses Congregations with Heats and Heart-burnings of Spirit, and blows up the Coals on the Altar to set their Neighbours Houses on Fire; the Efficacy to the Pulpit is sufficiently shewn in the Practice of the Congregations. No People in the World are so full of notional Principles of Faith; and to what Purpose the following Instance shall shew you. Two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, one a devout Hearer at *Covent-Garden Church*, and the other a violent Zealot for Doctor *Barge's* Meeting, met one Evening at *Tom's Coffee-House*, and wou'd adjourn to the *Fleece Tavern*, to discourse upon some Point of Doctrine manag'd that *Sunday* by their respective Ministers. The Drawer brought in a Bottle of new French, and the Dissenter introduc'd Predestination: After two or three hearty Glasses, the Dispute grew pretty warm, and the Quotations of the Fathers and the Texts of Scripture made such a Noise, that two Wenches, that usually ply upon those Stairs, over-hearing

ing the Buffle, took them for a couple of *Levites*, and so made account to bolt in upon 'em, and sell their Mackarel; the Fervency of the Argument was presently abated upon the Appearance of the Ladies, and a Topick of a more familiar Nature assum'd; till both being pretty well convinc'd of their Opponent's Fire and Fancy, the Whores were dismiss'd, and Predestination re-assum'd; the Argument grew warmer, as the Disputants grew fuddled: In short, they disputed themselves stark drunk, drew their Swords to decide the Controversy; and had not one Mr. *Fern* come in, 'twas great odds that Predestination had not sent one to the Devil, and t'other to the Gallows. But they parted Friends at last, and said one to t'other, *I am sorry at my Heart, dear Friend, that you won't go to Heaven my Way*; and so away he reel'd to a Bawdy-house. Now the Moral of the Fable is this: If the Divines, instead of their Speculative Theology, had preach'd that Day a thundering Sermon against Drunkenness and Fornication, 'tis probable that the *Faith* of these Gentlemen had been ne'er the less fortify'd, and their *good Works* much more improv'd.

But I beg your Pardon for this Digression; I was going to say that, excepting a few general Remarks, some of which I have mention'd, the Accounts we have of this People are very lame, and sometimes exactly opposite to the Truth. I shall mention one or two Particulars that I found very obvious.

We have a Notion in *England* that the *Dutch* are very great Drunkards; whether this Aspersión arises from some People's confounding the *High-Dutch* with the *Low*, or that there is a Sottishness in their Miens and Complexions, I can't determine; but this I can assure you, that the Report is as false, as shou'd I aver, that the People in *London* are the most chaste and sober Gentlemen in the World. 'Tis true indeed they will take off a toping Glas of Brandy, but that is only what is absolutely necessary to moderate the Moisture and Coldness of their Constitution,

and us'd in such Quantity by the meaner sort only, who living continually in the Water, must require an Allowance to fortify themselves against the Chilness of their Habitations; for you must know that whole Families, Men, Women and Children, live continually in Boats, and have no more Tenement on Dry-land than a *Thames* Salmon; but notwithstanding this incumbent Necessity of their taking a Cup of the Creature, I never have seen, since I came into this Country, but one *Dutchman* drunk; and altho' his Impertinence was no more than is naturally incident to any Body in his Condition, yet the whole Boatful of People, to the Number of sixty Persons, shew'd the greatest Aversion imaginable to his Circumstances, except two or three jolly *Englishmen* that made very good Sport with his Humour; and had not we, with some *French* Gentlemen, protected his Carcass, his Countrymen wou'd have sous'd him in the Canal very heartily for his Debauch.

As the laborious Life of the inferior Sort requires an exhilarating Glass, so the same Necessity, both as to Time and Charge, secures them from Excess: And for their Gentry they are indeed sociable in their own Houses; but were it not for Strangers, all Places of Publick Entertainment must consequently fall; which is the greatest Argument imaginable for the Sobriety and Temperance of a People; whereas 'tis very well known, that if the very Taverns in *London*, with seven or eight handsome Churches, and one or two of our Inns of Court, (all which we could well enough spare) were but handsomely seated on the Banks of a River, they would make a Figure with some of the most remarkable Cities in *Europe*. This indeed is a noble Argument of the Riches of *England*; but whether our Luxury sprang from Plenty, or the Temperance of *Holland*, the Effect of Necessity, be the happier State, is a Question that I want Leisure now to determine.

Another Account we have current among us, that there are no Beggars in *Holland*; that they are very
careful

careful in employing the Poor. That their Manufactures require a great many Hands is most certain, but ocular Demonstration is too strong a Proof against all their Industry; and I am apt to believe, that the Order of Mendicants is of a very late Institution, else so visible a Falsity cou'd never have put this Trick upon Travellers. Whether their late expensive Wars have ruin'd more People than their Manufactures can employ, or that the Poverty of the *Spaniards* in the Neighbour *Netherlands*, have by degrees infected the meaner sort, I shan't be positive; but nothing is more certain, than that a well-dispos'd Christian may find as many Objects of Charity here as in any Part of *England*, if we may judge of their Wants by the Fervency of their Cries.

I do believe that the Charity of the *Dutch* is no great Encouragement to Beggars; which is the Reason (I conceive) why the Poor flock all to the High-ways and *Track-skouts*, where the Opportunity is good for Application to Strangers.

From these, and some other such like Particulars, I found it a Matter of Speculation, how the Generality of the *English* Nation, being so near Neighbours to this State, shou'd be so very short in the Knowledge of the Manners and Constitution of this People; but this I may presume to proceed upon the following Accounts.

Most of our *English* that visit this Place, are either young Gentlemen that come abroad to travel, or Merchants that make a short Trip upon their own private Concerns.

'Tis the usual Way with the first of these to take *Holland en passant*, either going or coming; and being youthful Sparks, are so fond of the Finery at *Paris*, and Delicacy of *Rome*, that they han't Leisure, forsooth, to dwell upon the Solidity of this Place. *France* and *Italy* are their Provinces, and *Holland* their Inn upon the Road; they lie for a Night, and away the next Morning.

They can tell you, perhaps, that the *Dutch* manner of Travelling is very commodious; that the *Hague* is a pretty Village, *Amsterdam* a fine City, and that the People are a Parcel of heavy, dull, unconvertible Creatures, and so they leave them. Nothing can relish more of old *England* than this peremptory Declaration. I wou'd willingly understand how Gentlemen can make a true Estimate of the Wit and Ingenuity of a People, when they don't stay to make one Acquaintance in the Country, nor can speak one Syllable of their Language.

Most of our young Nobility and Gentry travel under the Tuition of *French* Governors, who, however honest in their Intentions of serving their Pupils, are nevertheless full of their *Moy Meme*; and from the Prejudice of Birth and Education, like all other People, are most inclinable to the Manners, Language, Dress and Behaviour of their own Nation; and though perfectly skill'd, perhaps, in the Accomplishments that compose what we call a fine Gentleman, yet 'tis probable they may fall short in those Qualifications that are absolutely necessary to an *Englishman*, in respect of the Interest of his Country, and of these I take the *Dutch* Language to be none of the most trivial. For at the present Juncture, which renders it not only ours, but the Interest of *Europe*, that we should be well with these People, it were not unnecessary that our Amity should be linkt with private Friendships and Correspondence, as by publick Leagues and Alliances. An Instance of which is very visible to our Prejudice in the Habitudes and Familiarity contracted by our young Gentlemen at *Paris*, which, without all Dispute, is one great Reason for the Influence retain'd by that Court, not only over our Fashions and Behaviour, but which is extensive also to Matters of more weighty Consequence, including even our Councils, Laws and Government.

The second sort of People that make a Turn into this Country, are our Merchants, whose Speculations are limited by a few Particulars, their Affairs not extending

tending to the Policies of State, nor the Humours of the People, they are satisfied to mind their Business only, and to understand the Encouragement of Trade, the Prizes and Customs upon Goods, the Value of Stock, and the Rates of Exchange: Their Conversation lies chiefly between the Store-house and the Broad-side, and that in one or two Cities at most, where their Correspondents are resident. So that all the Account we must expect from these Persons, must only relate to their Trade in general, or to some particular Branch of it, which is universally understood already through the Intercourse of our Dealing, and neither so improving to our Polity, nor satisfactory to the Curious. But even among their Encouragements of Trade so universally known and admir'd, as the advantageous Situation of their Country, their natural Propensity to Navigation, the Lowness of their Imposts, &c. yet by an odd Accident I came to understand one Policy in their Trading Constitution, which I have never hitherto met with in any verbal or written Account whatsoever. The Matter was thus in all its Circumstances.

One Day upon the *Exchange* at *Rotterdam*, I casually met a Gentleman, who some time ago lived one of the most considerable Merchants in *Ireland*, and about some four Years since, by great Losses at Sea, was forc'd to fly his Country in a very mean Condition. I put him in mind of his Misfortunes by a Favour he once conferr'd upon me of a Bottle of Claret and a Neat's Tongue, at launching of a new Ship that he had built in *Dublin*; which Vessel (Bottom and Goods all his own) was unfortunately lost the very first Voyage. The Gentleman seem'd very sensible of his Misfortunes, but withal told me, That he still had a Glass of Wine and a Tongue at my Service, if I would come and see him at his House that Evening. I made him a Visit, and found, to my no small Surprize, an handsome House, neatly furnish'd, excellent Meat, and as good *Burgundy* as ever joy'd the Heart of Man. I took the Freedom to ask my

Merchant how a Bankrupt shou'd come by all this; in answer to which he gave me the following Account of his Affairs.

The *Dutch*, Sir, (said he) have a Law, that whatever Merchant in any Part of *Europe*, who has had any considerable Traffick with this Country, whose Honesty is apparent by his former Accounts, and can prove by sufficient Testimony, that his Losses and Misfortunes are not chargeable upon his Ignorance nor Extravagance, but purely those of unfortunate Chance, above the reach of human Prevention; that then such a Merchant may repair to them, have the Freedom of any Sea-port in the State, have a Supply of whatever Money he's willing to take up out of the Publick Revenue, upon the bare Security of his Industry and Integrity; and all this upon the Current Interest, which is seldom above Four *per Cent*.

Pursuant to this (continu'd the Gentleman) my Qualification for this Credit being sufficiently testify'd, I took up here two thousand Pounds Sterling, and in two Years have gain'd Fifty *per Cent*. So that by God's Assistance, and my own diligent Endeavours, I question not but in a few Years I shall be able to shew my Face to my Creditors, return to my Country, and there live *in Statu quo*.

Here are two Points remarkable enough: A charitable Action to relieve distress'd Strangers, and a Policy of State for the Interest of the Republick, which you may soon discover by repeating the Conditions. His Honesty must be manifest from his former Accounts, his Sufficiency in Business apparent from his precedent manner of Dealing, his Misfortunes such as were above human Prevention, as by Storms, Pyrates, or the like; but above all, he must have some considerable Traffick with this Country, there's the Clincher, the *Utile*, the greatest Encouragement imaginable for all Foreigners to traffick with this Nation, and for the most ingenious Traders, who are not always the most fortunate, to seek a Residence

Residence among them: And what a Life and Vigour these two Circumstances may add to the Trade of a Nation, the flourishing Condition of this People is the most sufficient Witness.

Now, *Sam*, I have tir'd you most certainly, for I am weary myself, and we are seldom the soonest tir'd with our own: The Gravity of my Style you must impute to the Air of the Country, and the Length of my Letter to a very rainy Day that has kept me within; and to excuse the Matter, it shall cost you nothing, for I sent it by a Gentleman who can assure you that what I have said is true. I shall at least conclude with a Truth, that I am,

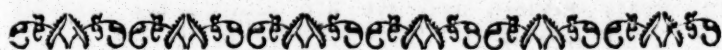
Dear S I R, Yours, &c.



An Epilogue spoken by Mr. Wilks, at his first Appearance upon the English Stage.

AS a poor Stranger wreck'd upon the Coast,
 With Fear and Wonder views the Dangers past;
 So I with dreadful Apprehensions stand,
 And thank those Pow'rs that brought me safe to Land.
 With Joy I view the smiling Country o'er,
 And find, kind Heav'ns! an hospitable Shore.
 'Tis *England* ——— This your Charities declare,
 But more the Charms of *British* Beauties there;
 Beauties that celebrate this Isle afar,
 They by their Smiles, as much as you by War,
 True Love, true Honour, here I can't fail to play,
 Such lively Patterns you before me lay.
 Void of Offence, tho' not from Censure free,
 I left a distant Isle too kind to me;
 Loaded with Favours I was forc'd away,
 'Cause I wou'd not accept what I cou'd never pay.
 There

There I cou'd please ; but there my Fame must end,
 For hither none must come to boast, but mend.
 Improvement must be great, since here I find
 Precepts, Examples, and my Masters kind.



A Prologue on the propos'd Union of the two Houses.

NOW all the World's ta'en up with State Affairs,
 Some wishing Peace, some calling out for Wars.
 'Tis likewise fit we shou'd inform the Age,
 What are the present Politicks o'th' Stage :
 Two different States, ambitious both, and bold,
 All Free-born Souls ; the New House and the Old
 Have long contended, and made stout Essays,
 Which shou'd be Monarch, absolute in Plays,
 Long has the Battle held with bloody Strife,
 Where many ranting Heroes lost their Life ;
 Yet such their Enmity, that e'en the Slain
 Do conquer Death, rise up and fight again.
*Whilst from the Gallery, Box, the Pit and all,
 The Audience look'd, and shook its awful Head,
 Wond'ring to see so many Thousands fall,
 And then look'd pale to see us look so red.*
 For force of Numbers, and Poetick Spell,
 We've rais'd the ancient Heroes too from Hell,
 To lead our Troops ; and on this bloody Field,
 You've seen great *Cæsar* fight, great *Pompey* yield.
 Vast Sums of Treasure too we did advance,
 To draw some mercenary Troops from *France* ;
 Light footed Rogues, who when they got their Pay,
 Took to their Heels——*Alons*——and run away.
 Here you have seen great *Philip's* Conqu'ring Son,
 Who in twelve Years did the whole World o'er-run ;
 Here has he fought, and found a harder Job
 To beat one Play-house, than subdue the Globe :

All

All this from Emulation for the Bays,
 You lik'd the Contest, and bestow'd your Praise :
 But now (as busy Heads love something new)
 They would propose an *Union*—Oh, *Mort dieu*.
 If it be so, let *Cæsar* hide his Head,
 And fight no more for Glory, but for Bread.
 Let *Alexander* mourn, as once before,
 Because no Worlds are left to conquer more.
 But if we may judge small from greater things,
 The present Times may shew what *Union* brings, }
 You feel the Danger of *United Kings*.
 If we grow one, then Slav'ry must ensue
 To Poets, Players, and, my Friends, to you.
 For to one House confin'd, you then must praise
 Both cursed Actors, and confounded Plays.
 Then leave us as we are, and next advance
 Bravely to break the Tye 'twixt *Spain* and *France*.



On the Death of a Lady's Sparrow, in Imitation of Catullus for his Lesbia's.

Mourn all ye Muses, mourn ye Nymphs and Loves,
 Mourn all ye Woods, mourn all ye Trees and
 Weep all ye Streams, ye Forests fade and mourn, (Groves,
 Your well-lov'd Bird must ne'er again return.
 Let the dull Air ne'er be serene again,
 Let all the Winds with loudest Sighs complain.
 The once blest Winds, whilst they cou'd bear away
 His charming Notes, and with his Feathers play.
 How shall I grieve, or how bewail his Death ?
 None fit to sing, that wants his tuneful Breath :
 Like the melodious Swan prepar'd to die,
 He shou'd himself have sung his Elegy.
 Ye winged Choristers, come here and sing,
 Lament his Death ; sweet Flow'rs and Blossoms bring, }
 To strew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.

Sweet

Sweet was his Voice, well were his Notes belov'd,
 His careful Mistress with his Tunes he mov'd ;
 Oft has he sung upon the Flow'ry Plain,
 But ne'er, alas ! like wretched me in vain,
 Round her alone the pretty Bird wou'd fly,
 Chirp to the Fair, and in her Bosom lie ;
 Her Bosom, fairer than the Silver Sky :
 There did the Wanton play, and there was blest,
 And there alone he made his downy Nest ;
 All her Discourse to him he understood,
 And kindly answer'd with what Voice he cou'd.
 Upon her Head oft wou'd he flutt'ring move,
 And spread a living Canopy above ;
 Ten thousand pretty things shew'd his officious Love.
 Oft as she walk'd, when she began to sing,
 With her own Breath he fann'd her from his Wing ;
 Then would he pluck the Daisies here and there,
 And to her Hands the blushing Presents bear.
 The Woods he scorn'd, and chose with her to dwell,
 Her Fingers did all Boughs by far excel.
*Ye winged Choristers, come here and sing,
 Lament his Death ; sweet Flow'rs and Blossoms bring,
 To strew his Grave with Beauties of the Spring.*
 For ah ! he's gone, his pleasing Sports must cease ;
 He's gone, alas ! and now no more can please ;
 Still is his Voice, and still his stiff'ning Wing,
 He ne'er again must to his Mistress sing.
 See his deep Grave by mournful Cupid made,
 Himself close by in a sad Posture laid,
 Breaking his Golden Arrow, late his Spade.
 Around his Grave let circling Fairies play,
 Dance the whole Night, and scarce depart by Day.
 Let all things grieve, *Selinda's* Sparrow's gone ;
Selinda's Sparrow, so belov'd alone.
 For him the tender Virgin mourns and cries,
 For her dear Sparrow she laments and sighs,
 Sworn to be bury'd there, when'er she dies.
*Then shall the winged Choir flock here and sing,
 Lament her Death, sweet Flow'rs and Blossoms bring,
 To strew her Grave with Beauties of the Spring.*

On the Death of the late Queen.

W Hilst Heav'n with Envy on the Earth look'd
 Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair, (down,
 And justly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
 Yet kindly left the Glorious *William* here :
 'The Heav'n and Earth alike do in the Blessings share ;
 He makes the Earth, She Heav'n our great Allies :
 And tho' we mourn, she for our Comfort dies ;
 Nor need we fear the rash presumptuous Foe,
 While She's our Saint above, and he our King below.



A S O N G.

I.

T ELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me pray,
 How long must *Damon* sue ;
 Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
 With Patience wait the happy Day
 That makes me sure of you.

II.

The Sails of Time my Sighs shall blow,
 And make the Minutes glide ;
 My Tears shall make the Current flow,
 And swell the hasting Tide.

III.

The Wings of Love shall fly so fast,
 My Hopes mount so sublime,
 The Wings of Love shall make more haste,
 Than the swift Wings of Time.

The

The Affignation. A SONG.

I.

THE Minute's past appointed by my Fair,
 The Minute's fled
 And leaves me dead
 With Anguish and Despair.

II.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
 With the appointed Hour;
 None can the Minutes past o'ertake,
 And nought my Hopes restore.

III.

Cease your Complaints, and make no Moan,
 Thou sad repining Swain;
 Although the fleeting Hour be gone,
 The Place does still remain.

IV.

The Place remains, and she may make
 Amends for all your Pain;
 Her Presence can past Time o'ertake,
 Her Love your Hopes regain.

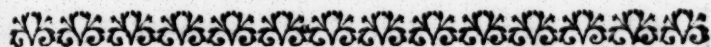


An Epigram.

DANS vitam panis, nobis dans gaudia vinum,
 Omnia dans aurum, sunt pretiosa nimis:
 Nil commune bonum est, at res est flebilis altra
 Dans, est communis scœmina ubique, nihil.

In English thus,

NAture's chief Gifts unequally are catv'd ;
 It surfeits some, while many more are starv'd.
 Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
 Was Common Good, is now made Private Store,
 Nothing that's Good we have among us Common,
 But all enjoy the Common Ill——A Woman.



*To a Gentleman that had his Pocket picked of a
 Watch and some Gold by a Mistress.*

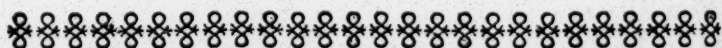
A Burlesque Letter.

I'M sorry, *Sam*, thou'rt such a Ninny
 To let a Wench rob thee of Guinea.
 And thus to spend and lose your Cobbs,
 By lavish op'ning both your Fobbs.
 You're fairly fobb'd to let her get all,
 Both one and also t'other Metal.
 Your Work was on a pretty Score,
 You dug the Mine, she found the Ore,
 The Devil take the cunning Whore. }
 You sily laid her down to rest her,
 And on the Bed she found a Tester.
 Your Watch too, *Sam*, (These Men of Power
 Must lye with Doxies by the Hour)
 A Minute's Time did that command ;
 Then her's, it seems, was Minute Hand.
 She wound you up to her own Liking,
 Then stole the Watch while you were striking :
 Then think not, Sir, that you're undone ;
 What's wound so high, must next run down :
 In revelling Time, you thought no Sin
 To play a Game at *In and In*.

I wonder

I wonder tho' you did not win for't,
 Since that you were so fairly in for't :
 But what destroy'd you in a Trice,
 She held the *Box*, you shook the *Dice* :
 The Devil was in the *Dice* then surely,
 To lose when you plaid so securely,
 And *Three* to *One* was lay'd so purely.
 But what's the worst of all Mishaps,
 You dread, they say, some After-claps :
 If that be so, my dearest *Sammy*,
 You'll curse, and bid the Devil damn ye :
 The Fruits of *Wild Oats*, which you scatter,
 Is nothing else but *Barley Water*.
 The Seed-time's good, you know my Meaning,
 But, Faith, the Harvest's only gleaning.
 Take Heart howe'er, 'tis my Desire,
 You will revive, the P——x expire ;
 Then rise like *Phoenix* from the Fire.
 The Metal's stronger that's well solder'd,
 And Beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powder'd :
 So farewell, *Sam*, and may you ne'er want
 Such a true faithful humble Servant.

May the *Fourth*, from Temple Inner,
 The *Post's* going out, I in to Dinner.



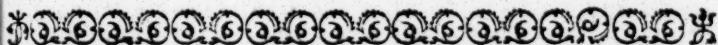
Gray's Inn, Wednesday.

'TIS a Presumption to imagine, that you have
 thought my Letters worth the keeping, and
 yet a greater Presumption to expect you shou'd now
 return them, if you have kept them so long ; but I
 hope the Design will partly excuse my Request : I
 have promis'd to equip a Friend with a few Letters
 to help out a Collection for the Press, and there are
 none I dare sooner expose to the World than those
 to you, because your Merit may warrant their Sincer-
 ity, and because your Ladyship was pleas'd to com-
 mend

mend them : This makes me imagine, Madam, that they have still secur'd a Place in your Cabinet, tho' the unworthy Author cou'd merit no Room in your Heart ; whence I may infer, that they may be as acceptable to you in Print as in my Manuscript ; but if you have a Mind to secure Trophies of so poor a Conquest, I shall be proud to return them as soon as ever they are transcrib'd ; for which I now pawn my Word and Honour, as sincerely as I once did the Heart of,

M A D A M,

Your most humble Servant.



*Tuesday Morning, one Stocking
on, and t'other off.*

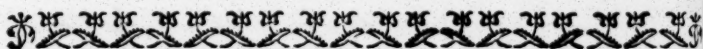
I Have had your Letter, Madam, and all that I understand by it is, that your Hand is as great a Kiddle as your Face ; and 'tis as difficult to find out your Sense in your Characters, as to know your Beauty in your Mask : but I have at last conquer'd the Maiden-head of your Writing, as I hope one Day I shall that of your Person ; and am sure you han't lost your Virginity, if the Lines in your Complexion be half so crooked as those in your Letters. I return your Compliment of Advice in the same Number of Particulars that you were pleas'd to send me. First, If you are not handsome, never shew a Face that may frighten away that Admirer which your Wit has engaged. Secondly, Never believe what a Gentleman speaks to you in a Mask : for while the Ladies wear double Faces, 'tis but Justice that our Words should bear a double Meaning.——Lastly, You must never advise a Man against wandering, if you design to be his Guide. You tell me of swearing to a known Lye : I don't remember, Madam, that I ever swore I lov'd you ; tho' I must confess that a little Lady in a half Mourning

Mantua

Mantua and a deep Mourning Complexion, has run in my Head so much since *Monday* Night, that I'm afraid she will soon get in my Heart: But now, Madam, hear my Misfortune.

*The angry Fates, and dire Stage-Coach,
Upon my Liberty incroach,
To bear me hence with many a Jog.
From thee my charming dear Incog.
Unhappy Wretch! at once who feels
O'erturns of Hack and Fortune's Wheels.*

This is my Epitaph, Madam, for now I'm a dead Man; and the Stage-Coach may most properly be call'd my Hearse, bearing the Corps only of deceased *F——r*; for his Soul is left with you, whom he loves above all Womankind; by whom you may judge of the Height of his Passion, for he cares not one Farthing for your whole Sex, as I hope to be saved.



Thursday 11 o'Clock

BOpeep is Child's Play, and 'tis Time for a Man to be tir'd of it. I went Yesterday to *Bedlam* upon your mad Assignment, stay'd till Seven like a Fool to expect one, who, unless she were mad, would never come. I begin to believe that they are only Wise that are there, and we Possess'd that put them in; they at least have this Advantage over us Lunatics at Liberty, that they find Pleasure in their Frenzy, and we a Torment in our Reason. I was so tir'd with walking there so long, that I could not bear the Fatigue of putting off my Cloaths, but sat up all Night at the Tavern; so that your Letter did not but just come to my Hand, when, like *Prince Prentiss*, I have one Boot on and the t'other off. Love and Honour have a strong Battle, but here come

my Friend to claim my Engagement, so Love is put to the Rout, and away for *Effex* immediately; but a Word of Advice before we part. Pray consider, Madam, whether your good or ill Stars have usually the most Ascendant over your Inclinations, and accordingly prosecute your Intentions of corresponding with me or not; wou'd you be advis'd by me, you wou'd let it alone; for by the Uneasiness that my small Converse has already rais'd in me, I guess at the greater Disturbance of being farther expos'd to your Charms, unless I may hope for something which my Vanity is too weak to ensure. Fortune has always been my Adversary; and I may conclude that Woman, who is much of her Nature, may use me the same Way; but if you prove as blind as she, you may, perhaps, love me as much as she hates me. My humble Service to your two Sister Fairies, and so the Devil take you all.

If you will answer this—you may.



Effex, Friday Morning.

I Have been a Horseback, Madam, all this Morning, which has so discompos'd my Hand and Head, that I can hardly think or write Sense; the Posture of my Affairs is a little extraordinary in some other Parts about me; for my Saddle was very uneasy. The Hare we hunted put me in Mind of a Mistress, which we must gallop after with Hazard of breaking our Necks, and after all our Pains, the Puss may prove a Witch at the Long-run. I have had no Female in my Company since I left the Town, or any Thing of your Sex to entertain me: For your *Effex* Women, like your *Effex* Calves, are only Butchers Meat; and if I must cater for myself, commend me to a Pit Partridge, which comes pretty cheap, and where I may have my Choice of a whole Covy:

Covy: How well I love this Kind of Meat you may guess, when I assure you, that I have purely fed upon your Idea ever since, which has stuck as close to me as my Shirt; which by the Way I han't shifted since I came into the Country; for clean Linen is not so modish here as a Lover might require. I receiv'd just now an impertinent Piece of Banter from an angry Fair; she says, I pawn'd my Soul to the Devil for the great Success of my Play. But her Ladyship is thus angry, because I would not pawn my Body to the Devil for another Sort of Play, of which I presume the Lady to be a very competent Judge; I shall disappoint her now, as formerly; for I will set her raging mad with the Calmness of my Answer: Besides, Madam, there is nothing can put me out of Humour, that comes by that Post which brings me a Line from you; tho' I must tell you in plain Terms, that I begin to have but a mean Opinion of your Beauty; for were it in the least parallel to your Wit, the Number of your other Conquests wou'd raise your Vanity above any Correspondence with a Person, whose chief Merit is his Indifference.



Gray's Inn, Wednesday Morning.

THE Arguments made Use of last Night for still keeping on your Mask, I endeavour'd to refute with Reason; but that proving ineffectual, I'll try the Force of Rhime, and send you the Heads of our Chat in a Poetical Dialogue between You and I.

You.

You.

*Thus Images are weild which you adore :
Your Ignorance does raise your Zeal the more.*

I.

*All Image-Worship for false Zeal is held ;
False Idols ought indeed to be conceal'd.*

You.

*Thus Oracles of old were still receiv'd,
The more ambiguous, still the more believ'd.*

I.

*But Oracles of old were seldom true ;
The Devil was in 'em——sure he's not in you.*

You.

*Thus masqu'd in Mysteries does the Godhead stand,
The more obscure, the greater his Command.*

I.

*The Godhead's hidden Power wou'd soon be past,
Did we not hope to see his Face at last.*

You.

*You are my Slave already, Sir, you know,
To shew more Charms wou'd but increase your Woe ;
I scorn an Insult to a conquer'd Foe.*

}

I.

*I am your Slave, 'tis true ; but still you see
All Slaves by Nature struggle to be free.
But if you wou'd secure the stubborn Prize,
Add to your Wit the Fetters of your Eyes ;
Then pleas'd with Thraldom would I kiss my Chain,
And ne'er think more of Liberty again.*

Sunday, after Sermon.

I Came, I saw, and was conquer'd; never had Man more to say, yet can I say nothing; where others go to save their Souls, there have I lost mine; but I hope that Divinity, which has the justest Title to its Service, has receiv'd it; but I will endeavour to suspend these Raptures for a Moment, and talk calmly.

Nothing upon Earth, Madam, can charm beyond your Wit, but your Beauty; after this not to love you, would proclaim me a Fool; and to say I did, when I thought otherwise, would pronounce me a Knave: If any Body call'd me either, I should resent it; and if you but think me either, I shall break my Heart. You have already, Madam, seen enough of me to create a Liking or an Aversion; your Sense is above your Sex, then let your Proceeding be so likewise, and tell me plainly what I have to hope for. Were I to consult my Merit, my Humility would chide any Shadow of Hope; but after a Sight of such a Face, whose whole Composition is a Smile of good Nature, why should I be so unjust as to suspect you of Cruelty: Let me either live in *London* and be happy, or retire again to my Desert to check my Vanity that drew me thence; but let me beg to receive my Sentence from your own Mouth, that I may hear you speak, and see you look at the same Time; then let me be unfortunate if I can.

*If you are not the Lady in Mourning
that sat upon my Right Hand at
Church, you may go to the Devil,
for I'm sure you're a Witch.*

Madam,

Madam,

IF I ha'n't begun thrice to write, and as often thrown away my Pen, may I never take it up again; my Head and my Heart have been at Cuffs about you these two long Hours——Says my Head, You're a Coxcomb for troubling your Noddle with a Lady, whose Beauty is as much above your Pretensions, as your Merit is below her Love. Then answers my Heart, good Mr. Head you're a Blockhead; I know Mr. F——r's Merit better than you; as for your Part, I know you to be as whimsical as the Devil, and changing with every new Notion that offers; but for my Share, I am fixt, and can stick to my Opinion of a Lady's Merit for ever; and if the Fair She can secure an Interest in me, Monsieur Head, you may go whistle. Come, come, (answer'd my Head) you, Mr. Heart, are always leading this Gentleman into some Inconvenience or other; was it not you that first entic'd him to talk to this Lady? Your damn'd confounded Warmth made him like this Lady, and your busy Impertinence has made him write to her; your leaping and skipping disturbs his Sleep by Night, and his good Humour by Day: In short, Sir, I will hear no more on't: I am Head, and I will be obey'd———You lie, Sir, reply'd my Heart, (being very angry) I am Head in Matters of Love, and if you don't give your Consent, you shall be forc'd; for I am sure that in this Case all the Members will be on my Side. What say you, Gentlemen Hands? Oh (say the Hands) we would not forego the tickling Pleasure of touching a delicious white, soft Skin for the World.———Well, what say you, Mr. Tongue? Zounds, says the Linguist, there is more Extasy in speaking three soft Words of Mr. Heart's suggesting, than whole Orations of Signior Head's; so I am for the Lady, and here's my honest Neighbour Lips will stick to't. By the sweet Power of Kisses that we will, (reply'd the Lips,) and presently some other worthy Members standing up for
C 2 the

the Heart, they laid violent Hands (*nemine contradicente*) upon poor Head, and knock'd out his Brains. So now, Madam, behold me as perfect a Lover as any in *Christendom*, my Heart purely dictating every Word I say; the little Rebel throws itself into your Power, and if you don't support it in the Cause it has taken up for your Sake, think what will be the Condition of the Headless and Heartless

Farquhar.

Monday, Twelve o'Clock at Night.

GIVE me Leave to call you, dear Madam, and tell you that I am now stepping into Bed, and that I speak with as much Sincerity as if I were stepping into my Grave: Sleep is so great an Emblem of Death, that my Words ought to be as real, as if I were sure never to awaken; then may I never again be blest with the Light of the Sun, and the Joys of *Wednesday*, if you are not as dear to me as my Hopes of waking in Health to-morrow Morning; your Charms lead me, my Inclinations prompt me, and my Reason confirms me,

M A D A M,

Your Faithful, and

Humble Servant.

*My humble Service to the Lady,
who must be chief Mediator
for my Happiness.*

Madam,

Madam,

IN order to your Ladyship's Command, I have sent you my Thoughts upon your two weighty Maxims of Amorous Policy———*If we fly, they pursue,* and *Enjoyment quenches Love*: But I shall run a greater Hazard of your Displeasure by my Obedience, than I should by the Neglect of your Commands; these Subjects leading me into more Gravity, than is well consistent with my own Inclinations; or the Perusal of a fair Lady. But to the Business.

To examine rightly how far these Female Maxims are in Force, we must dispose Mankind into a Division, which I think hitherto has escap'd the *Logicians*; to wit, the Men of Idleness, and Men of Business. Under the first Branch of which Distinction is reducible a great Share of the World, and especially that which composes the Character of what we call the *Beau Monde*; for to make them all of a Piece, we must give them a *French Name* too.

The Practice of these Gentlemen, I must confess, has gone a great Way to pass these Maxims for authentick, and have sufficiently authoriz'd the Ladies to stick so firmly to their Principles; but wou'd they consider a little upon what a scurvy Foundation these Topicks are grounded, they would damn the Doctrine for the Sake of the Adorers.

These idle Gentlemen (begging their Pardon for so familiar an Epithet) shou'd shew the Ladies what a Difference there is between modish Intriguing and true Love; for these Sparks make Intriguing their Business, and Love only their Diversion. They visit their Mistress as they go to the Park, because it is the Mode; and continue to solicit her Favour, not thro' the Impulse of Passion, but because they have nothing else to do. Some other Motives there are to engage these Sparks in the Pursuit of a fair Lady; as, for Instance, upon the Survey of his Rent-Roll the Lover finds two or three Thousand a

Year still unmortgag'd, sends down immediately to his Steward to screw up his Tenants to due Payments, and concludes with *Money conquers all Things*: A potent Proverb, I must confess, to back his Resolution. But here consider, Madam, what it is that pursues you; not the Gentleman, but Fiddlers, Masquerades, Jewellers, Glovers, Milleners, hir'd Poets, with the confus'd Equipage of all their respective Trades; the Devil a Dart of Love is in the whole Bundle, no more than there is in the Straw and Oats that keep a Horse for *New-Market*; here are only two Beasts to be back'd, one for Pleasure, and t'other for Profit; I will feed one for the Plate, and pamper the other for my own Riding.

A second Life to his Pursuit is his Vanity; the Beau having receiv'd a Repulse over Night, steps to his Glass in the Morning, and surveying his charming Shape, 'Sdeath (says he) *why should I despair of Success? Blood, I am as pretty a Fellow as another, but I think my Calves are a little of the largest.* Ah, that's it, *she did not like my Dress Yesterday*—— Here, Boy, reach my blue Coat, I'll tie my Cravat with a double Knot To-day, and wear the Buckles of my Garters behind. Thus while his foppish Fancy can invent any particular Change or Whimsy in his Dress, his Hopes are nourish'd by an abusive Presumption, that the Ladies are smitten by such *Bagatel* Impertinence. Here indeed, Madam, the first Maxim, *If we fly, they pursue*, is in Force, but upon scurvy Terms; for the Continuation of such a Coxcomb's Address is the greatest Satyr upon the Sex; and a Woman of true Sense, rather than be plagu'd with such a Follower, if there were no other Way, should give him her Person to be quit of his Company; for here I dare be sworn your second Maxim will hold, that *Enjoyment quenches Love*: For these Gentlemen love as they hunt, for Diversion, as I said before; and no sooner is one Hare snapt up, but they beat about for another. Besides, Madam, 'tis but a modest Presumption, that these Men of Pleasure and Idleness, must

must have an Ingredient of the Fool in their Composition, which cannot relish the true and lasting Beauties of a fine Woman; they cannot make a true Estimate of her Sense, her Constancy, her several little kind and endearing Offices, which can only engage the Affections of a Man that truly understands their Value.

This brings into my Consideration how far these Maxims may be applicable to your corresponding with the latter Part of the Distinction, which I call'd the Men of Business; by which I understand Men of Sense, Learning and Experience, and call them Men of Business, because I wou'd exclude a Parcel of flashy, noisy, rhiming, atheistical Gentlemen, who arrogate to themselves the Title of Wit and Sense, for no other Cause but the Abuse of it: Such must be rank'd with the first Sort of Lovers, for they are the idlest of Mankind; neither do I confine the Character of a Man of Business to the Law, the Church, the Court, Trade, or any particular Employment: I intend it a farther Latitude, and inclusive of all those, who deriding the Fop, and detesting the Debauchee, have laid down to themselves some certain Scheme of Study, in any lawful Art of Science, for the Benefit of the Publick, or their own private Improvement.

Upon this Foundation we may rationally conclude the Actions of such Men to flow directly from the Operations of their Reason. But here, Madam, without Doubt the Ladies will interrupt me—*Hold, Sir,* (say they) *we absolutely deny that Love and Reason are consistent*; from which it follows, that your Men of Business have no Business here.

I am very sorry, Madam, in the first Place, that the Qualification which must recommend a Man to a fair Lady, must debase him so near the Level of a Brute, and deprive him of that divine Stamp by which he is distinguish'd from the Beasts of the Field. What an Affront is this to your Sex, that one must no sooner begin to admire a Woman, but he must cease

to be a Man ; and that the Glory which a Lady receives by the Plurality of her Adorers, should depend only upon the Esteem of so many irrational Creatures ! No, no, Madam, I am too much a Courtier to let this vulgar Calumny and severe Reflection upon your Sex pass unexamined.

I shall therefore make bold to say, that this very Opinion, touching the Inconsistency of Love with Reason, has cost the fair Sex more Tears, and have subjected Men to more Curses, than the worst Circumstances of Falshood and Perjury ; for depending upon this Principle of the Ladies, the greatest Rascals have appear'd the most passionate Lovers, because the greatest Knaves make the best Fools, and the most usual Cloak for natural Villany, is an artificial Simplicity.

But granting such Follies and Absurdities to be the Results of a real Passion, such Love ought not to gain one Grain the more Weight in the Balance of true Sense ; for if the Lover be a Fool, this Extravagance is but what is natural to his Temper, and exposes itself as wildly in the Effects of his other ordinary Passions, as in Anger, Fear, Joy, Grief, and the like, and must not properly be call'd the Strength of his Love, but the Weakness of his Reason ; and the same Pitch of Passion that may make a *Witall* appear Lunatick, would scarcely be discernible in a *Dorimant*. But if the Force of Love raise a Man of true Sense to the Pitch of playing the Fool, 'tis then, if not more ridiculous, at least much more dangerous in the Consequence ; for be assur'd, Madam, that the Bent of his Desire must be too violent to last long, and when once it begins to decline, 'twill prove as violent in the Fall as in the Rise ; and the constant Result of a sober Reflection, is the Hatred and Detestation of any Thing that had made him guilty of Extravagance, and debas'd him below the Dignity of his Reason ; and there is no Medium in this Case between the extravagant Lover and the inveterate Enemy.

But

But begging your Ladyship's Pardon for this Digression, I shall return to my Man of Business, and see how far your Principle, *If we fly, they pursue*, is applicable to a Person of this Character.

To the Examination of this Point, 'twill not be amiss to consider the several Paces and Proceedings of such a Lover in his Amour. A Man of Business and Study has his Thoughts too round and compact within himself, to have his Fancy sallying out upon the Appearance of every Beauty that his daily Conversation may throw in his Way; but if once it lights upon that Fair, which can rouse him from his Indifference, raising a Pleasure in his Eyes when she's present, and an Uneasiness in his Heart in her Absence, 'tis no Imprudence to indulge the Thought. Love (he considers) is a Blessing; and since it depends so much upon a Sympathy of Natures, why mayn't I expect that the fair Creature, who has rais'd such Emotions in me, may in Time, perhaps, be brought to have a mutual Concern upon her? The Happiness that I may expect from her Love, if her other Qualities be proportionable to her Beauty, will infinitely reward the Pains of my enquiring into her Life and Conversation. Here is the Foundation of Love fairly laid; and now my Gentleman goes to work upon the Structure: He first enquires into the Lady's Character, but that as a Man of Sense ought to do, without trusting the Malice of some that may be her Enemies, nor yet consulting the Partiality of her Friends. His Reason may make a tolerable good Balance between both; and if perhaps some Slip in her Conduct has made the Scale of her Accusation the heaviest, he has some Grains of Love to throw into the other to counterpoise it. His next Business is to gain Admittance to her Company; here he may find a thousand Beauties to augment, or as many Failings perhaps to destroy his Passion; and to his Examination he must refer his Judgment upon the different Characters he might have heard of her before; for no reasonable Man will peremptorily conclude from

the Mouth of Common Fame; 'tis a notorious Liar, and generally in Extremes. If he believes it to the Lady's Prejudice, he may wrong her Innocence past Redress; and if he trusts flying Report in her Favour, he may be impos'd upon himself: For the Vulgar (by which I mean the Lac'd Coat as well as the Hob-nail) cannot enter into the nice Secrets of Female Behaviour; they sometimes mistake Levity for Freedom, ill Humour for Gravity, Noise and Tattle for Wit and Sense: Sometimes they change Hands, and call an Air of good Breeding Coquetry; they brand Affability and good Nature with the Name of Looseness; and, in short, there can be no such Thing as a Woman in their Estimate, all must be Angels, or all Devils. Now my Lover shall find out all these Distinctions; he shall, in Spite of Female Dissimulation, search to the very Bottom, and discover the least Paint upon the Mind, as he does that upon the Face. Having found the Lady's Temper conformable to his own, or being at least assur'd, that he can frame his own Humour to square with hers; having known her Sense and Understanding sufficient for a prudent Conduct, at least pliable to good Advice, he stands fix'd in his Resolution, and resolv'd upon his Affection.

Thus the beautiful Edifice of Love is gradually and firmly rais'd, whereof Reason is still the Corner-stone; not like the trifling Pomp of a Fop's Preparation, which, like a Lord Mayor's Pageant, is built in a Night, glitters, and is gaz'd at for a Day, and the next dwindles into nothing. The Building thus finish'd, the next Business is to invite the Fair Guest; 'tis impossible to confine the Rules of his Address to any particular Observation, because they may be so diversify'd by the Circumstances of the Lover, the Accidents of Time, Place, or according to some Humours and Inclinations in the Lady's Temper, which last have always prov'd the most effectual Means of gaining a Heart. If the Lady's Disposition be inclinable to Gaiety, he makes the Muses
speak

Speak a good Word for him; he can dispense in an Evening with a very dull Play, to have the Pleasure of acting the Lover himself; nay, he can comply so far, as to commend a very dull thing, if his Mistress is pleas'd to approve it; he can take a Turn in the Mall with his Hat off, tho' the Weather be very cold, and join with her in railing at my Lord Such-a-one, or Mistress Such-a-one, tho' perhaps he understands the Quarrel to be no more than a Pique, or a Piece of Malice. If the Lady's Temper be more grave and sedate, he can sit an Hour or two condemning the Vices of the Town, and extolling the Pleasures of a Country Life; nay, sometimes perhaps he may have a Fling at the Government, and be a little Jacobitish to please her; he can wait on her to Church, and hear a Levite thump Dust and Nonsense out of a Pulpit Cushion for an Hour, and call it an excellent Sermon, to humour her Approbation. With a thousand other little foolish Fancies, which because they are not very hurtful in themselves, and that Custom has brought them into Play, must be borne with upon this Occasion; and when all is done, Ceremony looks as decently in Love, as in Religion; and a Clown in an Intrigue makes as awkward a Figure as a Quaker in Church. Our Lover therefore writes, visits, sighs, declares his Passion with all Demonstrations of Submission and Sincerity; all which is often repeated to save the Lady's Modesty, and to sooth a little pleasing Vanity incident to the Female Sex of seeing themselves admir'd. He is satisfy'd also that the World shou'd know it, and submits to the Censure of a whining Coxcomb, to favour the Lady's yielding by the plausible Excuse of a hard Siege; but if after all this he finds his Pretensions to no purpose, your Maxim, Madam, *If we fly*, &c. will not be of Force to detain him longer; he has the same Thread of Reason to guide him out of the Labyrinth that led him in; he has not perhaps the same Supports to his Hope, that every glittering Spark with a Coach and Six can pretend; but were his Fortune ever so considerable,

siderable, he wou'd not affront the Lady's Honour, nor his own Judgment so far, as to suppose her of a mercenary Temper; neither can he imagine that the Charming Fair, whose Sense he has so much admir'd, shou'd be captivated with the tying of his Cravat, or the Fancy of his Snuff-Box. No, no, he is rather convinc'd, that there is something disagreeable to the Lady in his Person, Behaviour, or Conversation, which being a Defect of Nature, or Education, he must patiently submit to, without cutting his Throat; and he's the more willing to take up with his Failings, because Time may perhaps produce some other Lady, that may value him upon these very Circumstances that made the first disdain him; so that in spite of your celebrated Maxim, he betakes himself to his Business, has the Manners to free the Lady from his Impertinence, and the Prudence to disengage himself of the Trouble. Neither is he much distress'd to withdraw his Affections; for as the Prospect of Happiness was the first Foundation of his Love, so the Progress of his Passion must have been nourish'd with Favours to keep it alive, and as naturally without this Fuel will the Fire go out of itself.

I have already, Madam, so far transgressed the Bounds of a *Billet-doux*, that I am afraid to meddle with your second Maxim: But give me a Moment's Patience, Madam, and I'll make quick Work with—*Enjoyment quenches Love*: One Simile, Madam, and I take my Leave. What a strange and unaccountable Madness wou'd it appear in a Subject of *England*, a Gentleman that enjoys Peace and Plenty, Ease and Luxury, if he, discontented with his happy State, shou'd raise a Combustion in his Country, turn ambitious Rebel, make a Party against his Prince, and by Force and Treachery lay hold upon the Government, and all this for the bare Pleasure of being called King. I can assure you, Madam, did the Pleasures of a Monarch consist in nothing more than being plac'd in a Throne, with a Crown upon his Head,
and

and the Scepter in his Hands, we should have the upstart Prince use his Government as a Fool does a fair Lady after Enjoyment ; he wou'd soon be cloy'd with his Desire, and uneasy till he got quit of it. But if our *Noll* understood the Policy of Government, the many Glories that attend a Crown, the Pomp of Dependencies, the Sweets of absolute Power, with the many Delights and Joys that attend his Royalty, he would maintain his Station to the last Drop of Blood. This is easily applicable to a Man of Sense gaining the Crown of Beauty ; he can judge of the Charms of his Possession, and values Enjoyment only as the Title to his greater Pleasures : There are a thousand Cupids attending the Throne of Love, all which have their several pretty Offices and serviceable Duties to exhilarate their Master's Joy, and contribute to his constant Diversion, if he but understands how to employ them.

How far, Madam, I have recommended to you the Addresses of an ingenious Man, I dare not determine ; but I am afraid I have said so much against the Passion of Fools, that I have ruin'd my own Interest ; tho' you can't reckon me among the idle Part of Men, being so happily employed this Morning by the Commands of so fair a Lady.

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.



Friday Night, 11 o'Clock.

IF you find no more Rest from your Thoughts in Bed than I do, I cou'd wish you, Madam, to be always there, for there I am most in Love. I went to the Play this Evening, and the Musick rais'd my Soul to such a Pitch of Passion, that I was almost mad with Melancholy. I flew thence to *Spring-Garden*, where with envious Eyes I saw every Man pick
up

up his Mate, whilst I alone walked like solitary *Adam* before the Creation of his *Eve*; but the Place was no Paradise to me; nothing I found entertaining but the Nightingale, which methought in sweet Notes, like your own, pronounc'd the Name of my Dear *Penelope*. — *As the Fool thinketh, the Bell clinketh*. From hence I retir'd to the Tavern, where methought the shining Glass represented your fair Person, and the sparkling Wine within it, look'd like your lively Wit and Spirit: I met my dear Mistress in every thing, and I propose presently to see her in a lively Dream, since the last thing I do, is to kiss her dear Letter, clasp her charming Idea in my Arms, and so fall fast asleep.

*My Morning Songs, my Evening Pray'rs,
My Daily Musings, Nightly Cares.*

Adieu.



Here am I drinking, Madam, at the Sign of the Globe; and it shall go hard but I make the Voyage of old Sir *Drake* by to-morrow Morning: We have a fresh Gale and a round Sea; for here is very good Company and excellent Wine: From the Orb in the Sign, I will step to the Globe of the Moon, thence make the Tour of all the Planets, and fix in the Constellation of *Venus*. You see, Madam, I am elevated already. Here's a Gentleman tho', who swears he loves his Mistress better than I do mine, but if I don't make him so drunk that he shall disgorge his Opinion, may I never drink your Health again; the generous Wine scorns to lie upon a Traytor's Stomach, 'tis Poison to him that profanes Society by being a Rogue in his Cups. I wish, dear Madam, with all my Heart that you saw me in my present

present Circumstances, you wou'd certainly fall in Love with me, for I am not myself; I am now the pleasantest foolish Fellow that ever gain'd a Lady's Heart, and a Glass or two more will fill me with such Variety of Impertinence, that I cannot fail to pass for agreeable. You, Drawer, bring me a Plate of Ice——Ha! How the Wine whizzes upon my Heart; *Cupid* is forging his Love-Darts in my Belly——Ice, you Dog, Ice——The Son of a Whore has brought me Anchovies. Well! This is a vexatious World. I wish I were fairly out of it, and happy in Heaven, I mean your dear Arms; which is the constant Prayer of your Humble Servant, Drunk or Sober.

I design To-morrow in the Afternoon to beg your Pardon for all the ill Manners of my Debauch; and make myself as great as an Emperor, by inviting your Ladyship to the Entertainment of Dioclesian.



IN pursuance to your Order, Madam, I have sent you here inclos'd my Picture; and I challenge *Vandike* or *Kneller* to draw more to the Life. You are the first Person that ever had it, and if I had not some Thoughts that the Substance would fall to your share, I wou'd not part with my Likeness. I hope the Colours will never fade, tho' you may give me some Hints where to mend the Features, having so much Power to correct the Life.

The Picture.

MY Outside is neither better nor worse than my Creator made it, and the Piece being drawn by so great an Artist, 'twere Presumption to say there were many Stroaks amiss. I have a Body qualify'd to answer all the Ends of its Creation, and that's sufficient.

As to the Mind, which in most Men wears as many Changes as their Body, so in me 'tis generally dress'd like my Person in Black. Melancholy is its every Day Apparel; and it has hitherto found few Holidays to make it change its Clothes. In short, my Constitution is very Splenetick, and yet very amorous; both which I endeavour to hide, lest the former shou'd offend others, and that the latter might incommode myself. And my Reason is so vigilant in restraining these two Failings, that I am taken for an easy-natur'd Man with my own Sex, and an ill-natur'd Clown by yours.

'Tis true, I am very sparing in my Praises and Compliments to a Lady, out of a Fear that they may affect myself more than her. For the Idols that we worship are generally of our own making; and though at first Men may not speak what they think, yet Truth may catch them on t'other Hand, and make them think what they speak. But most of all am I cautious of promising, especially upon that weighty Article of Constancy, because, in the first Place, I have never try'd the Strength of it in my own Experience; and, secondly, I suppose a Man can no more engage for his Constancy, than for his Health, since I believe they both equally depend upon a certain Constitution of Body; and how far, and how frequently, that may be liable to Alteration, especially in Affairs of Love, let the more judicious determine.

But so far a Man may promise, that if he find not his Passion grounded on a false Foundation, and that he have a continuance of the same Sincerity, Truth and Love to engage him; that then his Reason, his Honour, and his Gratitude, may prove too strong for all Changes of Temper and Inclination.

I am a very great Epicure, for which Reason I hate all Pleasure that's purchas'd by excess of Pain. I am quite different from the Opinion of Men that value what's dearly bought; long Expectation makes the Blessing always less to me, for by often thinking of the future Joy, I make the Idea of it familiar to me, and so I lose the great Transport of Surprize; 'tis keeping the Springs of Desire so long upon the Rack, till at last they grow loose and enervate: Besides, any one of a creative Fancy, by a Duration of Thoughts, will be apt to frame too great an Idea of the Object, and so make the greater part of his Hopes end in a Disappointment.

I am seldom troubled with what the World calls *Airs and Caprices*; and I think it an *Idiot's Excuse* for a foolish Action, to say 'twas my Humour. I hate all little malicious Tricks of vexing People, for Trifles, or teasing them with frightful Stories, malicious Lies, stealing Lap-dogs, tearing Fans, breaking China, or the like: I can't relish the Jest that vexes another in earnest: In short, if ever I do a wilful Injury, it must be a very great one.

I am often melancholy, but seldom angry; for which Reason I can be severe in my Resentment, without injuring myself: I think it the worst Office to my Nature, to make myself uneasy for what another should be punish'd.

I am easily deceiv'd, but then I never fail at last to find out the Cheat; my Love of Pleasure and Sedateness makes me very secure, and the same Reason makes me very diligent when I am alarm'd.

I have so naturally a Propensity to Ease, that I cannot chearfully fix to my Study, which bears not
a Plea-

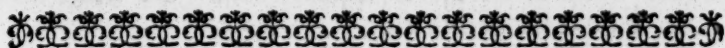
a Pleasure in the Application, which makes me inclinable to Poetry above any thing else.

I have very little Estate, but what lies under the Circumference of my Hat; and should I by Mischance come to lose my Head, I should not be worth a Groat; but I ought to thank Providence that I can by three Hours Study live one and twenty with Satisfaction to myself, and contribute to the Maintenance of more Families, than some who have thousands a Year.

I have something in my outward Behaviour, which gives Strangers a worse Opinion of me than I deserve; but I am more than recompens'd by the Opinion of my Acquaintance, which is as much above my Desert.

I have many Acquaintance, very few Intimates, but no Friend, I mean in the old Romantick Way; I have no Secret so weighty, but what I can bear in my own Breast; nor any Duels to fight, but what I may engage in without a Second; nor can I love after the old Romantick Discipline. I would have my Passion, if not led, yet at least waited on by my Reason; and the greatest Proof of my Affection that a Lady must expect, is this: I wou'd run any Hazard to make us both happy, but would not for any transitory Pleasure make either of us miserable.

If ever, Madam, you come to know the Life of this Piece, as well as he that drew it, you will conclude that I need not subscribe the Name to the Picture.



WELL! Mrs V—— and my charming *Penelope* are to lie together to Night; what wou'd I give to be a Mouse (God blefs us) behind the Hangings to hear the Chat: You don't know, Madam, but my Genius, which always attends you, may over-
hear

hear your Discourse; therefore not one Word of George. I'm resolv'd to have a Friend to lie with me To-night, that I may quit Scores with you; and it shall go hard but I prove as kind to my Companion, as you are to yours; though I must confess, that I had rather be in Mrs. V——'s Place, with all the little Pillows about me, or in that of Monsieur *Adonis* upon the Chair.

*My Rival is a Dog of Parts,
That captivates the Ladies Hearts;
And yet by Jove (I scorn to forge)
Adonis self must yield to George.
I am a Dog as well as he,
Can fawn upon a Lady's Knee;
My Ears as long, and I can bark,
To guard my Mistress in the Dark:
I ha'n't four Legs, that's no hard Sentence,
For I can paw, and scrape Acquaintance.
I am a Dog that admires you,
And I'm a Dog if this be'n't true;
And if Adonis does out-ri-va! me;
Then I'm a greater Son of a Bitch than he.
Reach my Waistcoat—but ne'er trouble it,
I am already a Dog in a Doublet.*

Was ever such a poetical Puppy seen? But when my Mistress is sick, 'tis then *Dog-Days* with me, tho' 'tis but a Cur's Trick, I must confess; but I would be content to bark at this Rate all my Life, so that I might hunt away all Rats and Mice from my fair Angel, whose fearful Temper is the only Mark of Mortality about her. The Remembrance of the Water Rat last Night has inspir'd me with the following Lines.

*Fair Rosamond did little think
Her Crystal Pond should turn a Sink,
To harbour Vermin that might swim,
And frighten Beauties from the Brim.*

Hence.

Henceforth, detested Pond, no more
Shall Beauties crown your verdant Shore;
Your Waves so fam'd for am'rous League,
Are now turn'd Ratsbane to Intrigue.

Now good Morrow, my fair Creature, and
let me know how you are recover'd from
your Fright.



WHY should I write to my dearest *Penelope*, when I only trouble her with reading what she won't believe? I have told my Passion, my Eyes have spoke it, my Tongue pronounc'd it, and my Pen declar'd it; I have sigh'd it, swore it, and subscrib'd it; now my Heart is full of you, my Head raves of you, and my Hand writes to you, but all in vain. If you think me a Dissembler, use me generously like a Villain, and discard me for ever; but if you will be so just to my Passion, as to believe it sincere, tell me so, and make me happy; 'tis but Justice, Madam, to do one or t'other.

Your Indisposition last Night, when I left you, put me into such Disorder, that not finding a Coach, I miss'd my Way, and never minded whither I wander'd, 'till I found myself close by *Tyburn*. When blind Love guides, who can forbear going astray? Instead of laughing at myself, I fell to pitying poor Mr. *F*—*r*, who, whilst he rov'd abroad among your whole Sex, was never out of his Way; and now by a single She was led to the Gallows. From the Thoughts of Hanging, I naturally enter'd upon those of Matrimony: I consider'd how many Gentlemen have taken a handsome Swing, to avoid some inward Disquiets; then why shou'd not I hazard the Noose, to ease me of my Torment? Then I consider'd

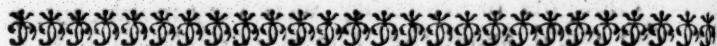
der'd, whether I shou'd send for the Ordinary of *Newgate*, or the Parson of *St. Anne's*; but considering myself better prepar'd for dying in a fair Lady's Arms, than on the three legg'd Tree, I was the most inclinable to the Parish-Priest: Besides, if I dy'd in a fair Lady's Arms, I shou'd be sure of Christian Burial at last, and should have the most beautiful Tomb in the Universe. You may imagine, Madam, that these Thoughts of Mortality were very melancholy; but who cou'd avoid the Thoughts of Death when you were sick? And if your Health be not dearer to me than my own, may the next News I hear be your Death, which wou'd be as great a Hell, as your Life and Welfare is a Heaven to the most amorous of his Sex.

Pray let me know in a Line, whether you are better or worse, whether I am Honest or a Knave, and whether I shall live or die.



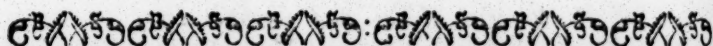
I Can no more let a Day pass without seeing or writing to my dear *Penelope*, than I can slip a Minute without thinking of her. I know no Body can lay a juster Claim to the Account of my Hours, than she who has so indisputable a Title to my Service; and I can no more keep the Discovery of my Faults from you, than from my own Conscience, because you compose so great a Part of my Devotion. Let me therefore confess to my dearest Angel, how last Night I faunter'd to the *Fountain*, where some Friends waited for me; one of 'em was a Parson, who preaches over any Thing but his Glas: Had not his Company and *Sunday Night* sanctify'd the Debauch, I shou'd be very fit for Repentance this Morning; the searching Wine has sprung the Rheumatism in my Right Hand, my Head akes, my Stomach pukes, I dream'd all
this

this Morning of Fire, and wak'd in a Flame: To compleat my Misery, I must let you know all this, and make you angry with me. I design tho' this Afternoon to repair to St. *Anne's* Prayers, to beg Absolution of my Creator and my Mistress; if both prove merciful, I'll put on the Resolution of amending my Life, to fit me for the Joys of Heaven and you.



Dear Madam,

NOW I write with my aking Hand the Dictates of my aking Heart; my Body and my Soul are of a Piece; both uneasy for Want of my dear *Penelope*. Excuse me, Madam, for troubling you with my Distemper; but my Hand is so ill, that it can write nothing else, because it can go no farther.



MIsfortunes always lay hold on me, when I forsake my Love, or fall short of my Duty; your Coach was full, and Mr. C——r was vanish'd, so I had no Pretence left to avoid some sober Friends, that wou'd haul me into a Cellar to drink Syder; a dark, chilly, confounded Hole, fit only for Treason and Tobacco. Being warm with the Throng of the Playhouse, I unadvisedly threw off my Wig; the Rawness of this cursed Place, with the Coldness of our Tipple, has seiz'd upon me so violently, that I'm afraid I shan't recover it in a Trice; I have got such a Pain in my Jaws, that I sha'n't be able to eat a Bit: So now, Madam, I must either live upon Love or starve. For Heav'n's Sake then, dear Madam, send me a little Subsistence; let not a hungry Wretch perish for want of an Alms: Your Charity, for the Lord's Sake. Kind Words is all I crave; and the most uncharitable Prelate will afford a Beggar his Blessing.

Pity

Pity my Condition, Fair Charmer, I have got a Cold without, and a Fire within, Love and Syder do not agree, so I'll have no more Cellars. If you don't send me some Comfort in my Afflictions, expect to have a Note to this *Purpose*———Be pleas'd to accompany the Corps of an unfortunate Lover, who dy'd of an aching Chops, and a broken Heart.



YOUR Verses, Madam, I have read, scan'd and consider'd over and over; I must still complain of the Difficulty of your Characters; but your Sense is like a rich Mine, hard to come at, but when found, an infinite Treasure. I wou'd answer you in Verse, but for the Reason that follows.

*Of all the specious Wiles and formal Arts,
Us'd by our young intriguing Men of Parts,
None can their Ignorance in Love express
So much, as whining Words in fawning Verse.
The Nymph, whose softer Breast soft Numbers gain,
Must have a Soul celestially serene,
Seraphically bright, and sparkling as her Mien.
But Women now that Character disown,
They are all Mortal, very Mortal grown.
By Verse was Beauty's Empire first ordain'd,
And stubborn Man to Love by Verse was chain'd.
Verse gave to Love his Quiver and his Bow,
Nay, e'en from Verse he had his Godhead too.
And now ungrateful Beauty scorns that Aid,
By which its greatest Triumphs first were made,
A sordid Blockhead, with an empty Skull,
Shall have Access, because his Pocket's full.
Curse on thee, Gold—why, Charmer, tell me why
Shou'd that which buys a Horse, bright Beauty buy?
O cou'd I find (grant Heav'n that once I may)
A Nymph fair, kind, poetical and gay;*

Whose

*Whose Love shou'd blaze, unsully'd, and divine,
Lighted at first by the bright Lamp of mine;
Free as a Mistress, faithful as a Wife,
And one that lov'd a Fiddle as her Life;
Free from all sordid Ends, from Int'rest free,
For my own Sake affecting only me.*

*What a blest Union shou'd our Souls combine?
I her's alone, and she be only mine.*

*Free generous Favours shou'd our Flames express,
I'd write for Love, and she shou'd love for Verse,
In deathless Numbers shou'd my fair one shine,
Her Love, her Charms shou'd blazon every Line,
And the whole Page be like herself, Divine.*

*Not Sacharissa's self, great Waller's Fair,
Shou'd for an endless Name with mine compare;
My Lines shou'd run so high, the World shou'd see
I sung of her, and she inspired me.*

*Vain are thy Wishes, wretched Damon, vain,
Thy Verse can only serve thee to complain:
Wealth makes the Bargain, Love's become a Trade,
Blind Love is now by blinder Fortune led.*

*Who then wou'd sing, or sacred Numbers boast,
Since Love, the just Reward of Verse, is lost?*

*Of the soft Sex why were the Muses made,
If soft Love they can't afford us Aid?*

*No, Cupid, no, you have deceiv'd too long,
My Muse and Love have ever done me wrong;
Farewel, ungrateful Love, farewel, ungrateful Song.*

You see, Madam, that my Rhime has argu'd me out of Love; but I'm violently suspicious that my Reason will convince me, that I am still as much your Captive, as ever; for I have the greatest Inclination in the World to intreat the Favour of meeting your Ladyship in the Park To-morrow by Six. If you tarry till seven, you may find me at the End of the Lover's Walk, hanging upon one of the Trees, which will be the readiest Way, for aught I see, to bring our Amour to a Conclusion. I am an Impudent Fellow;
that's

that's to prevent your Reflection upon my presuming to appoint you a Place of Affignation.



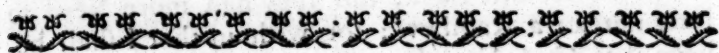
IF any Thing should come to your Hands, Madam, that I writ last Night, I humbly beg that you wou'd pardon its Impertinence; for I was so fuddled, that I hardly remember whether I writ or not. You'll think perhaps that my Excuse needs as much an Apology as my Fault; but you ought to forgive me, when I assure you, that I shall never forgive myself. I have vow'd this Morning never to taste Wine, till I can recover that Opportunity of seeing you, that Wine made me lose. I went to the *Royal Exchange* at Two, and stay'd in the City till Twelve at Night; I din'd with Mr. B——x, who (by the Way) is a pretty Gentleman, but has a confounded Wife; such Stories have I heard of her Persecution, and his Long-suffering, that he deserves to go to Heaven, and she to Hell for sending him; and so much for a Citizen's Wife. I come now from Mr. *Dryden's* Funeral, where we had an Ode in *Horace* sung, instead of *David's* Psalms; whence you may find, that we don't think a Poet worth Christian Burial. The Pomp of the Ceremony was a Kind of Rhapsody, and fitter, I think, for *Hudibras* than him, because the Cavalcade was mostly Burlesque; but he was an extraordinary Man, and bury'd after an extraordinary Fashion; for I do believe there was never such another Burial seen. The Oration indeed was great and ingenious, worthy the Subject, and like the Author, whose Prescriptions can restore the Living, and his Pen embalm the Dead. And so much for Mr. *Dryden*, whose Burial was the same with his Life; Variety, and not of a Piece. The Quality and Mob, Farce and Heroicks; the Sublime and Ridicule mixt in a Piece, great *Cleopatra* in a Hackney-Coach.

And now, Madam, for the Application; let us consider, that we are all mortal, that neither Wit can protect a Man, nor Beauty a Woman from the Imperitence of a Burial: There is but one Way, let us join our Forces to disappoint it, as thus: Beauty causes Love, Love inspires Poetry, and Poetry makes Wit immortal: So in Return, Wit is fir'd with Gratitude, that extols your Charms, and so makes Beauty immortal. Now, Madam, if your Beauty can make as mad Work in my Head, as it has in my Heart, I will shew the World such a Copy of your Countenance, that you shall be as fair a hundred Years hence, as you are at this Instant; all the Worms in the Church-yard shall not have Power to touch one Feature in your Face; and for my Part, if I am not more a Poet a hundred Years hence than I am now, I'll be damn'd. And I can assure you, that Mr. *Dryden* had never dy'd, had he not grown too old to please the Ladies; and if that be my Case already, the Lord have Mercy upon me.



YOur strange and unexpected Declaration of your unkind Thoughts of me, has cast a Damp upon my Spirits, that will break out either in Melancholy or Rage: I wish it prove the latter, for then I shall destroy myself the shorter Way; in the Fervency of my Passion, and Diligence of Courtship, which has alarm'd Part of the World. To be accus'd of Coldness and Neglect is—but I'll say no more upon that Subject, 'tis too warm; and if I touch it, will set me in a Blaze. I remember the Cause of my Uneasiness t'other Day, and I remember that Cause was repeated last Night; and, in short, I remember a thousand Things that make me mad; and since you have taken so opportune a Time of telling me of the Coldness of my Love; give me Leave to tell you, that

that my Passion is so violent, that 'twill give me Cause to curse your whole Sex; nay, even you, tho' at the same Time I cou'd stab myself for the Expression; now, Madam, I'll endeavour to sleep, for I ha'n't clos'd my Eyes since I saw you.



Hague, October 23. New Style.

THIS is the second Post, dear Madam, since I have heard from you, which makes me apprehensive that you are not well, or that you have forgot the Person whose Health and Welfare so intirely depends upon yours. I am proud to say, that all my Words, my Letters, and Endeavours, have unfeignedly run upon the Strain of the most real Passion that ever possess the Breast of Man; and if, after all this, they should all prove vain, I leave you to judge how poor an Opinion I shou'd have of my Understanding, which must be a very mortifying Thought for a Person who is very unwilling to pass for a Fool. 'Tis true, I have laid out all the little Sense I had in your Service, and if it should be cast away, I should turn Bankrupt in my Understanding, and run stark mad upon the Loss. For God's Sake, Madam, let me know what I have to trust to, that I may once more set up for a Man of some Parts, or else run away from my Senses as fast as I can; my Thoughts begin to be very severe Creditors, and I am perfectly tir'd of their Company. The King came hither last Night about Eleven from *Lee*; and if the Weather prove fair, designs for *England* next *Wednesday*. Providence has design'd my staying so long, out of its great Mercy to secure me from the Violence of a terrible Storm, which has lasted here this Fortnight past, to that Degree, that *Holland* is no more at present than a great leaky Man of War, tossing on the Ocean,

cean, and Mariners are forc'd to pump Night and Day to keep the Vessel above Water. I can assure you, without a Jest, that the Cellars and Canals have frequent Communication, and happy is he that can lodge in a Garret: There are Fellows planted on all the Steeples, with a considerable Reward to him that can make the first Land, tho' they had more Need to look out for a Rainbow; for without that I shall believe that God Almighty, in his Articles with *Noah* after the Flood, has excluded the *Dutch* out of the Treaty: I have transcrib'd your Letter to my Lord *A——le*, and will consult with Captain *L——oe* about your Affairs, whether it be proper to mention Matters now, or defer it till we come over: My Lord *West——nd* treated us Yesterday with a Pot of *English* Venision sent him by his Mother. But never was poor Buck so devour'd by hungry Hounds; we hunted him down with excellent *Burgundy*—— Could this Place afford us good Toasts as it does Wine, 'twere a Paradise. But we made Shift to call you all over, every Beauty in *London*, from the *D——s* of *G——n* to Mrs. *B——lé*; and when we got drunk we toasted the *Dutch* Ladies; and by the Time we got thro' the whole Assembly, we were grown as dull and sottish as if we had lain with them. You must pardon my Breeding, Madam, and consider where I am; but I do blush a little, and can't say a Word more, but that I am,

M A D A M,

Your faithful and most humble Servant.



I Receiv'd your Letter, Madam, with the strange Relation of your being robb'd: I can't tell whether my Grief or Amazement was greatest; it suspended the Pain of the Rheumatism for some Hours,
tho'

tho' I gain'd little by that, for it only gave Place to a greater. All the Consolation I can afford in your Sorrow, is, that you have a Companion in your Afflictions that sympathizes in every Particular of your Grief. I consider myself a Lady robb'd of my fine Things, strip'd of my best Clothes, and, what is worse, of all my pretty Trinkets, that have cost me some Years in purchasing: Tho' this be the greatest Misfortune a fine Lady can sustain, yet I am still more troubled at the Manner of the Action, than at the Greatness of my Loss, that in a House so well peopled as mine, in an Hour so early, when all the World was awake, that all my good Stars should then be asleep, is very provoking.

By this, Madam, you may judge whether my Heart be not tun'd to the very same Notes of Sorrow with yours; and as I have the same Reasons of my Grief, so perhaps I shall agree with your Ladyship as to the Thoughts which may afford you most Consolation.

Religion teaches me, that nothing in this World is properly our own, but borrow'd; and since I am oblig'd to resign even my very Life without murmuring, when he that lent it is pleas'd to recal it, why should I repine at parting with Things of so much less Importance? But to comfort myself after a more worldly Manner: I consider that my Clothes had been worn out in a Year or two, that my fine Things had been out of Fashion in a Year or two more; so that I have only lost the Use of those Things which four or five Years wou'd have robb'd me of without breaking a Lock, or opening a Window. Besides, another Thing which gives me no small Comfort, is a Reflection on the Mercies of Providence in Matters of greater Moment, as in Relation to my Life, my Honour, &c. one Instance of which is pretty fresh in my Memory. I recollect that some few Months ago I was in a foreign Country, far from my Relations to comfort me, or Friends to assist me; a Stranger to the Place, more

to the Language; like a Child among Savage Beasts: I had no Companion but a Brute more savage than they, who betray'd me into the Hands of a Villain, that wou'd have ruin'd me past Redemption, had not Providence sent a Gentlemen to my Rescue, who is now at *Richmond* dying for Love of me. This Deliverance, I think, may make sufficient Amends for the present Loss.

Now, Madam, that I have guess'd at your Thoughts upon the Matter, give me Leave to present you with my own Sentiments upon this Affair. And in the first Place, I think that if the Rogues had strip'd you of all that you enjoy in the World, even the white Covering to your fair Nakedness, I wou'd catch you in my Arms before any Ducheſs in *Chriſtendom* ſet out in Brocade and Jewels.

I think, Secondly, that a Lady without a Husband lies very muſt expos'd to all Abuses from the rude World; that the Weakneſs of their Conſtitution is a ſufficient Proof, that their Maker design'd Man for their Guard. Now if a Lady will neglect the Protection which Providence has design'd her, when there is one that begs ſo very earneſtly, and has ſo long ſolicited for the Honour of the Place; 'tis but juſt, I think, that ſhe meet with ſome ſmall Rubs to mind her of her Inſufficiency. I know, Madam, that your Ladyſhip has a very good and worthy Gentleman very near you, one who is both a Friend and a Father to you; but yet a Husband is ſtill the beſt *Guard-du-Corps*, and there are ſome Privileges annex'd to his Place, which would make Rogues more cautious how they invaded your Bed-Chamber. In the third Place, Madam, give me Leave to aſk you one Queſtion: Don't you think this Thief that robb'd you to be a very barbarous Fellow? And would you not be very ſevere upon him, if he were taken? Moſt certainly you would. Then what muſt I think of a Perſon that has robb'd me of a Jewel much more precious than any they have taken from you, I mean, my

my Ease and Quiet? A little Thief has stole my Heart out of my very Breast; the Loss of which has cost me more Sighs and Uneasiness than all the Wealth in the World could have done. I have pursu'd this charming *Bandit* from Place to Place, from Town to Country, from Kingdom to Kingdom, yet all in vain—I beg you now, Madam, to consider this, and be not too severe upon the poor Rogues, tho' they should be taken.

This is the first Service my Hand has done me since I left *London*; and were not the Air too piercing for me to venture Abroad after so much Bleeding, I would have told you all this personally; but happen what will, three or four Days shall be the utmost ~~consequence~~ ^{term} I can lay upon my Desire of waiting on you; and that you have been so long releas'd from my Company, you are more beholden to the Force of my Illness, than the Strength of my Resolution, which is always too weak to encounter the Passion of,

M A D A M,

Your most sincere and humble Servant.

Madam,

'T IS a sad Misfortune to begin a Letter with an *Adieu*; but when my Love is cross'd, 'tis no Wonder that my Writing should be revers'd. I would beg your Pardon for the other Offences of this Nature which I have committed, but that I have so little Reason to judge favourably of your Mercy; tho' I can assure you, Madam, that I shall never excuse myself my own Share of the Trouble, no more than I can pardon myself the Vanity of attempting your Charms, so much above the Reach of my Pretensions, and which are reserv'd for some more worthy Admirer.

If there be that Man upon Earth that can merit your Esteem, I pity him; for an Obligation too great for a Return, mult to any generous Soul be very uneasy, tho' still I envy his Misery.

May you be as happy, Madam, in the Enjoyment of your Desires, as I am miserable in the Disappointment of mine; and as the greatest Blessing of your Life, may the Person you admire love you as sincerely and as passionately, as he whom you scorn.





A
DISCOURSE
UPON
COMEDY,
In Reference to the
ENGLISH STAGE.

In a LETTER to a Friend.

WITH Submission, Sir, my Performance in the Practical Part of Poetry, is no sufficient Warrant for your pressing me in the Speculative: I have no Foundation for a *Legislator*; and the two or three little *Plays* I have written, are cast carelessly into the World, without any Bulk of *Preface*, because I was not so learned in the Laws, as to move in Defence of a bad Cause; why then should a Compliment go farther with me, than my own Interest?

Interest? Don't mistake me, Sir, here is nothing that could make for my Advantage in either *Preface* or *Dedication*; no *Speculative Curiosities* nor *Critical Remarks*, only some present Sentiments which Hazard, not Study, brings into my Head, without any preliminary *Method* or *Cogitation*.

Among the many Disadvantages attending Poetry, none seems to bear a greater Weight, than that so many set up for Judges, when so very few understand a Tittle of the Matter. Most of our other Arts and Sciences bear an awful Distance in their Prospect, or with a bold and glittering Varnish dazzle the Eyes of the weak-sighted Vulgar: The *Divine* stands wrapt up in his Cloud of Mysteries, and the amus'd *Laiety* must pay Tithes and Veneration to be kept in Obscurity, grounding their Hopes of future Knowledge, on a competent Stock of present Ignorance; (in the greater Part of the Christian World this is plain.) With what Deference and Resignation does the bubbled *Client* commit his Fees and Cause into the Clutches of the *Law*, where Assurance beards Justice by *Prescription*, and the wrong Side is never known to make its *Patron* blush. *Physick* and *Logick* are strongly fortify'd by their impregnable Terms of Art, and the *Mathematician* lies so cunningly intrench'd within his *Lines* and *Circles*, that none but those of their Party dare peep into their puzzling Designs.

Thus the Generality of Mankind is held at a gazing Distance, whose Ignorance not presuming perhaps to an open Applause, is yet satisfy'd to pay a blind Veneration to the very Faults of what they don't understand.

Poetry alone, and chiefly the *Drama*, lies open to the Insults of all Pretenders; she was one of Nature's eldest Offsprings, whence by her Birthright, and plain Simplicity, she pleads a genuine Likeness to her Mother; born in the Innocence of Time, she provided not against the Assaults of succeeding Ages; and, depending altogether on the generous End of her Invention, neglected those secret Supports and serpentine

tine Devices us'd by other Arts, that wind themselves into Practice for more subtle and politick Designs: Naked she came into the World, and 'tis to be fear'd, like its Professors, will go naked out.

'Tis a wonderful thing, that most Men seem to have a great Veneration for *Poetry*, yet will hardly allow a favourable Word to any Piece of it that they meet; like your *Virtuoso's* in Friendship, that are so ravish'd with the notional Nicety of the Virtue, that they can find no Person worth their intimate Acquaintance. The Favour of being whipt at School for *Martial's Epigrams*, or *Ovid's Epistles*, is sufficient Privilege for turning *Pedagogue*, and lashing all their Successors; and it would seem, by the Fury of their Correction, that the Ends of the Rod were still in their Buttocks. The Scholar calls upon us for *Decorums* and *Oeconomy*; the Courtier cries out for *Wit*, and *Purity of Style*; the Citizen for *Humour* and *Ridicule*; the Divines threaten us for *Immodesty*; and the Ladies will have an *Intrigue*. Now here are a Multitude of Criticks, whereof the twentieth Person only has read *Quæ Genuus*, and yet every one is a Critick after his own way; that is, such a Play is best, because I like it. A very familiar Argument, methinks, to prove the Excellence of a Play, and to which an Author wou'd be very unwilling to appeal for his Success! Yet such is the unfortunate State of Dramatick Poetry, that it must submit to such Judgments; and by the Censure or Approbation of such Variety, it must either stand or fall. But what *Salvo*, what Redress for this Inconvenience? Why, without all Dispute, an Author must endeavour to please that Part of the Audience, who can lay the best Claim to a judicious and impartial Reflexion. But before he begins, let him well consider to what Division that Claim does most properly belong. The Scholar will be very angry at me for making that the Subject of a Question, which is self-evident without any Dispute; for, says he, who can pretend to understand Poetry better than we, who have read *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. at the

University? What Knowledge can out-strip ours that is founded upon the Criticisms of *Aristotle*, *Scaliger*, *Vossius*, and the like? We are the better sort, and therefore may claim this as a due Compliment to our Learning; and if a Poet can please us, who are the nice and severe Criticks, he cannot fail to bring in the rest of an inferior Rank.

I should be very proud to own Veneration for Learning, and to acknowledge any Compliment due to the better sort upon that Foundation; but I am afraid the Learning of the better sort is not confin'd to College Studies; for there is such a thing as Reason without Syllogism, Knowledge without *Aristotle*, and Languages besides *Greek* and *Latin*: We shall likewise find in the Court and City several Degrees, superior to those at Commencement. From all which I must beg the Scholar's Pardon, for not paying him the Compliment of the better sort, (as he calls it;) and in the next Place enquire into the Validity of his Title from his Knowledge of *Criticism*, and the Course of his Studies.

I must first beg one Favour of the Graduate——
 Sir, here is a Pit full of *Covent-Garden* Gentlemen, a Gallery full of Cits, a hundred Ladies of Court-Education, and about two hundred Footmen of nice Morality, who having been unmercifully teaz'd with a Parcel of foolish, impertinent, irregular Plays all this last Winter, make it their humble Request, that you wou'd oblige them with a Comedy of your own making, which they don't question will give them Entertainment. O, Sir, replies the *Square-Cap*, I have long commiserated the Condition of the *English* Audience, that has been forc'd to take up with such wretched Stuff, as lately has crowded the Stage; your *Jubilees* and your *Foppingtons*, and such irregular Impertinence, that no Man of Sense cou'd bear the Perusal of 'em. I have long intended, out of pure Pity to the Stage, to write a perfect Piece of this Nature; and now, since I am honour'd by the
 Commands

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Commands of so many, my Intentions shall immediately be put in Practice.

So to work he goes; old *Aristotle*, *Scaliger*, with their Commentators, are lugg'd down from the high Shelf, and the Moths are dislodg'd from their Tene-ment of Years; *Horace*, *Vossius*, *Hienfius*, *Hedelin*, *Rapin*, with some half a dozen more, are thumb'd and tofs'd about, to teach the Gentlemen, forsooth, to write a Comedy; and here is he furnish'd with *Unity of Action*, *Continuity of Action*, *Extent of Time*, *Preparation*, *of Incidents*, *Episodes*, *Narrations*, *Deliberations*, *Didacticks*, *Patheticks*, *Monologues*, *Figures*, *Intervals*, *Catastrophes*, *Chorus's*, *Scenes*, *Machines*, *Decorations*, &c. a Stock sufficient to set up any Mountebank in *Christendom*: And if our new Author would take an Opportunity of reading a Lecture upon the Play in these Terms, by the Help of a *Zany* and a Jointstool, his Scenes might go off as well as the Doctor's Packets; but the Misfortune of it is, he scorns all Application to the Vulgar, and will please the better Sort, as he calls his own. Pursuant therefore to his Philosophical Dictates, he first chooses a single Plot, because most agreeable to the Regularity of Criticism; no matter whether it affords Business enough for Diversion or Surprise. He would not for the World introduce a Song or Dance, because his Play must be one entire Action. We must expect no Variety of Incidents, because the Exactness of his three Hours won't give him Time for their Preparation. The Unity of Place admits no Variety of Painting and Prospect, by which Mischance perhaps we shall lose the only good Scenes in the Play. But no matter for that; this Play is a regular Play; this Play has been examin'd and approv'd by such and such Gentlemen, who are staunch Criticks, and Masters of Art; and this Play I will have acted. Look'e, Mr. *Rich*, you may venture to lay out a hundred and fifty Pound for dressing this Play, for it was written by a great Scholar, and Fellow of a College.

Then

Then a grave dogmatical Prologue is spoken, to instruct the Audience what should please them; that this Play has a new and different Cut from the Farce they see every Day; that this Author writes after the Manner of the *Ancients*, and here is a Piece according to the Model of the *Athenian Drama*. Very well! This goes off *Hum, Drum, so, so*. Then the Players go to work on a Piece of hard knotty Stuff, where they can no more shew their Art, than a Carpenter can upon a Piece of Steel. Here is the Lamp and the Scholar in every Line, but not a Syllable of the Poet; here is elaborate Language, sounding Epithets, Flights of Words that strike the Clouds, whilst the poor Sense lags after, like the Lanthorn in the Tail of a Kite, which appears only like a Star, while the Breadth of the Player's Lungs has Strength to bear it up in the Air.

But the Audience, willing perhaps to discover his ancient Model, and the *Athenian Drama*, are attentive to the first Act or two; but not finding a true Genius of Poetry, nor the natural Air of free Conversation, without any Regard to his Regularity, they betake themselves to other Work; not meeting the Diversion they expected on the Stage, they shift for themselves in the Pit; every one turns about to his Neighbour in a Mask, and for default of Entertainment now, they strike up for more diverting Scenes when the Play is done: And tho' the Play be regular as *Aristotle*, and modest as Mr. *Collins* could wish, yet it promotes more Lewdness in the Consequence, and procures more effectually for Intrigue, than any *Rover, Libertine, or Old Batchelor* whatsoever. At last comes the *Epilogue*, which pleases the Audience very well, because it sends them away, and terminates the Fate of the Poet; the *Patentees* rail at him, the Players curse him, the Town damns him, and he may bury his Copy in *Paul's*, for not a Bookseller about it will put it in Print.

This

This familiar Account, Sir, I would not have you charge to my Invention, for there are Precedents sufficient in the World to warrant it in every Particular : The Town has been often disappointed in those Critical Plays, and some Gentlemen, that have been admir'd in their speculative Remarks, have been ridicul'd in the Practick. All the Authorities, all the Rules of Antiquity have prov'd too weak to support the Theatre, whilst others, who have dispens'd with the Criticks, and taken a Latitude in the *Oeconomy* of their Plays, have been the chief Supporters of the Stage, and the Ornament of the *Drama*. This is so visibly true, that I need bring in no Instances to enforce it ; but you say, Sir, 'tis a Paradox that has often puzzled your Understanding, and you lay your Commands upon me to solve it, if I can.

Look'e, Sir, to add a Value to my Complaisance to you, I must tell you in the first Place, that I run as great a Hazard in nibbling at this *Paradox* of Poetry, as *Luther* did by touching *Transubstantiation* ; 'tis a Mystery that the World has sweetly slept in so long, that they take it very ill to be waken'd ; especially being disturb'd of their Rest, when there is no Business to be done. But I think that *Bellarmino* was once as *Orthodox* as *Aristotle* ; and since the *German Doctor* has made a shift to hew down the *Cardinal*, I will have a tug with *ipse dixit*, tho' I die for't.

But in the first Place I must beg you, Sir, to lay aside your superstitious Veneration for Antiquity, and the usual Expressions on that Score ; that the present Age is illiterate, or their Taste is vitiated ; that we live in the Decay of Time, and the Dotage of the World is fall'n to our Share ——— 'Tis a Mistake, Sir ; the World was never more active or youthful, and true downright Sense was never more universal than at this very Day ; 'tis neither confin'd to one Nation in the World, nor to one Party of a City ; 'tis remarkable in *England*, as well as *France*, and good genuine Reason is nourish'd as well by the Cold of *Swedeland*, as by the Warmth of *Italy* ; 'tis neither abdi-

abdicated the Court with the late Reigns, nor expell'd the City with the Play-house Bills; you may find it in the *Grand Jury* at *Hick's Hall*, and upon the Bench sometimes among the Justices; then why should we be hamper'd so in our Opinions, as if all the Ruins of Antiquity lay so heartily on the Bones of us, that we cou'd not stir Hand and Foot: No, no, Sir, *ipse dixit* is remov'd long ago, and all the Rubbish of old Philosophy, that in a Manner bury'd the Judgment of Mankind for many Centuries, is now carry'd off; the vast Tomes of *Aristotle* and his Commentators are all taken to pieces, and their Infallibility is lost with all Persons of a free and unprejudic'd Reason.

Then above all Men living, why should the Poets be hoodwink'd at this rate, and by what Authority should *Aristotle's* Rules of Poetry stand so fix'd and immutable? Why, by the Authority of two thousand Years standing, because thro' this long Revolution of Time the World has still continu'd the same—By the Authority of their being receiv'd at *Athens*, a City the very same with *London* in every Particular, their Habits the same, their Humours alike, their publick Transactions and private Societies *Alamode de France*; in short, so very much the same in every Circumstance, that *Aristotle's* Criticisms may give Rules to *Drury-Lane*, the *Areopagus* give Judgment upon a Case in the *King's Bench*, and old *Solon* shall give Laws to the *House of Commons*.

But to examine this Matter a little further: All Arts and Professions are compounded of these two Parts, a speculative Knowledge, and a practical Use; and from an Excellence in both these, any Person is rais'd to Eminence and Authority in his Calling. The Lawyer has his Years of Student in the speculative Part of his Business; and, when promoted to the Bar he falls upon the Practick, which is the Trial of his Ability. Without all Dispute the great *Coke* had many a Tug at the Bar, before he could raise himself to the Bench; and had made sufficiently evident his
Know-

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Knowledge of the Laws in his Pleadings, before he was admitted to the Authority of giving Judgment upon the Case.

The Physician, to gain Credit to his Prescriptions, must labour for a Reputation in the Cure of such and such Distempers; and before he sets up for a *Galen* or *Hippocrates*, must make many Experiments upon his Patients. *Philosophy* itself, which is a Science the most abstract from Practice, has its publick Acts and Disputations; it is rais'd gradually, and its Professor commences Doctor by degrees; he has the labour of maintaining *Theses*, methodizing his *Arguments*, and clearing *Objections*; his Memory and Understanding is often puzzled by Oppositions couch'd in Fallacies and Sophisms, in solving all which he must make himself remarkable, before he pretends to impose his own Systems upon the World. Now if the Case be thus in *Philosophy*, or in any Branch thereof, as in *Ethicks*, *Physicks*, which are call'd Sciences, what must be done in *Poetry*, that is denominated an Art, and consequently implies a Practice in its Perfection?

Is it reasonable, that any Person that has never writ a Distich of Verses in his Life, should set up for a *Dictator* in Poetry; and without the least Practice in his own Performance, must give Laws and Rules to that of others? Upon what Foundation is Poetry made so very cheap and so easy a Task by these Gentlemen? An excellent Poet is the single Production of an Age, when we have Crowds of Philosophers, Physicians, Lawyers, Divines, every Day, and all of them competently famous in their Callings. In the two learned Commonwealths of *Rome* and *Athens*, there was but one *Virgil* and one *Homer*, yet have we above a hundred *Philosophers* in each, and most part of 'em, forsooth, must have a touch at Poetry, drawing it into *Divisions*, *Subdivisions*, &c. when the Wit of 'em all set together would not amount to one of *Martial's* Epigrams.

Of all these I shall mention only *Aristotle*, the first and great Lawgiver in this Respect, and upon whom all that follow'd him are only Commentators. Among all the vast Tracts of this voluminous Author, we don't find any Fragment of an Epick Poem, or the least Scene of a Play, to authorize his Skill and Excellence in that Art. Let it not be alledg'd, that for aught we know he was an excellent Poet, but his more serious Studies would not let him enter upon Affairs of this Nature; for every body knows that *Aristotle* was no *Cynick*, but liv'd in the Splendor and Air of the Court; that he lov'd Riches as much as others of that Station, and being sufficiently acquainted with his Pupil's Affection to Poetry, and his Complaint that he wanted an *Homer* to aggrandize his Actions, he would never have slipt such an Opportunity of further ingratiating himself in the King's Favour, had he been conscious of any Abilities in himself for such an Undertaking; and having a more noble and copious Theme in the Exploits of *Alexander*, than what inspir'd the blind Bard in his Hero *Achilles*. If his Epistles to *Alexander* were always answer'd with a considerable Present, what might we have expected from a Work like *Homer's* upon so great a Subject, dedicated to so mighty a Prince, whose greatest Fault was his vain Glory, and that he took such Pains to be deify'd among Men?

It may be objected, that all the Works of *Aristotle* are not recover'd; and among those that are lost, some Essays of this kind might have perish'd. This Supposition is too weakly founded; for altho' the Works themselves might have 'scap'd us, 'tis more than probable that some Hint or other, either in the Life of the Conqueror, or Philosopher, might appear, to convince us of such a Production: Besides, as 'tis believ'd he writ *Philosophy*, because we have his Books; so I dare swear he writ no *Poetry*, because none is extant, nor any Mention made thereof that ever I could hear of,

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But stay——Without any further Enquiry into the Poetry of *Aristotle*, his Ability that Way is sufficiently apparent by that excellent Piece he has left behind him upon that Subject——By your Favour, Sir, this is *Petitio Principii*, or in plain *English*, give me the Sword in my own Hand, and I'll fight with you —— Have but a little Patience till I make a Flourish or two, and then, if you are pleas'd to demand it, I'll grant you that and every Thing else.

How easy were it for me to take one of Doctor *Tillotson's* Sermons, and out of the *Oeconomy* of one of those Discourses, trump you up a Pamphlet, and call it, *The Art of Preaching*? In the first Place I must take a *Text*, and here I must be very learn'd upon the Etymology of this Word *Text*; then this *Text* must be divided into such and such *Partitions*, which *Partitions* must have their hard Names and *Derivations*; then these must be spun into *Subdivisions*, and these back'd by Proofs of Scripture, *Ratiocinatio Orationis*, *Ornamenta Figurarum Rhetoricarum*, and *Autoritas Patrum Ecclesiae*, with some Rules and Directions how these ought to be manag'd and apply'd: And closing up this difficult Pedantry with the *Dimension of Time* for such an Occasion, you will pay me the Compliment of an excellent Preacher, and affirm, that any Sermon whatsoever, either by a *Presbyter* at *Geneva*, or *Jesuit* in *Spain*, that deviates from these Rules, deserves to be hiss'd, and the Priest kick'd out of his Pulpit. I must doubt your Complaisance in this Point, Sir; for you know the Forms of Eloquence are divers, and ought to be suited to the different Humour and Capacities of an Audience. You are sensible, Sir, that the fiery cholerick Humour of one Nation must be entertain'd and mov'd by other Means, than the heavy flegmatick Complexion of another; and I have observ'd in my little Travels, that a Sermon of three Quarters of an Hour, that might please the Congregation at *St. James's*, would never satisfy the Meeting-house in the City, where People expect more for their Money;

Money; and having more Temptations of Roguery, must have a larger Portion of Instruction.

Be pleas'd to hear another Instance of a different Kind, tho' to the same Purpose: I go down to *Woolwich*, and there upon a Piece of Paper I take the Dimension of the *Royal Sovereign*, and from hence I frame a Model of a *Man of War*: I divide the Ship into three principal Parts, the *Keel*, the *Hull*, and the *Rigging*; I subdivide these into their proper Denominations, and, by the Help of a Sailor, give you all the Terms belonging to every Rope, and every Office in the whole Ship; will you from hence infer, that I am an excellent Shipwright, and that this Model is proper for a *Trading Junk* upon the *Volga*, or a *Venetian Galley* in the *Adriatick Sea*?

But you'll object, perhaps, that this is no parallel Case, because that *Aristotle's Ars Poetica* was never drawn from such slight Observations; but was the pure Effect of his immense Reason, through a nice Inspection into the very Bottom and Foundation of Nature.

To this I answer, That Verity is eternal, as that the Truth of two and two making four was as certain in the Days of *Adam* as it is now; and that, according to his own Position, Nature is the same *apud omnes Gentes*. Now if his Rules of Poetry were drawn from certain and immutable Principles, and fix'd on the Basis of Nature, why should not his *Ars Poetica* be as efficacious now, as it was two thousand Years ago? And why should not a single Plot, with perfect Unity of Time and Place, do as well at *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, as at the Play-house in *Athens*? No, no, Sir, I am to believe that the Philosopher took no such Pains in Poetry as you imagine; the *Greek* was his Mother Tongue, and *Homer* was read with as much Veneration among the School-Boys, as we learn our *Catechism*: Then where was the great Business for a Person, so expert in Mood and Figure as *Aristotle* was, to range into some Order a Parcel of Terms of Art, drawn from
his

his Observations upon the *Iliads*, and to call these the Model of an *Epick Poem*? Here, Sir, you may imagine that I am caught, and have all this while been spinning a Thread to strangle myself: One of my main Objections against *Aristotle's Criticisms*, is drawn from his Non-performance in Poetry; and now I affirm, that his Rules are extracted from the greatest Poet that ever liv'd, which gives the utmost Validity to the Precept, and that is all we contend for.

Look'e, Sir, I lay it down only for a Supposition, that *Aristotle's Rules* for an *Epick Poem* were extracted from *Homer's Iliads*, and if a Supposition has weigh'd me down, I have two or three more of an equal Balance to turn the Scale.

The great Esteem of *Alexander the Great* for the Works of old *Homer*, is sufficiently testify'd by Antiquity, insomuch that he always slept with the *Iliads* under his Pillow: Of this the *Stagyrick* to be sure was not ignorant; and what more proper Way of making his Court could a Man of Letters devise, than by saying something in Commendation of the King's Favourite? A Copy of Commendatory Verses was too mean, and perhaps out of the Element; then something he would do in his own Way, a Book must be made of the Art of Poetry, wherein *Homer* is prov'd a Poet by Mood and Figure, and his Perfection transmitted to Posterity: And if Prince *Arthur* had been in the Place of the *Iliads*, we should have had other Rules for *Epick Poetry*, and Doctor *B* — *re* had carry'd the *Bays* from *Homer*, in Spight of all the Criticks in *Christendom*. But whether *Aristotle* writ those Rules to compliment his Pupil, whether he would made a Stoop at Poetry, to shew that there was no Knowledge beyond the Flight of his Genius, there is no Reason to allow, that *Homer* compil'd his Heroick Poem by those very Rules which *Aristotle* has laid down: For, granting that *Aristotle* might pick such and such Observations from this Piece, they might be mere Accidents resulting casually from the Composition of the Work, and not
any

any of the essential Principles of the Poem. How usual is it for Criticks to find out Faults, and create Beauties, which the Authors never intend for such; and how frequently do we find Authors run down in those very Parts, which they design for the greatest Ornament? How natural is it for aspiring, ambitious School-men to attempt Matters of the highest Reach; the wonderful Creation of the World (which nothing but the Almighty Power that order'd it can describe) is brought into Mood and Figure by the Arrogance of *Philosophy*. But till I can believe that the Vertigos of *Cartesius*, or the Atoms of *Epicurus* can determine the Almighty *Fiat*, they must give me Leave to question the Infallibility of their Rules in respect of Poetry.

Had *Homer* himself, by the same Inspiration that he writ his Poem, left us any Rules for such a Performance, all the World must have own'd it for authentick. But he was too much a Poet to give Rules to that, whose Excellence he knew consisted in a free and unlimited Flight of Imagination; and to describe the Spirit of Poetry, which alone, in the *True Art of Poetry*, he knew to be as impossible, as for Human Reason to teach the Gift of Prophecy by a Definition.

Neither is *Aristotle* to be allow'd any further Knowledge in *Dramatick*, than in *Epic Poetry*: *Euripides*, whom he seems to compliment by Rules adapted to the Modes of his Plays, was either his Contemporary, or liv'd but a little before him; he was not insensible how much this Author was the Darling of the City, as appear'd by the prodigious Expence disburs'd by the Publick for the Ornament of his Plays; and 'tis probable, he might take this Opportunity of improving his Interest with the People, indulging their Inclination by refining upon the Beauty of what they admir'd. And besides all this, the Severity of *Dramatick* Rage was so fresh in his Memory, in the hard Usage that his Brother *Sophocles* not long before met with upon the Stage, that it was convenient to humour the reigning Wit, lest a second *Aristophanes* should
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take him to task with as little Mercy, as poor *Socrates* found at the Hands of the first.

I have talk'd so long to lay a Foundation for these following Conclusions: *Aristotle* was no Poet, and consequently not capable of giving Instructions in the Art of Poetry; his *Ars Poetica* are only some Observations drawn from the Works of *Homer* and *Euripides*, which may be mere Accidents resulting casually from the Compositions of the Works, and not any of the essential Principles on which they are compil'd. That without giving himself the Trouble for searching into the Nature of Poetry, he has only complimented the Heroes of Wit and Valour of his Age, by joining with them in their Approbation; with this Difference, that their Applause was plain, and his more Scholastic.

But to leave these only as Suppositions to be relish'd by every Man at his Pleasure, I shall without complimenting any Author, either Ancient or Modern, inquire into the first Invention of Comedy; what were the true Designs and honest Intentions of that Art; and from a Knowledge of the *End*, seek out the *Means*, without one Quotation of *Aristotle*, or Authority of *Euripides*.

In all Productions, either Divine or Human, the final Cause is the first Mover, because the End or Intention of any rational Action must first be consider'd, before the material or efficient Causes are put in Execution. Now to determine the final Cause of Comedy, we must run back beyond the material and formal Agents, and take it in its very Infancy, or rather in the very first Act of its Generation, when its primary Parent, by proposing such or such an End of his Labour, laid down the first Sketches or Shadows of the Piece. Now as all Arts and Sciences have their first Rise from a final Cause, so 'tis certain that they have grown from very small Beginnings, and that the Current of Time has swell'd them to such a Bulk, that no Body can find the Fountain, by any Proportion between the Head and the Body; this with the Corruption

tion of Time, which has debauch'd things from their primitive Innocence to selfish Designs and Purposes, render it difficult to find the Origin of any Offspring so very unlike its Parent.

This is not only the Case of Comedy, as it stands at present, but the Condition also of the ancient Theatres; when great Men made Shews of this Nature a rising Step to their Ambition, mixing many lewd and lascivious Representations to gain the Favour of the Populace, to whose Taste and Entertainment the Plays were chiefly adapted. We must therefore go higher than either *Aristophanes* or *Menander*, to discover Comedy in its primitive Institution, if we wou'd draw any moral Design of its Invention to warrant and authorize its Continuance.

I have already mention'd the Difficulty of discovering the Invention of any Art, in the different Figure it makes by Succession of Improvements; but there is something in the Nature of Comedy, even in its present Circumstances, that bears so great a Resemblance to the Philosophical *Mythology* of the Ancients, that old *Æsop* must wear the Bays as the first and original Author; and whatever Alterations or Improvements farther Application may have subjoin'd, his *Fables* gave the first Rise and Occasion.

Comedy is no more at present than a *well-fram'd Tale handsomely told, as an agreeable Vehicle for Counsel or Reproof*. This is all we can say for the Credit of its Institution, and is the Strefs of its Charter for Liberty and Toleration. Then where shou'd we seek for a Foundation, but in *Æsop's* symbolical Way of moralizing upon Tales and Fables, with this Difference, That his Stories were shorter than ours? He had his Tyrant *Lyon*, his Statesman *Fox*, his Beau *Magpy*, his Coward *Hare*, his Bravo *Ass*, and his Buffoon *Ape*, with all the Characters that crowd our Stages every Day; with this Distinction nevertheless, That *Æsop* made his Beast speak good *Greek*, and our Heroes sometimes can't talk *English*.

But whatever Difference Time has produc'd in the Form, we must in our own Defence stick to the *End* and *Intention* of his *Fables*. *Utile Dulci* was his Motto, and must be our Business; we have no other Defence against the Presentment of the *Grand Jury*, and for aught I know it might prove a good Means to mollify the Rigour of that Persecution, to inform the Inquisitors, that the great *Æsop* was the first Inventor of these poor Comedies that they are prosecuting with so much Eagerness and Fury; that the first *Laureat* was as just, as prudent, as pious, as reforming, and as ugly as any of themselves. And that the Beasts which are lugg'd upon the Stage by the Horn are not caught in the City, as they suppose, but brought out of *Æsop's* own Forest. We shou'd inform them, besides, that those very Tales and Fables which they apprehend as Obstacles to Reformation, were the main Instruments and Machines us'd by the wise *Æsop* for its Propagation; and as he would improve Men by the Policy of Beasts, so we endeavour to reform Brutes with the Examples of Men. *Fondlewife* and his young Spouse are no more than the *Eagle* and *Cockle*; he wanted Teeth to break the Shell himself, so somebody else run away with the Meat—The Fox in the Play, is the same with the Fox in the Fable, who stuff'd his Guts so full, that he cou'd not get out at the same Hole he came in; so both *Reynards* being Delinquents alike, come to be truss'd up together. Here are Precepts, Admonitions, and Salutory *Innuendo's* for the ordering our Lives and Conversations, couch'd in these *Allegories* and *Allusions*. The Wisdom of the Ancients was wrapt up in Veils and Figures; the *Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks*, and the History of the Heathen Gods are nothing else; but if these Pagan Authorities give Offence to their scrupulous Consciences, let them but consult the Tales and Parables of our *Saviour* in Holy Writ, and they may find this Way of Instruction to be much more Christian than they imagine: *Nathan's* Fable of the poor Man's Lamb had more Influence on

the Conscience of *David*, than any Force of downright Admonition. So that by ancient Practice and modern Example, by the Authority of Pagans, Jews, and Christians, the World is furnish'd with this so sure, so pleasant, and expedient an Art, of schooling Mankind into better Manners. Now here is the primary Design of Comedy illustrated from its first Institution; and the same End is equally alledg'd for its daily Practice and Continuance. Then without all Dispute, whatever Means are most proper and expedient for compassing this End and Intention, they must be the *just Rules of Comedy*, and the *true Art of the Stage*.

We must consider then, in the first Place, that our Business lies not with a *French* or a *Spanish* Audience; that our Design is not to hold forth to ancient *Greece*, nor to moralize upon the Vices and Defaults of the *Roman* Common-wealth: No, no; an *English* Play is intended for the Use and Instruction of an *English* Audience, a People not only separated from the rest of the World by Situation, but different also from other Nations, as well in the Complexion and Temperament of the Natural Body, as in the Constitution of our Body Politick: As we are a Mixture of many Nations, so we have the most unaccountable Medley of Humours among us of any People upon Earth; these Humours produce Variety of Follies, some of 'em unknown to former Ages; these new Diltempers must have new Remedies, which are nothing but new Counsels and Instructions.

Now, Sir, if our *Utile*, which is the End, be different from the Ancients, pray let our *Dulce*, which is the Means, be so too; for you know that to different Towns there are different Ways; or if you would have it more Scholastically, *ad diversos fines non idem conducit medium*; or Mathematically, One and the same Line cannot terminate in two Centers. But waving this Manner of concluding by Induction, I shall gain my Point a nearer Way, and draw it immediately from the first Principle I set down: *That we have the most unaccountable*

countable Medley of Humours among us of any Nation upon Earth; and this is demonstrable from common Experience: We shall find a *Wildair* in one Corner, and a *Morose* in another; nay, the Space of an Hour or two shall create such Vicissitudes of Temper in the same Person, that he can hardly be taken for the same Man. We shall have a Fellow bestir his Stumps from *Chocolate* to *Coffee-House* with all the Joy and Gaiety imaginable, tho' he wants a Shilling to pay for a Hack; whilst another, drawn about in a Coach and Six, is eaten up with the Spleen, and shall loll in State, with as much Melancholy, Vexation, and Discontent, as if he were making the *Tour* of *Tyburn*. Then what Sort of a *Dulce* (which I take for the Pleasantry of the Tale, or the Plot of the Play) must a Man make use of to engage the Attention of so many different Humours and Inclinations? Will a single Plot satisfy every Body? Will the Turns and Surprizes, that may result naturally from the ancient Limits of Time, be sufficient to rip open the Spleen of some, and physick the Melancholy of others, screw up the Attention of a Rover, and fix him to the Stage, in Spite of his volatile Temper, and the Temptation of a Mask? To make the Moral instructive, you must make the Story diverting: The Splenetick Wit, the Beau Courtier, the heavy Citizen, the fine Lady, and her fine Footman, come all to be instructed, and therefore must all be diverted; and he that can do this best, and with most Applause, writes the best Comedy, let him do it by what Rules he pleases, so they be not offensive to Religion and good Manners.

But *hic labor, hoc opus*; how must this Secret of pleasing so many different Tastes be discover'd? Not by tumbling over Volumes of the Ancients, but by studying the Humour of the Moderns: The Rules of *English* Comedy don't lie in the Compass of *Aristotle*, or his Followers, but in the Pit, Box, and Galleries. And to examine into the Humour of an *English* Audience, let us see by what Means our own *English* Poets have succeeded in this Point. To determine a

Suit at Law, we don't look into the Archives of *Greece* or *Rome*, but inspect the Reports of our own Lawyers, and the Acts and Statutes of our *Parliaments*; and by the same Rule we have nothing to do with the Models of *Menander* or *Plautus*, but must consult *Shakespeare*, *Johnson*, *Fletcher*, and others, who by Methods much different from the Ancients have supported the *English* Stage, and made themselves famous to Posterity. We shall find that these Gentlemen have fairly dispensed with the greatest Part of Critical Formalities; the Decorums of Time and Place, so much cry'd up of late, had no Force of Decorum with them, the Oeconomy of their Plays was *ad libitum*, and the Extent of their Plots only limited by the Convenience of Action. I would willingly understand the Regularities of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Harry the Fourth*, and of *Fletcher's* Plays; and yet these have long been the Darlings of the *English* Audience, and are like to continue with the same Applause, in Defiance of all the Criticisms that ever were publish'd in *Greek* and *Latin*.

But are there no Rules, no Decorums to be observ'd in Comedy? Must we make the Condition of the *English* Stage a State of Anarchy? No, Sir—— For there are Extrems in Irregularity, as dangerous to an Author, as too scrupulous a Deference to Criticism; and as I have given you an Instance of one, so I shall present you an Example of the other.

There are a Sort of Gentlemen that have had the jauntty Education of Dancing, French, and a Fiddle, who coming to Age before they arrive at Years of Discretion, make a Shift to spend a handsome Patrimony of two or three Thousand Pound, by soaking in the Tavern all Night, lolling a-bed all the Morning, and sauntering away all the Evening between the two Play-houses with their Hands in their Pockets; you shall have a Gentleman of this Size, upon his Knowledge of *Covent-Garden*, and a Knack of witticising in his Cups, set up immediately for a Playwright. But besides the Gentleman's Wit and Experience,

rience, here is another Motive: There are a Parcel of saucy impudent Fellows about the Play-house, called Door-keepers, that can't let a Gentleman see a Play in Peace, without jogging, and nudging him every Minute. *Sir, will you please to pay?—Sir, the Act's done, will you please to pay, Sir?* I have broke their Heads all round two or three Times, yet the Puppies will still be troublesome. Before gad, I'll be plagued with 'em no longer; I'll e'en write a Play myself; by which Means, my Character of Wit shall be establish'd, I shall enjoy the Freedom of the House, and to pin up the Basket, pretty Miss——shall have the Profits of my third Night for her Maidenhead. Thus we see what a great Blessing a Coming Girl is to a Play-house: Here is a Poet sprung from the Tail of an Actress, like *Minerva* from *Jupiter's* Head. But my Spark proceeds——My own Intrigues are sufficient to found the Plot, and the Devil's in't, if I can't make my Character talk as wittily as those in the *Trip to the Jubilee*——But stay——what shall I call it first? Let me see——*The Rival Theatres*——Very good, by gad, because I reckon the two Houses will have a Contest about this very Play——Thus having found a Name for his Play, in the next Place he makes a Play to his Name, and thus he begins:

A C T I. *Scene* Covent-Garden. *Enter* Portico, Piazza, and Turnstile.

Here you must note, that *Portico* being a Compound of practical Rake and speculative Gentleman, is ten to one the Author's own Character, and the leading Card in the Pack *Piazza* is his Mistress, who lives in the Square, and is Daughter to old *Pillariso*, an odd out o'the-way Gentleman, something between the Character of *Alexander the Great* and *Solon*, which must please, because 'tis new.

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Turnstile is Maid and Confident to *Piazza*, who, for a Bribe of ten Pieces, lets *Portico* in at the Back-door; so the first Act concludes.

In the second, enter *Spigotoso*, who was Butler perhaps to the Czar of *Muscovy*, and *Fossëtana* his Wife. After these Characters are run dry, he brings you in at the third Act *Whinewell* and *Charmarillis* for a Scene of Love to please the Ladies, and so he goes on without Fear or Wit till he comes to a Marriage or two, and then he writes——*Finis*.

'Tis then whisper'd among his Friends at *Will's* and *Hippolito's*, that Mr. *Such-a-one* has writ a very pretty Comedy; and some of 'em, to encourage the young Author, equip him presently with *Prologue* and *Epilogue*. Then the Play is sent to Mr. *Rich*, or Mr. *Betterton*, in a fair legible Hand, with the Recommendation of some Gentleman, that passes for a Man of Parts, and a Critick: In short, the Gentleman's Interest has the Play acted, and the Gentleman's Interest makes a Present to pretty Miss——she's made his Whore, and the Stage his Cully, that for the Loss of a Month in Rehearsing, and a Hundred Pound in dressing a confounded Play, must give the Liberty of the House to him and his Friends for ever after.

Now such a Play may be written with all the Exactness imaginable, in Respect of Unity in Time and Place; but if you enquire its Character of any Person, tho' of the meanest Understanding of the whole Audience, he will tell you 'tis intolerable Stuff; and upon your demanding his Reasons, his Answer is, *I don't like it*. His Humour is the only Rule that he can judge a Comedy by, but you find that mere Nature is offended with some Irregularities; and tho' he be not so learn'd in the *Drama*, to give you an Inventory of the Faults, yet I can tell you, that one Part of the Plot had no Dependence upon another, which made this simple Man drop his Attention and Concern for the Event; and so disengaging his Thoughts from the Business of the Action, he sat there very uneasy, thought
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the Time very tedious, because he had nothing to do. The Characters were so incoherent in themselves, and compos'd of such Variety of Absurdities, that in his Knowledge of Nature he could find no Original for such a Copy; and being therefore unacquainted with any Folly they reprov'd, or any Virtue that they recommended, their Business was as flat and tiresome to him, as if the Actors had talk'd *Arabick*.

Now these are the material Irregularities of a Play, and these are the Faults which downright Mother-Sense can censure and be offended at, as much as the most learn'd Critick in the Pit. And altho' the one cannot give me the Reasons of his Approbation or Dislike, yet I will take his Word for the Credit or Disrepute of a Comedy, sooner perhaps than the Opinion of some *Virtuoso's*; for there are some Gentlemen that have fortify'd their Spleen so impreguably with Criticism, and hold out so stiffly against all Attacks of Pleasantry, that the most powerful Efforts of Wit and Humour cannot make the least Impression. What a Misfortune is it to these Gentlemen to be Natives of such an ignorant self-will'd, impertinent Island, where let a Critick and a Scholar find never so many Irregularities in a Play, yet five hundred saucy People will give him the Lie to his Face, and come to see this wicked Play forty or fifty Times in a Year? But this *Vox Populi* is the Devil, tho', in a Place of more Authority than *Aristotle*, it is call'd *Vox Dei*. Here is a Play with a Vengeance (says a Critick) to bring the Transactions of a Year's Time into the Compass of three Hours, to carry the whole Audience with him from one Kingdom to another, by the changing of a Scene. Where's the Probability; nay, the Possibility of all this? The Devil's in the Poet sure, he don't think to put Contradictions upon us.

Look'e, Sir, don't be in a Passion, the Poet does not impose Contradictions upon you, because he has told you no Lie; for that only is a Lie, which is related

lated with some fallacious Intention that you should believe it for a Truth : Now the Poet expects no more that you should believe the Plot of his Play, than old *Aesop* design'd the World should think his *Eagle* and *Lion* talk'd like you and I ; which, I think, was every Jot as improbable as what you quarrel with ; and yet the Fables took, and I'll be hang'd if you yourself don't like 'em. But besides, Sir, if you are so inveterate against Improbabilities, you must never come near the Play-house at all ; for there are several Improbabilities, nay Impossibilities, that all the Criticisms in Nature cannot correct : As for Instance ; in the Part of *Alexander the Great*, to be affected with the Transactions of the Play, we must suppose that we see that great Conqueror, after all his Triumphs, shun'd by the Woman he loves, and importun'd by her he hates ; cross'd in his Cups and Jollity by his own Subjects, and at last miserably ending his Life in a raging Madness : We must suppose, that we see the very *Alexander*, the Son of *Philip*, in all these unhappy Circumstances, else we are not touch'd by the Moral, which represents to us the Uneasiness of Human Life in the greatest State, and the Instability of Fortune in Respect of worldly Pomp, yet the whole Audience at the same Time knows, that this is Mr. *Betterton*, who is strutting upon the Stage, and tearing his Lungs for a Livelihood : And that the same Person should be Mr. *Betterton* and *Alexander the Great* at the same Time, is somewhat like an Impossibility in my Mind. Yet you must grant this Impossibility, in Spite of your Teeth, if you ha'n't Power to raise the old Hero from the Grave to act his own Part.

Now for another Impossibility : The less rigid Critics allow to a Comedy the Space of an artificial Day, or twenty four Hours ; but those of the thorough Reformation will confine it to the natural or solar Day, which is but half the Time. Now admitting this for a Decorum absolutely requisite ; this Play begins when it is exactly Six by your Watch, and
ends

ends precisely at Nine, which is the usual time of the Representation. Now is it feasible, *in rerum natura*, that the same Space or Extent of Time can be three Hours by your Watch, and twelve Hours upon the Stage, admitting the same Number of Minutes, or the same Measure of Sand to both? I am afraid, Sir, you must allow this for an Impossibility too; and you may with as much Reason allow the Play the Extent of a whole Year; and if you grant me a Year, you may give me seven, and so to a Thousand. For that a thousand Years should come within the Compass of three Hours, is no more an Impossibility, than that two Minutes should be contain'd in one; *Nulum minus continet in se majus*, is equally applicable to both.

So much for the Decorum of *Time*, now for the Regularity of *Place*. I might make the one a Consequence of t'other, and alledge, that by allowing me any Extent of Time, you must grant me any Change of Place, for the one depends upon t'other; and having five or six Years for the Action of a Play, I may travel from *Constantinople* to *Denmark*, so to *France*, and home to *England*, and rest long enough in each Country besides. But you'll say, How can you carry us with you? Very easily, Sir, if you will be willing to go: As for Example; Here is a new Play, the House is throng'd, the Prologue's spoken, and the Curtain drawn represents you the Scene of *Grand Cairo*. Whereabouts are you now, Sir? Were not you the very Minute before in the Pit in the *English* Play-house talking to a Wench, and now *præsto, pass*, you are spirited away to the Banks of the River *Nile*. Surely, Sir, this is a most intolerable Improbability; yet this you must allow me, or else you destroy the very Constitution of Representation: Then in the second Act, with a Flourish of the Fiddles, I change the Scene to *Astrachan*. O *this is intolerable!* Look'e, Sir, 'tis not a Jot more intolerable than the other; for you'll find that 'tis much about the same Distance between *Egypt* and *Astrachan*, as it is between *Drury-*

Lane and *Grand Cairo*; and if you please to let your Fancy take Post, it will perform the Journey in the same Moment of Time, without any Disturbance in the World to your Person. You can follow *Quintus Curtius* all over *Asia* in the Train of *Alexander*, and trudge after *Hannibal*, like a *Cadet*, through all *Italy*, *Spain* and *Africa*, in the Space of four or five Hours; yet the Devil a one of you will stir a Step over the Threshold for the best Poet in *Christendom*, tho' he make it his Business to render Heroes more amiable, and to surprize you with more wonderful Accidents and Events.

I am as little a Friend to those rambling Plays as any body, nor have I ever espous'd their Party by my own Practice; yet I could not forbear saying something in Vindication of the great *Shakespear*, whom every little Fellow that can form an *Acrisus primus* will presume to condemn for Indecorums and Absurdities; Sparks that are so spruce upon their *Greek* and *Latin*, that, like our Fops in Travels, they can relish nothing but what is foreign, to let the World know they have been abroad forsooth; but it must be so, because *Aristotle* said it; now I say it must be otherwise, because *Shakespear* said it, and I'm sure that *Shakespear* was the greater Poet of the two. But you'll say, that *Aristotle* was the greater Critick.—That's a Mistake, Sir, for Criticism in Poetry is no more than Judgment in Poetry; which you will find in your Lexicon. Now if *Shakespear* was the better Poet, he must have the most Judgment in his Art; for every body knows that Judgment is an essential Part of Poetry, and without it no Writer is worth a Farthing. But to stoop to the Authority of either, without consulting the Reason of the Consequence, is an Abuse to a Man's Understanding; and neither the Precept of the Philosopher, nor Example of the Poet, should go down with me, without examining the Weight of their Assertions. We can expect no more Decorum or Regularity in any Business, than the Nature of the thing will bear:
now

now if the Stage cannot subsist without the Strength of Supposition, and Force of Fancy in the Audience, why should a Poet fetter the Business of his Plot, and starve his Action for the Nicety of an Hour, or the Change of a Scene, since the Thought of Man can fly over a thousand Years with the same Ease, and in the same Instant of Time that your Eye glances from the Figure of six or seven on the Dial-Plate; and can glide from the *Cape of Good Hope* to the *Bay of St. Nicolas*, which is quite cross the World, with the same Quickness and Activity, as between *Convent-Garden Church* and *Will's Coffee-House*. Then I must beg of these Gentlemen to let our old *English* Authors alone——If they have left Vice unpunish'd, Virtue unrewarded, Folly unexpos'd, or Prudence unsuccessful, the contrary of which is the *Utile* of Comedy, let them be lash'd to some purpose; if any Part of their Plots have been independent of the rest, or any of their Characters forc'd or unnatural, which destroys the *Dulce* of Plays, let them be hiss'd off the Stage: But if, by a true Decorum in these material Points, they have writ successfully, and answer'd the End of Dramatick Poetry in every Respect, let them rest in Peace, and their Memories enjoy the Encomiums due to their Merit, without any Reflexion for waving those Niceties, which are neither instructive to the World, nor diverting to Mankind; but are like all the rest of the critical Learning, fit only to set People together by the Ears in ridiculous Controversies, that are not one Jot material to the Good of the Publick, whether they be true or false.

And thus you see, Sir, I have concluded a very unnecessary Piece of Work; which is much too long, if you don't like it: But let it happen any way, be assur'd, that I intended to please you, which should partly excuse,

S I R,

Your most humble Servant.



Love and a Bottle.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Vade, sed incultus, qualem decet exulis esse.

Ovid. Trist. El. 1.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Executors of H. LINTOT, and
J. CLARKE. 1760.





To the Right Honourable

PEREGRINE,

Lord Marquis of *Carmarthen*, &c.

My LORD,

BEing equally a Stranger to your Lordship, and the whole Nobility of this Kingdom, something of a natural Impulse, and aspiring Motion in my Inclinations, has prompted me, tho' I hazard a Presumption, to declare my Respect: And be the Success how it will, I am vain of nothing in this Piece, but the Choice of my Patron; I shall be so far thought a judicious Author, whose principal Business is to design his Works an Offering to the greatest Honour and Merit.

I cannot here, my Lord, stand accused of any Sort of Adulation, but to myself, because Compliments due to Merit return upon the Giver, and the only Flattery is to myself, whilst I attempt your Lordship's Praise. I dare make no Essay on your Lordship's youthful Bravery and Courage, because such is always guarded with Modesty, but shall venture to present you some Lines on this Subject, which the World will undoubtedly apply to your Lordship.

*Courage, the highest Gift, that scorns to bend
To mean Devices for a sordid End.*

Courage

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Courage——an independent Spark from Heaven's
(bright Throne,
By which the Soul stands rais'd, triumphant, high,
Great in itself, not Praises of the Crowd, (alone,
Above all Vice, it stoops not to be proud.
Courage, the mighty Attribute of Powers above,
By which those great in War, are great in Love.
The Spring of all brave Acts is seated here,
As Falshoods draw their sordid Birth from Fear.

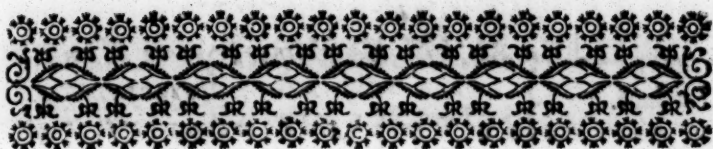
The best and noblest Part of Mankind pay Homage to Royalty; what Veneration then is due to those Virtues and Endowments which even engag'd the Respect of Royalty itself, in the Person of one of the greatest Emperors in the World, who chose your Lordship not only as a Companion, but a Conductor?

He wanted the Fire of such a *Briton* to animate his cold *Russians*, and wou'd therefore chuse you his Leader in War, as in Travel: He knew the Fury of the *Turk* cou'd be only stopt by an *English* Nobleman, as the Power of *France* was by an *English* King. A Sense of this Greatness, which might deter others, animates me to address your Lordship; resolv'd that my first Muse shou'd take an high and daring Flight, I aspir'd to your Lordship's Protection for this Trifle, which I must own myself now proud of, affording me this Opportunity of humbly declaring myself,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most devoted Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



PROLOGUE.

By J. H. spoken by Mr. Powel; a Servant
attending with a Bottle of Wine.

*AS stubborn Atheists, who disdain to pray,
Repent, tho' late, upon their dying Day;
So in their Pangs, most Authors rack'd with Fears,
Implore your Mercy in our suppliant Pray'rs.
But our new Author has no Cause maintain'd,
Let him not lose what he has never gain'd,
Love and a Bottle are his Peaceful Arms;
Ladies and Gallants, have not these some Charms?
For Love, all Mankind to the Fair must sue:
And, Sirs, the Bottle he presents to you.
Health to the Play, (drinks) e'en let it fairly pass,
Sure none sit here that will refuse their Glafs!
O there's a damning Soldier——let me think——
He looks as he were sworn—to what? To drink. [drinks.
Come on then; Foot to Foot be boldly set,
And our young Author's new Commission wet.
He and his Bottle here attend their Doom,
From you the Poet's Halicon must come;
If he has any Foes, to make amends,
He gives his Service (drinks) sure you now are Friends.
No Critick here will he provoke to fight,
The Day be theirs, he only begs his Night.
Pray pledge him now, secur'd from all Abuse,
Then name the Health you love, let none refuse,
But each Man's Mistress be the Poet's Muse.*

}

Drama-

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Roebuck.</i>	{ An <i>Irish</i> Gentleman, of a wild roving Temper; newly come to <i>London</i> . }	Mr. <i>Williams</i> .
<i>Lovewell.</i>	{ His Friend, sober and modest, in Love with <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mr. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Mockmode.</i>	{ A young Squire, newly come from the University, and setting up for a Beau. }	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Lyrick.</i>	A Poet.	Mr. <i>Johnson</i> .
<i>Pamphlet.</i>	A Bookfeller.	} Mr. <i>Haynes</i> .
<i>Rigadoon.</i>	A Dancing-Master.	
<i>Nimblewrist.</i>	A Fencing-Master.	Mr. <i>Ashton</i> .
<i>Club.</i>	Servant to <i>Mockmode</i> .	Mr. <i>Pinkethman</i> .
<i>Brusb.</i>	Servant to <i>Lovewell</i> .	Mr. <i>Fairbank</i> .

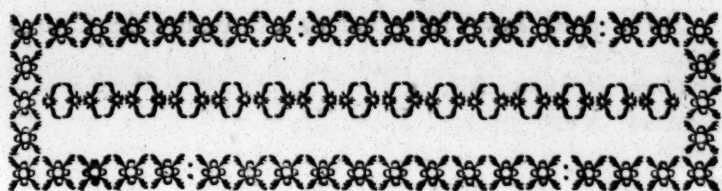
W O M E N.

<i>Lucinda.</i>	{ A Lady of conside- rable Fortune. }	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Leantbe.</i>	{ Sister to <i>Lovewell</i> , in Love with <i>Roebuck</i> , and disguis'd as <i>Lucinda's</i> Page. }	Mrs. <i>Maria A- lison</i> .
<i>Trudge.</i>	Whore to <i>Roebuck</i> .	Mrs. <i>Mills</i> .
<i>Bulfinch.</i>	{ Landlady to <i>Mock- mode</i> , <i>Lyrick</i> , and <i>Trudge</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Powel</i> .
<i>Pindrefs.</i>	{ Attendant and Con- fident to <i>Lucinda</i> . }	Mrs. <i>Moor</i> .

Bailiffs, Beggar, Porter, Masques, Attendants.

SCENE, LONDON.

Love



Love and a Bottle.



A C T I.

SCENE, *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

Enter Roebuck in a Riding Habit Solus, repeating the following Line.



HUS far our Arms have with Success been crown'd——Heroically spoken, faith, of a Fellow that has not one Farthing in his Pocket. If I have one Penny to buy a Halter withal in my present Necessity, may I be hang'd; tho' I am reduc'd to a fair way of obtaining one methodically very soon, if Robbery or Theft will purchase the Gallows. But hold——can't I rob honourably, by turning Soldier?

Enter a Cripple begging.

Crip. One Farthing to the poor old Soldier, for the Lord's sake.

Roeb. Ha!——a Glimpse of Damnation just as a Man is entering into Sin, is no great Policy of the Devil.——But how long did you bear Arms, Friend?

Crip.

Crip. Five Years, an't please you, Sir.

Roeb. And how long has that honourable Crutch born you?

Crip. Fifteen, Sir.

Roeb. Very pretty! Five Years a Soldier, and fifteen a Beggar!——This is Hell right! An Age of Damnation, for a momentary Offence. Thy Condition, Fellow, is preferable to mine; the merciful Bullet, more kind than thy ungrateful Country, has given thee a Debenture in thy broken Leg, from which thou canst draw a more plentiful Maintenance than I from all my Limbs in Perfection. Prithee, Friend, why would'st thou beg of me? Dost think I am rich?

Crip. No, Sir, and therefore I believe you charitable. Your warm Fellows are so much above the Sense of our Misery, that they can't pity us; and I have always found it, by sad Experience, as needless to beg of a rich Man, as a Clergyman. Our greatest Benefactors, the brave Officers, are all disbanded, and must now turn Beggars like myself; and so, Times are very hard, Sir.

Roeb. What! Are the Soldiers more charitable than the Clergy?

Crip. Ay, Sir, a Captain will say Dam'me, and give me Sixpence; and a Parson shall whine out God bless me, and give me not a Farthing: Now I think the Officer's Blessing much the best.

Roeb. Are the Beaus never compassionate?

Crip. The great full Wigs they wear stop their Ears so close, that they can't hear us; and if they should, they never have any Farthings about 'em.

Roeb. Then I am a Beau, Friend; therefore pray leave me. Begging from a generous Soul that has not to bestow, is more tormenting than Robbery to a Miser in his Abundance. Prithee, Friend, be thou charitable for once; I beg only the Favour which rich Friends bestow, a little Advice: I am as poor as thou art, and am designing to turn Soldier.

Crip.

Crip. No, no, Sir ; see what an honourable Post I am forc'd to stand to, my Rags are Scare-crows sufficient to frighten any one from the Field ; rather turn Bird of Prey at home. *[Shewing his Crutch.]*

Roeb. Grammercy, old Devil ; I find Hell has its Pimps of the poorer sort, as well as of the wealthy. I fancy, Friend, thou hast got a Cloven Foot instead of a broken Leg. 'Tis a hard Case that a Man must never expect to go nearer Heav'n than some Steps of a Ladder. But 'tis unavoidable ; I have my Wants to lead, and the Devil to drive ; and if I can't meet my Friend *Lowerwell*, (which I think impossible, being so great a Stranger in Town) Fortune, thou hast done thy worst ; I proclaim open War against thee.

*I'll stab the next rich Darling that I see ;
And killing him, be thus reveng'd on thee.*

[Goes to the back Part of the Stage, as into the Walks, making some Turns cross the Stage in Disorder, while the next speak. Exit Beggar.]

Enter Lucinda and Pindress.

Luc. Oh ! these Summer Mornings are so delicately fine, *Pindress*, it does me good to be abroad.

Pin. Ay, Madam, these Summer Mornings are as pleasant to young Folks, as the Winter Nights to marry'd People, or as your Morning of Beauty to Mr. *Lowerwell*.

Luc. I'm violently afraid the Evening of my Beauty will fall to his Share very soon ; for I'm inclinable to marry him. I shall soon lie under an Eclipse, *Pindress*.

Pind. Then it must be full Moon with your Ladyship. But why wou'd you chuse to marry in Summer, Madam ?

Luc. I know no Cause, but that People are aptest to run mad in hot Weather, unless you take a Woman's Reason.

Pin.

Pin. What's that, Madam?

Luc. Why, I am weary of lying alone.

Pin. Oh dear Madam! Lying alone is very dangerous; 'tis apt to breed strange Dreams.

Luc. I had the oddest Dream last Night of my Courtier that is to be, Squire *Mockmode*. He appeared crowded about with a Dancing-Master, Pushing-Master, Musick-Master, and all the Throng of Beau-makers; and methought he mimick'd Foppery so awkwardly, that his Imitation was downright burlesquing it. I burst out a laughing so heartily, that I awaken'd myself.

Pin. But Dreams go by Contraries, Madam. Have not you seen him yet?

Luc. No; but my Uncle's Letter gives Account that he's newly come to Town from the University, where his Education could reach no farther than to guzzle fat Ale, smoke Tobacco, and chop Logick——Faugh——it makes me sick.

Pin. But he's very rich, Madam; his Concerns join to yours in the Country.

Luc. Ay, but his Concerns shall never join to mine in the City: For since I have the Disposal of my own Fortune, *Loverwell's* the Man for my Money.

Pin. Ay, and for my Money: for I've had above twenty Pieces from him since his Courtship began. He's the prettiest sober Gentleman; I have so strong an Opinion of his Modesty, that I'm afraid, Madam, your first Child will be a Fool.

Luc. Oh God forbid! I hope a Lawyer understands Business better than to beget any thing *non compos*——The Walks fill apace; the Enemy approaches, we must set out our false Colours.

[*Put on their Masks.*]

Pin. We Masks are the purest Privateers! Madam, how would you like to cruise about a little?

Luc. Well enough, had we no Enemies but our Fops and Cits: But I dread these blustering Men of War, the Officers, who after a Broad-side of Damme's and Sinkme's, are for boarding all Masks they meet as lawful Prize.

Pin.

Pin. In Truth, Madam, and the most of them are lawful Prize, for they generally have *French Ware* under Hatches.

Luc. Oh hideous! O' my Conscience, Girl, thou'rt quite spoil'd. An Actress upon the Stage would blush at such Expressions.

Pin. Ay, Madam, and your Ladyship wou'd seem to blush in the Box, when the Redness of your Face proceeded from nothing but the Constraint of holding your Laughter. Didn't you chide me for not putting a stronger Lace in your Stays, when you had broke one as strong as a hempen Cord with containing a violent Tihec at a smutty Jest in the last Play?

Luc. Go, go, thou'rt a naughty Girl! that impertinent Chat has diverted us from our Business. I'm afraid *Lovevell* has miss'd us for Want of the Sign.—But whom have we here? An odd Figure, some Gentleman in Disguise, I believe.

Pin. Had he a finer Suit on, I shou'd believe him in Disguise; for I fancy his Friends have only known him by that this Twelve-month.

Luc. His Mien and Air shew him a Gentleman, and his Cloaths demonstrate him a Wit. He may afford us some Sport. I have a Female Inclination to talk to him.

Pin. Hold, Madam, he looks as like one of those dangerous Men of War you just now mention'd as can be; you had best send out your Pinnace before, to discover the Enemy.

Luc. No, I'll hale him myself: [*Moves towards him.*]
What, Sir, dreaming?

[*Slaps him o'th' Shoulder with her Fan.*]

Roeb. Yes, Madam.

[*Sullenly.*]

Luc. Of what?

Roeb. Of the Devil, and now my Dream's out.

Luc. What! Do you dream standing?

Roeb. Yes, faith, Lady, very often, when my Sleep's haunted by such pretty Goblins as you. You are a Sort of Dream I would fain be reading: I'm a very good Interpreter indeed, Madam.

Luc.

Luc. Are you then one of the wise Men of the East?

Roeb. No, Madam; but one of the Fools of the West.

Luc. Pray, what do you mean by that?

Roeb. An *Irishman*, Madam, at your Service.

Luc. Oh horrible! an *Irishman*! a mere Wolf-dog, I protest.

Roeb. Ben't surpriz'd, Child; the Wolf-dog is as well-natur'd an Animal as any of your Country Bull-dogs, and a much more fawning Creature, let me tell ye.

[*Lays hold on her.*]

Luc. Pray, good *Cæsar*, keep off your Paws; no scraping Acquaintance, for Heaven's Sake. Tell us some News of your Country; I have heard the strangest Stories,—that the People wear Horns and Hoofs.

Roeb. Yes, faith, a great many wear Horns; but we had that, among other laudable Fashions, from *London*. I think it came over with your Mode of wearing high Topknots; for ever since, the Men and Wives bear their Heads exalted alike. They were both Fashions that took wonderfully.

Luc. Then you have Ladies among you.

Roeb. Yes, yes, we have Ladies, and Whores; Colleges, and Play-houses; Churches, and Taverns; fine Houses, and Bawdy-houses: In short, every Thing that you can boast of, but Fops, Poets, Toads and Adders.

Luc. But have you no Beaus at all?

Roeb. Yes, they come over like Woodcocks, once a Year.

Luc. And have your Ladies no Springes to catch 'em in?

Roeb. No, Madam, our own Country affords us much better Wild-fowl. But they are generally stripped of their Feathers by the Play-house and Taverns; in both which they pretend to be Criticks; and our ignorant Nation imagines a full Wig as infallible a Token of a Wit as the Laurel.

Luc.

Luc. Oh Lard! and here 'tis the certain Sign of a Blockhead. But why no Poets in *Ireland*, Sir?

Roeb. Faith, Madam, I know not, unless *St. Patrick* sent them a packing with other venomous Creatures out of *Ireland*. Nothing that carries a Sting in its Tongue can live there. But since I have described my Country, let me know a little of *England*, by a Sight of your Face.

Luc. Come you to Particulars first. Pray, Sir, unmask, by telling who you are; and then I'll unmask, and shew who I am.

Roeb. You must dismiss your Attendant then, Madam; for the distinguishing Particular of me is a Secret.

Pin. Sir, I can keep a Secret as well as my Mistress; and the greater the Secrets are, I love 'em the better.

Luc. Can't they be whisper'd, Sir?

Roeb. Oh yes, Madam, I can give you a Hint, by which you may understand 'em——

[Pretends to whisper, and kisses her.

Luc. Sir, you're impudent.

Roeb. Nay, Madam, since you're so good at mind-ing Folks, have with you.

[Catches her fast, carrying her off.

Luc. } Help! help! help!
Pin. }

Enter Lovewell.

Lowe. Villain, unhand the Lady and defend thyself.

[Draws.

Roeb. What! Knight Errants in this Country! Now has the Devil very opportunely sent me a Throat to cut; pray Heaven his Pockets be well lin'd.——

[Quits 'em, they go off.

——Have at thee——*St. George for England.*

[They fight, after some Passes *Roebuck* starts

——My Friend *Lovewell*! back and pauses.

Lowe. My dear *Roebuck*!

[Fling down their Swords and embrace.

Shall I believe my Eyes?

Roeb. You may believe your Ears; 'tis I, egad.

VOL. I.

F

Lowe.

Love. Why, thy being in *London* is such a Mystery, that I must have the Evidence of more Senses than one to confirm me of its Truth.—But pray unfold the Riddle.

Roeb. Why saith 'tis a Riddle. You wonder at it before the Explanation, then wonder more at yourself for not guessing it.—What is the universal Cause of the continued Evils of Mankind?

Love. The universal Cause of our continued Evils, is the Devil sure.

Roeb. No, 'tis the Flesh, *Ned*——That very Woman that drove us all out of *Paradise* has sent me a packing out of *Ireland*.

Love. How so?

Roeb. Only tasting the forbidden Fruit; that was all.

Love. Is simple Fornication become so great a Crime there, as to be punishable by no less than Banishment?

Roeb. I gad, mine was double Fornication, *Ned*——The Jade was so pregnant to bear Twins, the Fruit grew in Clusters; and my unconscionable Father, because I was a Rogue in debauching her, wou'd make me a Fool by wedding her: But I would not marry a Whore, and he wou'd not own a disobedient Son, and so——

Love. But was she a Gentlewoman?

Roeb. Pshaw! No, she had no Fortune. She wore indeed a Silk Mantua and High-head; but these are grown as little Signs of Gentility now-a-days, as that is of Chastity.

Love. But what Necessity forc'd you to leave the Kingdom?

Roeb. I'll tell you—To shun th' insulting Authority of an incens'd Father, the dull and often repeated Advice of impertinent Relations, the continual Clamours of a furious Woman, and the shrill Bawling of an ill-natur'd Bastard——From all which, good Lord deliver me.

Love.

Love. And so you left them to grand Dadda!—
Ha, ha, ha!

Roeb. Heav'n was pleas'd to lessen my Affliction, by taking away the She-brat; but the other is, I hope, well, because a brave Boy, whom I christen'd *Edward*, after thee, *Loverwell*; I made bold to make my Man stand for you, and your Sister sent her Maid to give her Name to my Daughter.

Love. Now you talk of my Sister, pray how does she?

Roeb. Dear *Loverwell*, a very Miracle of Beauty and Goodness.—But I don't like her.

Love. Why?

Roeb. She's virtuous;—and I think Beauty and Virtue are as ill joined as Lewdness and Ugliness.

Love. But I hope your Arguments could not make her a Profelyte to this Profession?

Roeb. Faith I endeavour'd it; but that plaguy Honour—Damn it for a Whim—Were it as honourable for Women to be Whores, as Men to be Whoremasters, we shou'd have Lewdness as great a Mark of Quality among the Ladies, as 'tis now among the Lords.

Love. What! do you hold no innate Principle of Virtue in Woman?

Roeb. I hold an innate Principle of Love in them: Their Passions are as great as ours, their Reason weaker. We admire them, and consequently they must us. And I tell the once more, That had Woman no Safe-guard but your innate Principle of Virtue, honest *George Roebuck* wou'd have lain with your Sister, *Ned*, and shou'd enjoy a Countess before Night.

Love. But methinks, *George*, 'twas not fair to tempt my Sister.

Roeb. Methinks 'twas not fair of thy Sister, *Ned*, to tempt me. As she was thy Sister, I had no Design upon her; but as she's a pretty Woman, I could scarcely forbear her, were she my own.

Love. But, upon serious Reflection, cou'd not you have liv'd better at home by turning thy Whore into

thy Wife, than here by turning other Men's Wives in-
to Whores? There are Merchants Ladies in *London*,
and you must trade with them, for aught I see.

Roeb. Ay, but is the Trade open? Is the Manufacture encourag'd, old Boy?

Love. Oh, wonderfully!—a great many poor People live by't. Tho' the Husbands are for engrossing the Trade, the Wives are altogether for encouraging Interlopers. But I hope you have brought some small Stock to set up with.

Roeb. The Greatness of my Wants, which wou'd force me to discover 'em, makes me blush to own 'em. [*Aside.*] Why saith, *Ned*, I had a great Journey from *Ireland* hither, and wou'd burthen myself with no more than just necessary Charges.

Love. Oh, then you have brought Bills.

Roeb. No saith. Exchange of Money from *Dublin* hither, is so unreasonable high, that——

Love. What!

Roeb. That——Zoons, I have not one Farthing—Now you understand me.

Love. No saith, I never understand one that comes *in forma pauperis*; I ha'n't study'd the Law so long for nothing.——But what Prospect can you propose of a Supply?

Roeb. I'll tell you. When you appear'd, I was just thanking my Stars for sending me a Throat to cut, and consequently a Purse. But my Knowledge of you prevented me of that Way, and therefore I think you're oblig'd in Return to assist me by some better Means. You were once an honest Fellow; but so long Study in the Inns may alter a Man strangely, as you say.

Love. No, dear *Roebuck*, I am still a Friend to thy Virtues, and esteem thy Follies as Foils only to set them off. I did but rally you; and to convince you, here are some Pieces, Share of what I have about me: Take them as Earnest of my farther Supply; you know my Estate is sufficient to maintain us both, if you will either restrain your Extravagancies, or I retrench my Necessaries.

Roeb.

Roeb. Thy Profession of Kindness is so great, that I cou'd almost suspect it of Design. But come, Friend, I am heartily tir'd with the Fatigue of my Journey, besides a violent Fit of Sickness which detain'd me a Month at *Coventry*, to the Exhausting of my Health and Money. Let me only recruit by a Relish of the Town in Love and a Bottle, and then—Oh Heavens! and Earth!

[*As they are going off, Roebuck starts back surpriz'd.*

Love. What's the matter, Man?

Roeb. Why, Death and the Devil! or, what's worse, a Woman and a Child—Oons! don't you see Mrs. *Trudge* with my *Ballard* in her Arms crossing the Field towards us?—Oh the indefatigable Whore, to follow me all the Way to *London*!

Love. Mrs. *Trudge*! my old Acquaintance!

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same; your old Acquaintance; and for aught I know, you might have clubb'd about getting the Brats.

Love. 'Tis but reasonable then I shou'd pay Share of the Reckoning. I'll help to provide for her; in the mean Time you had best retire.—*Brush*, conduct this Gentleman to my Lodgings, and run from thence to Widow *Bulfinch's*, and provide a Lodging with her for a Friend of mine.—Fly, and come back presently.—[*Exit Roeb. and Brush.*]—So; my Friend comes to Town like the Great *Turk* to the Field, attended by his Concubines and Children; and I'm afraid these are but Part of his Retinue—but hold—I shan't be able to sustain the Shock of this Woman's Fury. I'll withdraw till she has discharg'd her first Volley, then surprize her.

Enter Trudge, with a Child crying.

Hush, hush, hush—And indeed it was a young Traveller.—And what wou'd it say? It says that Daddy is a false Man, a cruel Man, an ungrateful Man.—In troth so he is, my dear Child.—What shall I do with it, poor Creature!—Hush, hush, hush—Was ever poor Woman in such a lamentable Condition? Immediately after the Pains of

one Travail, to undergo the Fatigues of another!—— But I'm sure he can never do well; for tho' I can't find him, my Curses, and the Misery of this Babe, will certainly reach him.

Love. Methinks I shou'd know that Voice——
[*Moving forward.*] What! Mrs. *Trudge*! and in *London*! whose brave Boy hast thou got there?

Trud. Oh Lord! Mr. *Loverwell*! I am very glad to see you—— and yet am asham'd to see you. But indeed he promis'd to marry me, [*Crying*] and you know, Mr. *Loverwell*, that he's such a handsome Man, and has so many Ways of insinuating, that the Frailty of Woman's Nature could not resist him.

Love. What's all this?—— A handsome Man! Ways of insinuating! Frailty of Nature!—— I don't understand these ambiguous Terms.

Trud. Ah, Mr. *Loverwell*! I am sure you have seen Mr. *Roebuck*, and I am sure 'twould be the first Thing he would tell you. I refer to you, Mr. *Loverwell*, if he is not an ungrateful Man, to deal so barbarously with any Woman that had us'd him so civilly. I was kinder to him than I wou'd have been to my own born Brother.

Love. O then I find Kissing goes by Favour, Mrs. *Trudge*.

Trud. Faith you're all alike, you Men are alike—— Poor Child! he's as like his own Dadda, as if he were spit out of his Mouth. See, Mr. *Loverwell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck*'s Nose to a Hair; and you know he has a very good Nose; and the little Pigsnay his Mamma's Mouth.—— Oh the little Lips! and 'tis the best natur'd little Dear—— [*Smuggles and kisses it.*]—— And wou'd it ask its Godfather's Blessing?—— Indeed, Mr. *Loverwell*, I believe the Child knows you

Love. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I will give it my Blessing.
[*Gives it Gold.*]

[*As he gives her the Gold, enter Lucinda and Pindress, who seeing them stand, abscond.*
Come, Madam, I'll first settle you in a Lodging, and then

then find the false Man, as you call him——
[Exit Lovewell.

Lucinda and Pindress come forward.

Luc. The false Man is found already.——Was there ever such a lucky Discovery?——My Care for his Preservation brought me back, and now behold how my Kindness is return'd!——Their Fighting was a downright Trick to frighten me from the Place, thereby to afford him an Opportunity of entertaining his Whore and Brat.

Pin. Your Conjecture, Madam, bears a Colour; for looking back, I could perceive 'em talk very familiarly; so that they cou'd not be Strangers, as their pretended Quarrel would intimate.

Luc. 'Tis all true, as he is false.——What! slighted! despis'd! my honourable Love truck'd for a Whore! Oh Villain! Epitome of the Sex!——But I'll be reveng'd. I'll marry the first that asks me the Question; nay, though he be a disbanded Soldier, or a poor Poet, or a senseless Fop:——Nay, tho' impotent, I'll marry him.

Pin. Oh, Madam! that's to be reveng'd on yourself.

Luc. I care not, Fool! I deserve Punishment for my Credulity, as much as he for his Falshood.——And you deserve it too, Minx; your Persuasions drew me to this Affignation: I never lov'd the false Man.

Pin. That's false, I am sure. [Aside.

Luc. But you thought to get another Piece of Gold. We shall have him giving you Money on the same Score, he was so liberal to his Whore just now.

[Walks about in a Passion.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. So much for Friendship——now for my Love.——I ha'n't transgressed much——Oh, there she is——Oh my Angel!

Luc. Oh thou Devil!

[Runs to her.

[Starts back.

Love. Not unless you damn me, Madam.

Luc. You're damn'd already ; you're a Man.

[*Exit, pushing Pindrefs.*]

Love. You're a Woman, I'll be sworn.—Hey day ! what giddy Female Planet rules now ! By the Lord, these Women are like their Maidenheads, no sooner found than lost.—Here, *Brush*, run after *Pindrefs*, and know the Occasion of this.—[*Brush runs.*]

—Stay, come back.—Zoons, I'm a Fool!

Brush. That's the first wise Word you have spoken these two Months.

Love. Trouble me with your untimely Jests, Sirrah, and I'll——

Brush. Your Pardon, Sir ; I'm in down-right Ear-
nest. 'Tis a less Slavery to be Apprentice to a famous
Clap-surgeon, than to a Lover. He falls out with me,
because he can't fall in with his Mistress. I can bear
it no longer.

Love. Sirrah, what are you a mumbling ?

Brush. A short Prayer before I depart, Sir.—I have
been these three Years your Servant, but now, Sir, I'm
your humble Servant. [*Bows as going.*]

Love. Hold, you sha'n't leave me.

Brush. Sir, you can't be my Master.

Love. Why so ?

Brush. Because you're not your own Master ; yet
one would think you might, for you have lost your
Mistress. Oons ! Sir, let her go, and a fair Riddance.
Who throws away a Tester and a Mistress, loses Six-
pence. That little pimping *Cupid* is a blind Gunner.
Had he shot as many Darts as I have carry'd *Billet
Doux*, he wou'd have laid her kicking with her Heels
up ere now. In short, Sir, my Patience is worn to the
Stumps with attending ; my Shoes and Stockings are
upon their last Legs with trudging between you. I
have sweat out all my Moisture of my Hand with palm-
ing your clammy Letters upon her. I have——

Love. Hold, Sir, your Trouble is now at an End,
for I design to marry her.

Brush. And have you courted her these three Years
for nothing but a Wife !

Love.

Love. Do you think, Rascal, I wou'd have taken so much Pains to make her a Miss?

Brusb. No, Sir, the tenth Part on't wou'd ha'done. — But if you are resolv'd to marry, God b'w'ye.

Love. What's the Matter now, Sirrah?

Brusb. Why, the Matter will be, that I must then pimp for her. — Hark ye, Sir, what have you been doing all this While, but teaching her the Way to cuckold ye? — Take care, Sir; look before you leap. You have a ticklish Point to manage. — Can you tell, Sir, what's her Quarrel to you now?

Love. I can't imagine. I don't remember that ever I offended her.

Brusb. That's it, Sir. She resolves to put your Easiness to the Test now, that she may with more Security rely upon't hereafter. — Always suspect those Women of Designs that are for searching into the Humours of their Courtiers; for they certainly intend to try them when they're marry'd.

Love. How can'st thou such an Engineer in Love?

Brusb. I have sprung some Mines in my Time, Sir; and since I have trudg'd so long about your amorous Messages, I have more Intrigue in the Sole of my Feet, than some Blockheads in their whole Body.

Love. Sirrah, have you ever discover'd any Behaviour in this Lady, to occasion this suspicious Discourse?

Brusb. Sir, has this Lady ever discover'd any Behaviour of yours to occasion this suspicious Quarrel? I believe the Lady has as much of the innate Principle of Virtue (as the Gentleman said) as any Woman. But that Baggage, her Attendant, is about ravishing her Lady's Page every Hour. 'Tis an old Saying, *Like Master, like Man*; why not as well, *Like Mistress, like Maid*?

Love. Since thou art for trying Humours, have with you, Madam *Lucinda*. Besides, so fair an Opportunity offers, that Fate seem'd to design it. — Have you left the Gentleman at my Lodgings?

Brush. Yes, Sir, and sent a Porter to his Inn to bring his Things thither.

Love. That's right.—Love, like other Diseases, must sometimes have a desperate Cure. The School of *Venus* imposes the strict Discipline; and awful *Cupid* is a chastning God: He whips severely.—

Brush. Not if we kiss the Rod.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the first Act.



A C T II.

S C E N E, *Lovewell's Lodgings.*

Enter Lovewell, Roebuck dress'd, and Brush.

Love. O'My Conscience, the fawning Creature loves you.

Roeb. Ay, the constant Effects of debauching a Woman are, that she infallibly loves the Man for doing the Business, and he certainly hates her.—But what Company is she like to have at this same Widow's, *Brush*?

Brush. Oh the best of Company, Sir, a Poet lives there, Sir.

Roeb. They're the worst Company, for they're ill-natur'd.

Brush. Ah, Sir, but it does no Body any Harm; for these Fellows that get Bread by their Wits are always forc'd to eat their Words. They must be good-natur'd, 'spight of their Teeth, Sir. 'Tis said he pays his Lodging by cracking some smutty Jests with his Landlady over night; for she's very well pleas'd with his Natural Parts. *[While Roeb. and Brush talk, Lovewell seems to project something by himself.]*

Roeb. What other Lodgers are there?

Brush.

Brush. One newly enter'd, a young Squire, just come from the Univerſity.

Roeb. A mere Peripatetick, I warrant him.——
A very pretty Family; a Heathen Philoſopher, an *Engliſh* Poet, and an *Iriſh Whore*. Had the Landlady but an *Highland* Piper to join with 'em, ſhe might ſet up for a Collection of Monſters.——Any body within? [*Slaps Lovewell on the Shoulder.*]

Love. Yes, you are my Friend. All my Thoughts were employ'd about you. In ſhort, I have one Requeſt to make, That you would renounce your looſe wild Courſes, and lead a ſober Life, as I do.

Roeb. That I will, if you'll grant me a Boon.

Love. You ſhall have it, be't what it will.

Roeb. That you wou'd relinquish your precise ſober Behaviour, and live like a Gentleman, as I do.

Love. That I can't grant.

Roeb. Then we're off: Tho' ſhou'd your Women prove no better than your Wine, my Debaucheries will fall of themſelves, for want of Temptation.

Love. Our Women are worſe than our Wine; our Claret has but little of the *French* in't, but our Wenches have the Devil and all: They are both adulterated; to prevent the Inconveniencies of which, I'll provide you an honourable Miſtreſs.

Roeb. An honourable Miſtreſs; what's that?

Love. A virtuous Lady, whom you muſt love and court; the ſureſt Method of reclaiming you.——
As thus:——Thoſe ſuperfluous Pieces you throw away in Wine, may be laid out——

Roeb. To the poor

Love. No, no: In Sweet-Powder, Cravats, Garters, Snuff boxes, Ribbons, Coach-hire, and Chair-hire. Thoſe idle Hours, which you miſpend with lewd ſophiſticated Wenches, muſt be dedicated.——

Roeb. To the Church?

Love. No; to the innocent and charming Converſation of your virtuous Miſtreſs; by which means, the two moſt exorbitant Debaucheries, Drinking and Whoring, will be retrench'd.

Roeb. A very fine Retrenchment truly! I must first despise the honest jolly Conversation at the Tavern, for the foppish, affected, dull, insipid Entertainment at the Chocolate-house; must quit my Freedom with ingenious Company, to harness myself to Foppery among the fluttering Crowd of *Cupid's* Livery-boys.

——The second Article is, That I must resign the Company of lewd Women for that of my innocent Mistress; that is, I must change my easy natural Sin of Wenching, to that constrain'd Debauchery of Lying and Swearing.——The many Lies and Oaths that I made to thy Sister, will go nearer to damn me, than if I had enjoy'd her a hundred times over.

Love. Oh *Roebuck!* your Reason will maintain the contrary, when you're in Love.

Roeb. That is, when I have lost my Reason: Come, come, a Wench, a Wench, a soft, white, easy, consenting Creature!——Prithee, *Ned*, leave Mustiness, and shew me the Varieties of the Town.

Love. A Wench is the least Variety——Look out
——See what a numerous Train trip along the Street there.——

[*Pointing outwards.*]

Roeb. Oh *Venus!* all these fine stately Creatures! Fare you well, *Ned*.——

[*Runs out; Lovewell catches him, and pulls him back.*]
Prithee let me go; 'tis a Deed of Charity; I'm quite starv'd. I'll just take a snap, and be with you in the twinkling——As you're my Friend——
I must go.

Love. Then we must break for all together.——
[*Quits him.*]——He that will leave his Friend for a Whore, I reckon a Commoner in Friendship as in Love.

Roeb. If you saw how ill that serious Face becomes a Fellow of your Years, you wou'd never wear it again. Youth is taking in any Masquerade but Gravity.

Love. Tho' Lewdness suits much worse with your Circumstances, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, these Circumstances! Damn these Circumstances.—There he has hamstring'd me. This Poverty! how it makes a Man sneak!—Well, prithee let's know this devilish virtuous Lady. By the Circumstances of my Body, I shall soon be off or on with her.

Love. Know then, for thy utter Condemnation, that she's a Lady of Eighteen, Beautiful, Witty, and nicely Virtuous.

Roeb. A Lady of Eighteen! Good—Beautiful! Better—Witty! Best of all.—Now with these three Qualifications, if she be nicely virtuous, then I'll henceforth adore every thing that wears a Petticoat—Witty and Virtuous! Ha, ha, ha! Why, 'tis as inconsistent in Ladies as Gentlemen; and were I to debauch one for a Wager, her Wit should be my Bawd.—Come, come, the forbidden Fruit was pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge, Boy.

Love. Right.—But there was a cunninger Devil than you to tempt.—I'll assure you, *George*, your Rhetorick wou'd fail you here; she wou'd worst you at your own Weapons.

Roeb. Ay, or any Man in *England*, if she be Eighteen, as you say.

Love. Have a care, Friend, this Satyr will get you torn in Pieces by the Females; you'll fall into *Orpheus's* Fate.

Roeb. *Orpheus* was a Blockhead, and deserv'd his Fate.

Love. Why?

Roeb. Because he went to Hell for a Wife.

Love. This happens right—[*Aside*].—But you shall go to Heav'n for a Mistress, you shall court this Divine Creature—I don't desire you to fall in Love with her; I don't intend you should marry her neither: But you must be convinc'd of the Chastity of the Sex; tho' if you should conquer her, the Spoil, you Rogue, will be glorious, and infinitely worth the Pains in attaining.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, but *Ned*, my Circumstances, my Circumstances.——

Love. Come, you shan't want Money.

Roeb. Then I dare attempt it. Money is the Sinews of Love, as of War. Gad, Friend, thou art the bravest Pimp I ever heard of——Well, give me Directions to sail by, the Name of my Port, lade my Pockets, and then for the Cape of Good Hope.

Love. You need no Directions as to the manner of Courtship.

Roeb. No, I have seen some few Principles, on which my Courtship's founded. which seldom fail. To let a Lady rely upon my Modesty, but to depend myself altogether upon my Impudence; to use a Mistress like a Deity in publick, but like a Woman in private: To be as cautious then of asking an impertinent Question, as afterwards of telling a Story; remembring, that the Tongue is the only Member that can't hurt a Lady's Honour, though touch'd to the tenderest Part.

Love. Oh! but to a Friend, *George*; you'll tell a Friend your Success.

Roeb. No, not to her very self; it must be as private as Devotion——No babbling, unless a squawling Brat peeps out to tell Tales——But where lies my Course?

Love. *Brush* shall shew you the House; the Lady's Name is *Lucinda*; her Father and Mother dead; she's Heiress to Twelve Hundred a Year: But above all, observe this; She has a Page, which you must get on your side: 'Tis a very pretty Boy; I presented him to the Lady about a Fortnight ago; he's your Countryman too; he brought me a Letter from my Sister, which I have about me.——Here, you may read it.

Roeb. Ay, 'tis her Hand; I know it well; and I almost blush to see it. [*Aside.*]

[*Reads.*]

[Reads.]

Dear Brother,

A Lady of my Acquaintance lately dying, begg'd me, as her last Request, to provide for this Boy, who was her Page: I hope I have obey'd my Friend's last Command, and oblig'd a Brother, by sending him to you. Pray dispose of him as much as you can for his Advantage. All Friends are well, and I am

Your affectionate Sister, Leante.

[While he reads, Lovewell talks to Brush, and gives him some Directions seemingly.]

All Friends are well: Is that all? Not a word of poor Roebuck——I wonder she mention'd nothing of my Misfortunes to her Brother. But she has forgot me already. True Woman still——Well, I may excuse her, for I am making all the Haste I can to forget her.

Love. Be sure you have an Eye upon him, and come to me presently at Widow Bulfinch's——
[To Brush.]——Well, George, you won't communicate your Success? [Aside.]

Roeb. You may guess what you please——I'm as merry after a Mistress as after a Bottle.——All Air; brim full of Joy, like a Bumper of Claret, smiling and sparkling.

Love. Then you'll certainly run over.

Roeb. No, no, nor shall I drink to any Body.——

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE changes to a Dining-room in Widow Bulfinch's House, a Flute, Musick book upon the Table; Case of Toys hanging up.——

Enter Rigadoon the Dancing-Master, leading in Mockmode by both hands; as teaching him the Minuet; he sings, and Mockmode dances awkwardly; Club follows.

Rig. Tal——dal——deral——One——Two——
Tal——dal——dal——deral——Coupe——Tal——dal——deral

deral——Very well——dal——deral——Wrong.——
 Tal——dal——deral——Toes out——Tal——dal——
 deral——Observe Time:——Very well indeed,
 Sir; you shall dance as well as any Man in *England*;
 you have an excellent Disposition in your Limbs,
 Sir.——Observe me, Sir.

[*Here the Master dances a new Minuet; and at every
 Cut Club makes an aukward Imitation by leaping up.*]
 And so forth, Sir.

Mock. I'm afraid we shall disturb my Landlady.

Rig. Landlady! You must have a care of that;
 she'll never pardon you.——Landlady! Every Wo-
 man, from a Countess to a Kitchen-wench, is *Ma-*
dam; and every Man, from a Lord to a Lacquey,
Sir.

Mock. Must I then lose my Title of 'Squire, 'Squire
Mockmode?

Rig. By all means, Sir, 'Squire and Fool are the
 same thing here.

Mock. That's very comical, faith——But is there
 an Act of Parliament for that, Mr. *Rigadoon*?——
 Well, since I can't be a 'Squire, I'll do as well; I
 have a great Estate, and want only to be a great
 Beau to qualify me either for a Knight or a Lord. By
 the Universe, I have a great Mind to bind myself
 'Prentice to a Beau——Cou'd I but dance well,
 puff well, play upon the Flute, and swear the most
 modish Oaths, I wou'd set up for Quality with e'er a
 young Nobleman of 'em all——Pray what are
 the most fashionable Oaths in Town? *Zoons*, I take
 it, is a very becoming one.

Rig. *Zoons* is only us'd by the disbanded Officers
 and Bullies: But *Zauns* is the *Beaux* Pronunciation.

Mock. *Zauns*.

Club. *Zauns*.

Rig. Yes, Sir, we swear as we dance; smooth,
 and with a Cadence.——*Zauns*! 'Tis harmonious,
 and pleases the Ladies, because 'tis soft.——*Zauns*,
Madam——is the only Compliment our great
Beaux pass on a Lady.

Mock.

Mock. But suppose a Lady speaks to me, what must I say?

Rig. Nothing, Sir—you must take Snush, grin, and make her an humble Cringe——Thus——

[He bows Foppishly, and takes Snush; Mockmode imitates him awkwardly; and taking Snush, sneezes.

Rig. O Lard, Sir, you must never sneeze; 'tis as unbecoming after *Orangerée*, as Grace after Meat.

Mock. I thought People took it to clear the Brain.

Rig. The Beaux have no Brains at all, Sir; their Skull is a perfect Snush-box; and I heard a Physician swear, who open'd one of 'em, that the three Divisions of his Head were fill'd with *Orangerée*, *Bourga-mot*, and *Plain Spanish*.

Mock. Zauns, I must sneeze——[Sneezes.]——Bless me.

Rig. O fie, Mr. *Mockmode*! What a rustical Expression that is!——Bless me!——You shou'd upon all such Occasions cry, Dem me. You would be as nauseous to the Ladies, as one of the old Patriarchs, if you us'd that obsolete Expression.

Club. I find that going to the Devil is very modish in this Town.——Pray, Master Dancing-master, what Religion may these Beaux be of?

Rig. A sort of *Indians* in their Religion, they worship the first thing they see in the Morning.

Mock. What's that, Sir?

Rig. Their own Shadows in the Glass; and some of 'em such Hellish Faces, that may frighten 'em into Devotion.

Mock. Then they are *Indians* right, for they worship the Devil.

Rig. Then you shall be as great a Beau as any of 'em. But you must be sure to mind your Dancing.

Mock. Is not Musick very convenient too?——I can play the *Bells* and *Maiden Fair* already. *Alamire*, *Befabemi*, *Cesolfa*, *Delasol*, *Ela*, *Effaut*, *Gesolreut*. I have 'em all by heart already. But I have been plau-guily puzzl'd about the Etymology of these Notes;
and

and certainly a Man cannot arrive at any Perfection, unless he understands the Derivation of the Terms.

Rig. O Lard, Sir! That's easy. *Effaut* and *Gesol-reut* were two famous German Musicians, and the rest were *Italians*.

Mock. But why are they only seven?

Rig. From a prodigious great Bass-Viol with seven Strings, that play'd a Jig, call'd the *Musick of the Spheres*: The seven Planets were nothing but Fiddle-strings.

Mock. Then your Stars have made you a Dancing-Master?

Rig. O Lard, Sir! *Pythagoras* was a Dancing-Master; he shews the Creation to be a Country Dance, where, after some Antick Changes, all the Parts fell into their Places, and there they stand ready, till the next Squeak of a Philosopher's Fiddle sets them a dancing again.

Club. Sir, here comes the Pushing-Master.

Rig. Then I'll be gone. But you must have a care of pushing, 'twill spoil the Niceness of your Steps. Learn a Flourish or two; and that's all a Beau can have Occasion for.

Enter Nimblewrist.

Mock. Oh, Mr. *Nimblewrist*! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe.

Nimb. That was a home Thrust. Good Sir, I hope you're for a Breathing this Morning. [*Takes down a Foil.*]—I'll assure you, Mr. *Mockmode*, you will make an excellent Swordsman; you're as well shap'd for Fencing as any Man in *Europe*. The Duke of *Burgundy* is just of your Make; he pushes the finest of any Man in *France*.——Sa, sa——like Lightning.

Mock. I'm much in love with Fencing: But, I think, Backsword is the best Play.

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir!——Have you ever been in *France*, Sir?

Mock. No, Sir; but I understand the Geography of

of it.———*France* is bounded on the North with the *Rhine*.———

Nimb. No, Sir; a *Frenchman* is bounded on the North with *Quart*, on the South with *Tierce*, and so forth. 'Tis a noble Art, Sir; and every one that wears a Sword is oblig'd by his Tenure to learn. The Rules of Honour are engrav'd on my Hilt, and my Blade must maintain 'em. My Sword's my Herald, and the bloody Hand my Coat of Arms.

Mock. And how long have you profess'd this noble Art, Sir?

Nimb. Truly, Sir, I serv'd an Apprenticeship to this Trade, Sir.

Mock. What, are ye a Corporation then?

Nimb. Yes, Sir; the Surgeons have taken us into theirs, because we make so much Work for 'em.——— But, as I was telling you, Sir, I profess'd this Science till the Wars broke out; but then, when every body got Commissions, I put in for one, serv'd the Campaigns in *Flanders*; and when the Peace broke out, was disbanded; so, among a great many other poor Rogues, am forc'd to betake to my old Trade. Now the publick Quarrel's ended, I live by private ones. I live still by dying, as the Song goes, Sir. While we have *English* Courage, *French* Honour, and *Spanish* Blades among us, I shall live, Sir.

Mock. Surely your Sword and Skill did the King great Service abroad.

Nimb. Yes, Sir; I kill'd above fifteen of our own Officers by private Duels in the Camp, Sir; kill'd 'em fairly; kill'd 'em thus, Sir—Sa, fa, fa, fa, Parry, parry, parry.———

[*He pushes Mockmode on the Ribs; he strikes Nimb. blewrist over the Head, and breaks the Foil.*]

Club. What's the Name of that Thrust, pray, Sir?

Nimb. Oh Lard, Sir! he did not touch me, not in the least, Sir, the Foil was crack'd, a palpable Crack.

[*Blood runs down his Face.*]

Club. A very palpable Crack; truly. Your Skull is only crack'd, palpably crack'd, that's all.

Mock.

Mock. Well, Sir, if you please to teach me my Honours.——My Dancing-master has forbid me any more, lest I should discompose my Steps.

Nimb. Your Dancing-master is a Blockhead, Sir.

Enter Rigadoon.

Rig. I forgot my Gloves, and so——

Mock. Oh Sir! he calls you Blockhead, by the Universe.

Rig. Zauns, Sir—— [Foppishly.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir—— [Bluffishly.

Rig. I have more Wit in the sole of my Foot, than you have in your whole Body.

Nimb. Ay, Sir, you Caperers dance all your Brains into your Heels, which makes you carry such empty Noddles. Your Rational's revers'd, carrying your Understandings in your Legs. Your Wit is the perfect *Antipodes* to other Men's.

Rig. And what are you, good Monsieur, fa, fa? Stand upon your Guard, Mr. *Mockmode*, he's the greatest falsifier in his Art; he'll fill your Head so full of *French* Principles of Honour, that you won't have one of Honesty left. His Breast-plate there he calls the Butt of Honour; at which all the Fools in the Kingdom shoot, and not one can hit the Mark.

Nimb. You talk of *Robin Hood*, who never shot in his Bow, Sir.——You Dancers are the Battledoors of the Nation, that toss the light foppish Shuttlecocks to and agen, to get yourselves in heat.——Have a care, Mr. *Mockmode*; this Fellow will make a mere Grasshopper of you.——Sir, you're the grand Pimp to Foppery and Lewdness; and the Devil and a Dancing-master, dance a Corante over the whole Kingdom.

Rig. A Pimp, Sir! What then, Sir? I engage Couples into the Bed of Love, but you match 'em into the Bed of Honour. We only juggle People out of their Chastity, but you cheat 'em out of their Lives. We shall have you, Mr. *Mockmode*, grinning in the Bed of Honour, as if you laugh'd at the Fool who must be hang'd for you.——Which is best, Mr. *Nimblewrist*, an easy Minuet, or a *Tyburn Jigg*?

Nimb.

Nimb. Don't provoke my Sword, Sir, lest that Art you so revile shou'd revenge itself; for every one of you that live by Dancing, shou'd die by Pushing, Sir.

Rig. And every Man that lives by Pushing, shou'd die Dancing, I take it.

Nimb. Zoons, Sir! What d'ye mean?

Rig. Nothing, Sir;—Tal—dal—deral—
[Dances.]—This takes the Ladies, Mr. *Mockmode*; this runs away with all the great Fortunes in Town. Tho' you be a Fool, a Fop, a Coward, dance well, and you captivate the Ladies. The moving a Man's Limbs pliantly, does the Business. If you want a Fortune, come to me—Tal—dal—deral—

[Dances.

Nimb. No, no, to me, Sir,—sa, fa,—does your Business soonest with a Woman: A clean and manly Extension of all your Parts—Ha—Carrying a true Point is the Matter.—Sa, fa, fa, fa,—Defend yourself. [Pushing at Rigadoon, who dances and sings, retiring off the Stage.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. O Goodness! What a Room's here! Could not Fellows wipe their Feet before they came up? And here's such a tripping and such a stamping, that they have broke down all the Cieling. You Dancing and Fencing-masters have been the Downfal of many Houses. Get out of my Doors; my House was never in such a Pickle.—You Country Gentleman, newly come to London, like your own Spaniels out of a Pond, must be shaking the Water off, and bespatter every Body about you.—

[Mockmode having taken Snuff, offering to sneeze, sneezes in her Face.

Mock. Zauns, Madam, [Sneezes.]—Bless me!—Dem me, I mean.

Bull. He's tainted. These cursed Flies have blown upon him already.

Mock. Sa, fa,—Defend Flankonade, Madam.

Bull.

Bull. Ah, Mr. *Mockmode*, my Pushing and Dancing Days are done: But I had a Son, Mr. *Mockmode*, that wou'd match you—Ah, my poor *Robin*! He dy'd of an Apoplexy: He was as pretty a young Man as ever step'd into a black Leather Shoe: He was as like you, Mr. *Mockmode*, as one Egg is like another; he dy'd like an Angel——But I am sure he might have recover'd but for the Physicians——Oh these Doctors, these Doctors!

Mock. Bless the Doctors, I say; for I believe they kill'd my honest old Father.

Bull. Ay, that's true: If my *Robin* had left me an Estate, I shou'd have said so too.—— [Cries.

Mock. Zauns, Madam, you must not be melancholy, Madam.

Bull. Well, Sir, I hope you'll give us the Beverage of your fine Cloaths. I'll assure you, Sir, they fit you very well, and I like your Fancy mightily.

Mock. Ay, ay, Madam. But what's most modish for Beverage? For, I suppose, the Fashion of that alters always with the Cloaths.

Bull. The Taylors are the best Judges of that——Champaigne, I suppose.

Mock. Is Champaigne a Taylor? Now, methinks, that were a fitter Name for a Wig-maker——I think they call my Wig a Champaigne.

Bull. You're clear out, Sir, clear out. Champaigne is a fine Liquor, which all your great Beaux drink to make 'em witty.

Mock. Witty! Oh, by the Universe, I must be witty. I'll drink nothing else, I never was witty in all my Life. I love Jokes dearly.——Here, *Club*, bring us a Bottle of what d'ye call it; the witty Liquor.

Bull. But I thought all you that were bred at the University shou'd be Wits naturally.

Mock. The quite contrary, Madam, there's no such thing there. We dare not have Wit there, for fear of being counted Rakes. Your solid Philosophy is all read there, which is clear another thing. But now I will be a Wit, by the Universe. I must get acquaint-
ed

ed with the great Poets, Landlady, you must introduce me.

Bull. Oh dear me, Sir; wou'd you ruin me? I introduce you! No Widow dare be seen with a Poet, for Fear she shou'd be thought to keep him.

Mock. Keep him! What's that? They keep nothing but Sheep in the Country: I hope they don't fleece the Wits?

Bull. Alas, Sir, they have no Fleeces; there's a great Cry, but little Wool. However, if you wou'd be acquainted with the Poets, I can prevail with a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to introduce you; 'tis one *Lovewell*, a fine Gentleman that comes here sometimes.

Mock. *Lovewell*! By the Universe, my Rival: I heard of him in the Country: This puts me in mind of my Mistress——Zauns, I'm certainly become a Beau already; for I was so in Love with myself, I quite forgot her.——I have a Note in my Pocket-book to find her out by.——

[Pulls out a large Pocket-book; turning over the Leaves, reads to himself.

Six-pence for washing——Two-pence to the Maid.
—Six-pence for Snuff——One Shilling for Butter'd Ale.——By the Universe, I have lost the Directions.
——Hark ye, Madam, does this same *Lovewell* come often here, say you?

Bull. Yes, Sir, very often——There's a Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now.

Mock. A Lady of his Acquaintance, a Lodger in the House just now; of his Acquaintance, do you say?

Bull. Yes, and a pretty Lady too.

Mock. And he comes often here, you say. By the Universe! shou'd I happen to lodge in the same House with my Mistress: I gad, it must be the same. Can you tell the Woman's Name?——Stay——Is her Name *Lucinda*?

Bull. Perhaps it may, Sir; but I believe she's a Widow, for she has a young Son, and I'm sure 'tis
legi-

legitimately begotten; for it is the bravest Child you shall see in a Summer's Day; 'tis not like one of our puling Brats o'th' Town here, born with the Diseases of half a Dozen Fathers about it.

Mock. By the Universe, I don't remember whether my Mistress is Maid or Widow: But if a Widow, so much the better; for all your *London* Widows are devilish rich, they say. She came in a Coach, did she not, Madam?

Bull. Yes, Sir, yes.

Mock. Then 'tis infallibly she. — Does she not always go out in her Coach?

Bull. She has not stir'd abroad since she came, Sir.

Mock. Oh, I was told she was very reserv'd, tho' 'tis very much of a Widow. I have often heard my Mother say, that sitting at home and Silence were very becoming in a Maid; and she has often chid my Sister *Dorothy* for gadding out to the Meadows, and tumbling among the Cocks with the Hay-makers. I gad, I'm the most lucky Son of a Whore; I was wrapt in the Tail of my Mother's Smock, Landlady.

Enter Servant.

Bull. Oh, but this Lady, Sir —

Ser. Madam, here's a Gentleman below wants to speak with you instantly.

Bull. With me, Child! Sir, I'll wait on you in a Minute. *[Exit with Servant.]*

Enter Club with Wine and Glasses.

Mock. Is that the witty Liquor? Come, fill the Glasses. Now that I have found my Mistress, I must next find my Wits.

Club. So you had need, Master; for they that find a Mistress, are generally out of their Wits. —

[Gives him a Glass.]

Mock. Come, fill yourself. *[They jingle and drink.]*
But where's the Wit now, *Club*? Have you found it?

Club. I gad, Master, I think 'tis a very good Jest.

Mock. What?

Club. What! why drinking. You'll find, Master, that this same Gentleman in the Straw Doublet, this

same

same *Will 't'ib Whisp*, is a Wit at the Bottom. [*Fills.*

———— Here, here, Master; how it puns and quibbles in the Glafs!

Mock. By the Universe, now I have it; the Wit lies in the Jingling: All Wit consists most in Jingling. Hear how the Glasses rhyme to one another.

Club. What, Master, are these Wits so apt to clash?
[*Jingles the Glasses.*

Mock. Oh by the Universe, by the Universe, this is Wit. [*Breaks 'em.*] My Landlady is in the right. ——— I have often heard there was Wit in breaking Glasses. It would be a very good Joke to break the Flask now.

Club. I find then that this same Wit is very brittle Ware. ——— But I think, Sir, 'twere no Joke to spill the Wine.

Mock. Why, there's the Jest, Sirrah; all Wit consists in losing; there was never any Thing got by't. I fancy this same Wine is all sold at *Will's* Coffee-house. Do you know the Way thither, Sirrah? I long to see Mr. *Comick* and Mr. *Tayrhime*, with the rest of 'em. I wonder how they look! Certainly these Poets must have something extraordinary in their Faces. Of all the Rarities in the Town, I long to see nothing more than the *Poets*, and *Bedlam*. ——— Come in, *Club*; I must go practise my Honours — Tal — dal — deral —
[*Exit dancing, and Club toping.*

Enter Lovewell and Bullfinch.

Bull. Oh Mr. *Lovewell*! you come just in the Nick; I was ready to spoil all, by telling him she was a Stranger, and just now come.

Love. Well, dear Madam, be cautious for the future; 'tis the most fortunate Chance that ever beset me. 'Twere convenient we had the other Lodgers of our Side.

Bull. There's no Body but Mr. *Lyrick*; and you had as safely tell a Secret over a Groaning-Cheese, as to him.

Love. How so?

Bull. Why, you must know, that he has been lying-in these four Months of a Play; and he has got all the Muses about him; a Parcel of the most tattling Gossips.

Love. Come, come; no more Words; but to our Business. I will certainly reward you. But have you any good Hopes of its succeeding?

Bull. Very well of the 'Squire's Side. But I'm afraid your Widow will never play her Part, she's so awkward, and so sullen.

Love. Go you and instruct her, while I manage Affairs abroad.

Bull. She's always raving of one *Roebuck*. Prithee, who is this same *Roebuck*?—Ah Mr. *Love-well*, I'm afraid this Widow of yours is something else at the Bottom; I'm afraid there has been a Dog in the Well.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Brush.

Love. So, Sirrah! where have you left the Gentleman?

Brush. In a Friend's House, Sir.

Love. What Friend?

Brush. Why, a Tavern.

Love. What took him there?

Brush. A Coach, Sir.

Love. How d'ye mean?

Brush. A Coach and Six, Sir; no less, I'll assure you, Sir.

Love. A Coach and Six!

Brush. Yes, Sir, six Whores and a carted Bawd: He pick'd 'em all up in the Street, and is gone with this splendid Retinue into the Sun by *Covent-Garden*. I ask'd him what he meant? He told me, that he only wanted to whet, when the very Sight of 'em turn'd my Stomach.

Love. The Fellow will have his Swing, tho' he hang for't. However, run to him, and bid him take the Name of *Mockmode*; call himself *Mockmode* upon all Occasions; and tell him that he shall find me here about Four in the Afternoon—Ask no Questions, but fly

My——So:——His usurping that Name gives him a Title to court *Lucinda*, by which I shall discover her Inclination to. [*Exit Brush.*] this *Mockmode*, whose coming to Town has certainly occasion'd her Quarrel with me; while I set the Hound himself upon a wrong Scent, and then to one provide for Mistress *Trudge* by the Bargain. 'Tis said one can't be a Friend and a Lover.

*But opposite to that, this Plot shall prove,
I'll serve my Friend by what assists my Love.* [*Exit.*]

The End of the Second Act.



ACT . III.

SCENE, *Lucinda's House.*

Enter Leanthe sola, dress'd like a Page.

MEthinks this Livery suits ill my Birth; but Slave to Love, I must not disobey; his Service is the hardest Vassalage, forcing the Powers divine to lay their Godships down to be more Gods, more happy here below.——Thus I, poor Wanderer, have left my Country, disguis'd myself so much, I hardly know whether this Habit, or my Love, be blindest; to follow one, perhaps, who loves me not, tho' every Breath of his soft Words was Passion, and every Accent Love. Oh *Roebuck*! [*Weeps.*]

Enter Roebuck.

Roeb. This is the Page, Love's Link-Boy, that must light me the Way.——How now, pretty Boy; has your Lady beaten you? ha!——This Lady must be a *Venus*, for she has got a *Cupid* in her Family. 'Tis a wondrous pretty Boy——[*Leante starts, and stares at him.*] but a very comical Boy——What the Devil does he stare at?

Lean. Oh Heav'ns; is the Object real, or are my Eyes false? Is that *Roebuck*, or am I *Leante*? I'm afraid he's not the same; and too sure I'm not myself—— [Weeps.]

Roeb. What Offence could such pretty Innocence commit, to deserve a Punishment to make you cry?

Lean. Oh Sir! a wondrous Offence.

Roeb. What was it, my Child?

Lean. I prick'd my Finger with a Pin, till I made it bleed.

Roeb. Such little Boys as you should have a Care of sharp Things.

Lean. Indeed, Sir, we ought; for it prick'd me so deep, that the Sore went to my very Heart.

Roeb. Poor Boy! here's a Plaister for your sore Finger—— [Gives him Gold.]

Lean. Sir, you had best keep it for a sore Finger.

[Returns it.]

Roeb. O' my Conscience the Boy's witty, but not very wise in returning Gold——Come, come, you shall take it. [Forces it upon him and kisses him.]

Lean. That's the fitter Cure for my sore Finger.—The same dear Lips still. Oh that the Tongue within them were as true! [Aside.]

Roeb. By Heav'ns, this Boy has the softest Pair of Lips I ever tasted. I ne'er found before, that Ladies kiss'd their Pages; but now if this Rogue were not too young, I shou'd suspect he were before-hand with me. I gad, I must kiss him again——Come, you shall take the Money. [Kisses.]

Lean. Oh how he bribes me into Bribery!—— But what must I do with this Money, Sir?

Roeb. You must get a little Mistress, and treat her with it.

Lean. Sir, I have one Mistress already; and they say, no Man can serve two Masters, much less two Mistresses. How many Mistresses have you, pray?

Roeb. Umh! I gad the Boy has pos'd me——How many, Child? Why, let me see.—There was Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Lucy, Mrs. Susan, Mrs. Judy,

dy, and so forth; to the Number of five and twenty, or thereabouts.

Lean. Oh ye Powers! and did you love 'em all?

Roeb. Yes, desperately.——I wou'd have drank and fought for any one of them: I have sworn and ly'd to every one of 'em, and have lain with 'em all: That's for your Encouragement, Boy, learn betimes, Youth; young Plants should be water'd. Your Smock-Face was made for a Chamber-Utenfil.

Lean. And did not one escape ye?

Roeb. Yes, one did;——the Devil take her.

Lean. What, don't you love her then?

Roeb. No, faith; but I bear her an amorous Grudge still; something between Love and Spight.——I cou'd kill her with Kindness.

Lean. I don't believe it, Sir; you cou'd not be so hard-hearted sure: Her honourable Passion, I think, shou'd please you best.

Roeb. O Child! Boys of your Age are continually reading Romances, filling your Heads with that old Bombast of Love and Honour: But when you come to my Years, you'll understand better Things.

Lean. And must I be a false treacherous Villain, when I come to your Years, Sir? Is Falshood and Perjury essential to the perfect State of Manhood?

Roeb. Pshaw, Children and old Men always talk thus foolishly——You understand nothing, Boy.

Lean. Yes, Sir, I have been in Love, and much more than you, I perceive.

Roeb. It appears then, that there's no Service in the World so educating to a Boy as a Lady's——By *Jove*, this Spark may be older than I imagine. Hark ye, Sir; do you never pull off your Lady's Shoes and Stockings? Do you never reach her the——Pin-cushion? Do you never sit on her Bed-side, and sing to her? Ha!——Come tell me, that's my good Boy.——

[*Makes much of him.*]

Lean. Yes, I do sing her asleep sometimes.

Roeb. But do you never waken her again?

Lean. No, but I constantly wake myself; my Rest's always disturbed by Visions of the Devil.

Rosb. Who wou'd imagine now, that this young Shaver cou'd dream of a Woman so soon?—But what Songs does your Lady delight in most?

Lean. Passionate ones, Sir; I'll sing you one of 'em, if you'll stay.

Rosb. With all my Heart, my little Cherubim. The Rogue is fond of shewing his Parts.—Come, begin.

A SONG: Set by Mr. Richardson.

I.

How blessed are Lovers in Disguise!

Like Gods they see,

As I do thee,

Unseen by human Eyes.

Expos'd to View,

I'm hid from you,

I'm alter'd, yet the same:

The Dark conceals me;

Love reveals me;

Love, which lights me by its Flame.

II.

Were you not false, you me wou'd know;

For tho' your Eyes

Cou'd not devise,

Your Heart had told you so.

Your Heart wou'd beat

With eager Heat,

And me by Sympathy wou'd find:

True Love might see

One chang'd like me,

False Love is only blind.

Rosb. Oh my little Angel in Voice and Shape!—

[*Kisses her.*] I cou'd wish myself a Female for thy Sake.

Lean.

Lean. You're much better as you are for my Sake.

[*Aside.*]

Roeb. Or if thou wert a Woman, I wou'd——

Lean. What would you? marry me? wou'd you marry me?

Roeb. Marry you, Child! no, no; I love you too well for that, you shou'd not have my Hand, but all my Body at once.——But to our Business: Is your Lady at home?

Lean. My Lady! What Business have you with my Lady, pray Sir?

Roeb. Don't ask Questions. You know Mr. *Lowell*.

Lean. Yes, very well. He's my great Friend, and one I wou'd serve above all the World,——but his Sister.

Roeb. His Sister!——Ha, that gives me a Twinge for my Sin.——Pray, Mr. *Page*, was *Lean* well when you left her?

Lean. Yes, Sir; but wondrous melancholy, by the Departure of a dear Friend of her's to another World.

Roeb. O that was the Person mention'd in her Letter, whose Departure occasion'd your Departure for England.

Lean. That was the Occasion of my coming, too sure, Sir:——Oh, 'twas a dear Friend to me! the Loss makes me weep.

Roeb. Poor tender-hearted Creature!——But I still find there was not a Word of me.——Pray, good Boy, let your Mistress know, here's one to wait on her.

Lean. Your Business is from Mr. *Lowell*, I suppose, Sir.

Roeb. Yes, yes.

Lean. Then I'll go.

[*Exit.*]

Roeb. I've throwa my Cast, and am fairly in for't: But a'n't I an impudent Dog? Had I as much Gold in my Breeches, as Brass in my Face, I durst attempt a whole Nunnery. This Lady is a reputed Virtue of good Fortune and Quality; I am a rakehellly Rascal,

not worth a Groat; and without any farther Ceremony, am going to debauch her.—— But hold;— She does not know that I'm this rakehelly Rascal; and I know that she's a Woman, one of Eighteen too; beautiful, witty.—— O' my Conscience, upon second Thoughts, I am not so very impudent neither.—— Now as to my Management, I'll first try the whining Addresses, and see if she'll bleed in the soft Vein.

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. Have you any Bus'ness with me, Sir?

Roeb. Thus look'd the forbidden Fruit, luscious and tempting. 'Tis ripe, and will soon fall, if one will shake the Tree. [*Aside.*

Luc. Have you any Bus'ness with me, Sir?

[*Comes nearer.*

Roeb. Yes, Madam, the Bus'ness of Mankind; to adore you—My Love, like my Blood, circulates thro' my Veins, and at every Pulse of my Heart, animates me with a fresh Passion—— Wonder not, Madam, at the Power of your Eyes, whose pointed Darts have struck on a young and tender Heart, which they easily pierced, and which, unaccustomed to such Wounds, finds the Smart more painful.

[*Lean. peeps.*] Oh Traitor! Just such Words he spake to me.

Luc. Hey-day; I was never so attack'd in all my Life. In Love with me, Sir! Did you ever see me before?

Roeb. Never, by Jove——[*Aside.*] Oh, ten thousand Times, Madam. Your lovely Idea is always in my View, either asleep or awake, eating or drinking, walking, sitting or standing; alone, or in Company, my Fancy wholly feeds upon your dear Image, and every Thought is you—— Now have I told about fifteen Lyes in a Breath. [*Aside.*

Luc. I suppose, Sir, you are some conceited young Scribbler, who has got the Benefits of a first Play in your Pocket, and are now going a Fortune-hunting.

Roeb.

Roeb. But why a Scribbler, Madam? Are my Cloaths so coarse, as if they were spun by those lazy Spinsters the Muses? Does the Parting of my Fore-top shew so thin, as if it resembled the two wither'd Tops of *Parnassus*? Do you see any Thing peculiarly whimsical or ill-natur'd in my Face? Is my Countenance strain'd, as if my Head were distorted by a Strangury of thought? Is there any Thing proudly, slovenly, or affectedly careless in my Dress? Do my Hands look like Paper-moths? I think, Madam, I have nothing poetical about me.

Luc. Yes, Sir, you have Wit enough to talk like a Fool; and are Fool enough to talk like a Wit.

Roeb. You call'd me Poet, Madam, and I know no better Way of Revenge, than to convince you that I am one by my Impudence—[Offers to kiss her Hand.

Luc. Then make me a Copy of Verses upon that, Sir.

[Hits him on the Ear, and Bait.

Leante entering.

How d'ye like the Subject, Sir?

Roeb. 'Tis a very copious one—[Spitting.]—It has made my Jolls rhyme in my Head. This it is to be thought a Poet; every Minx must be casting his Profession in his Teeth.——What! Gone!

Lean. Ay, she knows that making Verses requires Solitude and Retirement.

Roeb. She certainly was afraid I intended to beg Leave to dedicate something—If ever I make Love like a Poetical Fool again, may I never receive any Favour but a Subject for a Copy of Verses.

Re-enter Lucinda.

Luc. I won't dismiss him thus, for Fear he lampoon me.—Well, Sir, have you done them?

Roeb. Yes, Madam, will you please to read?

[Catches her and kisses her three or four Times.

Lean. Oh, Heaven! I can never bear it. I must devise some Means to part 'em.

Luc. Sir, your Verses are too rough and constrain'd. However, because I gave the Occasion, I'll pardon what's past.

Roeb. By the Lord, she was angry only because I did not make the first Offer to her Lips. [*Aside.*]—Then, Madam, the Peace is concluded?

Luc. Yes, and therefore both Parties should draw out of the Field. [*Going.*]

Roeb. Not till we make Reprizals. I make Peace with Sword in Hand, Madam, and till you return my Heart, which you have taken, or your own in Exchange, I will not put up. And so, Madam, I proclaim open War again— [*Catches her.*]

Enter Leanthé.

Lean. Oh, Madam! Yonder's poor little *Crab*, your Lap-dog, has got his Head between two of the Window-bars, and is like to be strangl'd.

[*The Dog bawls behind the Scenes.*]

Luc. Oh Lord, my poor *Crabby*! I must run to the Rescue of my poor Dog; I'll wait on you instantly.—Come, come, Page—Poor *Crabby*!

[*Exit with Leanthé.*]

Roeb. Oh the Devil choak *Crabby*!—Well, I find there's much more Rhetorick in the Lips than the Tongue—Had Buss been the first Word of my Courtship, I might have gain'd the Out-Works by this. Impudence in Love, is like Courage in War; tho' both blind Chances, because Women and Fortune rule them.

Re-enter Leanthé.

Lean. Sir, my Lady begs your Pardon; there's something extraordinary happen'd, which prevents her waiting on you, as she promis'd.

Roeb. What, has Monsieur *Crabby* rubb'd some of the Hairs off his Neck? has he disorder'd his pretty Ears? She won't come again then?

Lean. No, Sir, you must excuse her.

Roeb. Then I'll go and be drunk—Hark'e, Sirrah; I have half a Dozen delicious Creatures waiting for me at the *Sun*; you shall along with me and have your Choice. I'll enter you into the School of *Venus*, Child. 'Tis Time you had lost your Maidenhead, you're too old for Play-things.

Lean.

Lean. Oh Heavens! I had rather he shou'd stay than go there. [*Aside.*] But why will you keep such Company, Sir?

Roeb. Nay, if you're for Advice, farewell:

*Men of ripe Understanding shou'd always despise
What Babes only practise, and Dotards advise.*

[*Exit singing.*]

Lean. Wild as Winds, and unconfin'd as Air—
Yet I may reclaim him. His Pollies are weakly founded, upon the Principles of Honour, where the very Foundation helps to undermine the Structure. How charming wou'd Virtue look in him, whose Behaviour can add a Grace to the Unseemliness of Vice!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What is the Gentleman gone?

Lean. Yes, Madam. He was instantly taken ill with a violent Pain in his Stomach, and was forc'd to hurry away in a Chair to his Lodging.

Luc. Oh poor Gentleman! He's one of those conceited Fools that think no Female can resist their Temptations. Blockheads, that imagine all Wit to consist in blaspheming Heaven and Women.—I'll feed his Vanity, but starve his Love.

*And may all Concombs meet no better Fate,
Who doubt our Sex's Virtue, or dare prompt our Hate.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *Lyrick's Chamber in Widow Bullinch's House; Papers scatter'd about the Table, himself sitting writing in a Night-Gown and Cap.*

Lyr. Two as good Lines as ever were written
[*rising.*] I gad I shall maul these topping Fellows.
Says Mr. Lee,

*Let there be not one Glimpse, one starry Spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the Dark.*

Says little *Lyrick*,

*Let all the Lights be burnt out to a Snuff,
And Gods meet Gods, and play at Blindman's-buff.*

Very well!

Let Gods meet Gods, and so—fall out and cuff.

That's much mended. They're as noble Lines as ever were penn'd. Oh! Here comes my damn'd Muse; I am always in the Humour of writing Elegy after a little of her Inspiration.

Enter Bullfinch.

Bull. Mr. *Lyrick*, what do you mean by all this? Here you have lodg'd two Years in my House, promis'd me Eighteen-pence a Week for your Lodging, and I have ne'er receiv'd eighteen Farthings; not the Value of that, Mr. *Lyrick*. [*Snaps with her Fingers.*] You always put me off with telling me of your Play, your Play——Sir, you shall play no more with me, I'm in earnest.

Lyr. This living on Love is the dearest Lodging—a Man's eternally dunn'd, tho' perhaps he has less of one ready Coin than t'other.——There's more Trouble in a Play than you imagine, Madam.

Bull. There's more Trouble with a Lodger than you think, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Lyr. First, there's the Decorum of Time.

Bull. Which you never observe; for you keep the worst Hours of any Lodger in Town.

Lyr. Then there's the Exactness of Characters.——

Bull. And you have the most scandalous one I ever heard.

Lyr. Then there's laying the Drama.

Bull. Then you foul my Napkins and Towels.

Lyr. Then there are Preparations of Incidents, working the Passions, Beauty of Expression, Closeness of Plot, Justness of Place, Turn of Language, opening the Catastrophe.——

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Love and a Bottle. 49

Bull. Then you wear out my Sheets, burn my Fire and Candle, dirty my House, eat my Meat, destroy my Drink, wear out my Furniture,—— I have lent you Money out of my Pocket.

Lyr. Was ever poor Rogue so ridden? If ever the Muses had a Horse, I am he.——Faith, Madam, poor *Pegasus* is jaded.

Bull. Come, come, Sir, he sha'n't slip his Neck out of the Collar for all that. Money I will have, and Money I must have; let your Play and you both be damn'd.

Lyr. Well, Madam, my Bookseller is to bring me some twenty Guineas for a few Sheets of mine presently, which I hope will free me from your Sheets.

Bull. My Sheets, Mr. *Lyrick*! Pray what d'ye mean? I'll assure you, Sir, my Sheets are finer than any of your Muses spinning——Marry come up.

Lyr. Faith you have spun me so fine, that you have almost crack'd my Thread of Life, as may appear by my Spindle-thanks.

Bull. Why sure——Where was your *Ibalia*, and your *Melpomene*, when the Taylor wou'd have stripped you of your Silk Waistcoat, and have clapp'd you on a Stone Doublet? Wou'd all your Golden Verses have paid the Serjeant's Fees?

Lyr. Truly, you freed me from Gaol, to confine me in a Dungeon; you did not ransom me, but bought me as a Slave; so, Madam, I'll purchase my Freedom as soon as possible. Flesh and Blood can't bear it.

Bull. Take your Course, Sir——There were a couple of Gentlemen just now to enquire for you; and if they come again, they sha'n't be put off with the old Story of your being abroad, I'll promise you that, Sir. [Exit.]

Lyr. Zoons! If this Bookseller does not bring me Money.——

Enter Pamphlet.

Oh! Mr. *Pamphlet*, your Servant. Have you perus'd my Poems?

Pam.

Pam. Yes, Sir; and there are some things very well, extraordinary well, Mr. *Lyrick*: But I don't think 'em for my Purpose———Poetry is a mere Drug, Sir.

Lyr. Is that because I take Physick when I write?
———Damn this costive Fellow, now he does not apprehend the Joke. [*Aside.*]

Pam. No, Sir, but your Name does not recommend 'em. One must write himself into a Consumption before he gain Reputation.

Lyr. That's the Way to lie abed when his Name's up. Now I lie abed before I can gain Reputation.

Pam. Why so, Sir?

Lyr. Because I have scarcely any Cloaths to put on
———If ever Man did Penance in a white Sheet———

Pam. You stand only sometimes in a white Sheet for your Offences with your Landlady. Faith, I have often wonder'd how your Muse cou'd take such Flights, yoaak'd to such a Cart-Load as she is.

Lyr. Oh! they are like the *Irish Horses*, they draw best by the Tail——Have you ever seen any of my Burlesque, Mr. *Pamphlet*? I have a Project of turning three or four of our most topping Fellows in Doggrel. As for Example;——— [*Reads.*]

*Conquest with Laurels has our Arms adorn'd,
And Rome in Tears of Blood our Anger mourn'd.
Now, Butchers with Rosemary have our Beef adorn'd,
Which has in Gravy Tears our Hunger mourn'd.
How d'ye like it, Mr. Pamphlet, ha?——Well———
Like Gods, we pass'd the rugged Alpine Hills;
Melted our way, and drove our hissing Wheels;
Thro' cloudy Deluges, eternal Rills. }
Now observe, Mr. Pamphlet; pray observe.
Like Razors keen, our Knives cut Passage down
Through Rills of Fat, and Deluges of Loam.*

Pam. Very well, upon my Soal.

Lyr. Har'd dreadful Fire, and Vinegar infus'd.

Pam.

Pam. Ay, Sir, Vinegar ! how patty that comes in for the Beef, Mr. *Lyrick* ! 'Tis all wondrous fine indeed.

Lyr. This is the most ingenious Fellow of his Trade that I have seen ; he understands a good thing.——

[*Aside.*]——But as to our Bus'ness——What are you willing to give for these Poems ? Prithee say something. There are about three thousand Lines.——Here, take 'em for a couple of Guineas.

Pam. No, Sir ; Paper is so excessive dear, that I dare not venture upon 'em.

Lyr. Well, because you're a Friend, I'll bestow 'em upon you.——Here, take 'em all——There's the Hopes of a Dedication still. [*Aside.*]

Pam. I give you a thousand Thanks, Sir ; but I dare not venture the Hazard ; they'll never quit Cost, indeed, Sir.

Lyr. This Fellow is one of the greatest Blockheads that ever was a Member of a Corporation——How shall I be reveng'd ?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, there are two Men below desire to have the Honour of kissing your Hand.

Lyr. They must be Knaves or Fools by their fulsome Compliment. Hark ye——[*Whispers the Boy.*]
——Bid 'em walk up.

Pam. Since you have got Company, Sir, I'll take my Leave.

Lyr. No, no, Mr. *Pamphlet*, by no means ! We must drink before we part. Boy, a Pint of Sack and a Toast. These are two Gentleman out of the Country, who will be for all the new things lately publish'd ; they'll be good Customers——Come, sit down——You have not seen my Play yet——Here take the Pen, and if you see any thing amiss, correct it : I'll go bring 'em up.——Stay, lend me your Hat and Wig, or I shall take cold going down Stairs.

[*He takes Pamphlet's Hat and Wig, and puts his Cap on Pamphlet's Head.*]

Pam.

Pam. [*Solus.*] This is a right Poetical Cap; 'tis Bays the Outside, and the Lining Fustian——[*Reading.*]—— This is all Stuff, worse than his Poems.

Enter two Bailiffs behind him, and clap him on the Shoulder.

1st Bail. You're the King's Prisoner.

Pam. That's a good Fancy enough, Mr. *Lyrick*. But pray don't interrupt me, I'm in the best Scene.—— I gad the Drama is very well laid.

2d Bail. Come, Sir.

Pam. Well, well, Sir, I'll pledge ye. Prithee now, good Mr. *Lyrick*, don't disturb me.——

And furious Lightnings brandish'd in her Eyes.

That's true Spirit of Poetry.

1st Bail. Zoons, Sir, d'ye banter us?

[Takes him under each Arm, and hauls him up.]

Pam. Gentlemen——I beg your Pardon. How d'ye like the City, Gentlemen? If you have any occasion for Books to carry into the Country, I can furnish you as well as any Man about *Paul's*. Where's Mr. *Lyrick*?

1st Bail. These Wits are damnable cunning. I always have double Fees for arresting one of you Wits. All your Evasions won't do; we understand Trap, Sir; you must not think to catch old Birds with Chaff, Sir.

Pam. Zoons, Gentlemen, I'm not the Person! I'm a Freeman of the City; I have good Effects, Gentlemen, good Effects. D'ye think to make a Fool of me! I'm a Bookseller, no Poet.

2d Bail. Ah, Sir, we know what you are by your Fool's Cap there.

1st Bail. Yes one of you Wits wou'd have pass'd upon us for a Corn-cutter yesterday; and was so like one, we had almost believ'd him. [*Hauls him.*]

Pam. Why Gentlemen, Gentlemen, Officers, have a little Patience, and Mr. *Lyrick* will come up Stairs.

1st Bail. No, no, Mr. *Lyrick* shall go down Stairs. He wou'd have us wait till some Friends come in to rescue

rescue him. Ah! These Wits are devilish cunning.

[*Exeunt, hauling Pamphlet.*]

Enter Lyrick, Mockmode, and Club; Lyrick dress'd.

Lyr. Ha, ha, ha! Very poetical, Faith; a good Plot for a Play, Mr. *Mockmode*, a Bookseller bound in Calves Leather.——Ha, ha, ha!——How they walk'd along like the three Volumes of the *English Rogue* squeez'd together on a Shelf.

Mock. What was it? what was it, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Why, I am a Statesman, Sir.——I can't but laugh, to think how they'll sponge the Sheet before the Errata be blotted out; and then how he'll hamper the Dogs for false Imprisonment.

Mock. But pray, what's the Matter, Mr. *Lyrick*?

Lyr. Nothing, Sir, but a sharking Bookseller that ow'd me about forty Guineas for a few Lines. He wou'd have put me off, so I sent for a couple of Bull-dogs, and arrested him.

Mock. Oh Lord! Mr. *Lyrick*, Honesty's quite out of Doors; 'tis a rare thing to find a Man that's a true Friend, a true Friend is a rare thing indeed!——Mr. *Lyrick*, will you be my Friend? I only want that Accomplishment. I have got a Mistress, a Dancing and Fencing Master; and now I want only a Friend to be a fine Gentleman.

Lyr. Have you never had a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Yes, a very honest Fellow; our Friendship commenc'd in the College-Cellar, and we lov'd one another like two Brothers, till we unluckily fell out afterwards at a Game of Tables.

Lyr. I find then that neither of ye lost by the Set.——[*Aside.*] But my short Acquaintance can't recommend me to such a Trust.

Mock. Pshaw, Acquaintance!——You must be a Man of Honour, as you're a Poet, Sir.

Lyr. But what use would you make of a Friend, Sir?

Mock. Only to tell my Secrets to, and be my Second.——Now, Sir, a Wit must be best to keep a Secret, because what you say to one's Prejudice will
be

be thought Malice. Then you must have a devilish deal of Courage by your Heroick Writing.——

But know, that I alone am King of Me.

Heav'ns! Sure the Author of that Line must be a plaguy stout Fellow; it makes me valiant as *Hector* when I read it.

Lyr. Sir, we stick to what we write as little as Divines do to what they preach.——Besides, Sir, there are other Qualifications requisite in a Friend, he must lend you Money. Now, Sir, I can't be that Friend, for I want forty Guineas.

Mock. Sir, I can lend you fifty upon good Security.——'Twas the last Word my Father spoke on his Death-bed, that I shou'd never lend Money without Security.

Lyr. Fie, Sir! Security from a Friend, and a Man of Honour by his Profession too!

Mock. By the Universe, that's true, you are my Friend. Then I'll tell you a Secret——[*They whisper.*

Club. Now will this plaguy Wit turn my Nose out of Joint.——I was my Master's Friend before, tho' I never found the Knack of borrowing Money; tho' I have receiv'd some Marks of his Friendship, some found Drubs about the Head and Shoulders, or so. I have been bound for him too in the Stocks, for his breaking Windows very often.

Lyr. Mr. *Mockmode*, you may be impos'd upon. I wou'd see this Lady you court. I know Mr. *Lovewell* has a Mistress nam'd *Lucinda*; but that she lodges in this House, I much doubt.

Mock. Impos'd upon! that's very comical.——Ha, ha, ha! You shall see, Sir; come——Pray, Sir, you're my Friend.

Lyr. Nay, pray, indeed, Sir, I beg your [*They compliment for the Door.*] Pardon, you're a 'Squire, Sir.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you lye, I'm not a Fool; I'll take an Affront from no Man.—Draw Sir. [*Draws.*

Club. Draw, Sir.——I gad I'll put his Nose out of Joint now.

Lyr.

Lyr. Unequal Numbers, Gentlemen.

Club. I'm only my Master's Friend, his Second, or so, Sir.

Lyr. What's the Matter, noble 'Squire?

Mock. You lye again, Sir, Zauns, draw.

[Strikes him with his Sword.

Lyr. Ha! a Blow!—*Effex*, a Blow—yet I will be calm.

Club. Zoons, draw, Sir. [Strikes him.

Lyr. Oh Patience, Heaven!—Thou art my Friend still.

Mock. You lye, Sir.

Lyr. Then thou art a Traytor, Tyrant, Monster.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, you're a Son of a Whore, and a Rascal.

Club. A Scribbler.

Lyr. Ah, ah—That rings home.—Scribbler?

Mock. Ay, Scribbler, Ballad-maker.

Lyr. Nay then—

I and the Gods will fight it with ye all. [Draws.

Enter Roebuck drunk and singing.

France we'er will comply

Till her Claret runs dry;

Then let's pull away to defeat her:

He hinders the Peace,

Who refuses his Glass,

And deserves to be hang'd for a Traytor.

Now, my Myrmidons, fall on; I have taken off the Odds.

Dub a dub, dub a dub, to the Battle. [Sings.

Zoons, Gentlemen, why don't you fight? Blood, fight. Oblige me so far to fight a little; I long to see a little Sport.

Lyr. Sir, I scorn to shew Sport to any Man.

[Puts up.

Mock. And so do I, by the Universe.

Club. And I, by the Universe.

Lyr.

Lyr. I shall take another Time.

[*Exit.*

Roeb. Here, Rascal, take your Chopping-knife —
[*Gives Club his Sword.*] and bring me a Joint of that
Coward's Flesh for your Master's Supper — Fly Dog.
[*Takes him by the Nose.*

Club. Ah — This Fellow's likeliest to put my Nose
out of Joint.

Roeb. Now, Sir, tell me, how you durst be a
Coward.

Mock. Coward, Sir? I'm a Man of a great Estate,
Sir; I have five Thousand Acres of good fighting
Ground as any in *England*, good *Terra firma*, Sir:
Coward, Sir! Have a Care what you say, Sir —
My Father was a Parliament Man, Sir; and I was
bred at the College, Sir.

Roeb. O then I know your Genealogy; your Fa-
ther was a Senior-Fellow, and your Mother was an
Air-pump. You were suck'd by *Platonick* Ideas,
and you have some of your Mother's Milk in your
Nose yet.

Mock. From the Proposition by Mode and Figure,
Sir.

Roeb. I told you so — Blow your Nose, Child;
and have a Care of dirtying your Philosophical Slabber-
ing-Bib.

Mock. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Roeb. Your starch'd Band, set by Mode and Figure,
Sir.

Mock. Band, Sir! — This Fellow's blind drunk.
I wear a Cravat, Sir.

Roeb. Then set a good Face upon the Matter. Throw
off Childishness and Folly, with your Hanging-sleeves.
Now you have left the University, learn, learn.

Mock. This Fellow's an Atheist, by the Universe!
I'll take Notice of him, and inform against him for
being drunk. — Pray, Sir, what's your Name?

Roeb. My Name! by the Lord, I have forgot —
Stay, I shall think on't by and by.

Mock. Zauns, forget your own Name! your Me-
mory must be very short, Sir.

Roeb.

Roeb. Ay, so it seems, for I was but christen'd this Morning, and I have forgot it already.

Mock. Was your Worship then *Turk* or *Jew* before?—I knew he was some damn'd bloody Dog.

[*Aside.*

Roeb. Sir, I have been *Turk*, or *Jew* rather, since; for I have got a plaguy Heathenish Name—Pox on't: —Oh! now I have it.—*Mo—Mock—mo—*

Mockmode.

Mock. Mockmode! Mockmode! Sir, pray how do you spell it?

Roeb. Go you to your A, B, C, you came last from the University.

Mock. Sir, I'm call'd *Mockmode*.—What Family are you of, Sir?

Roeb. What Family are you of, Sir?

Mock. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*.

Roeb. Then I'm of the same, I believe.——

I fancy, Sir, that you and I are near Relations.

Mock. Relations! Sir, there are but two Families; my Father's, who is now dead; and his Brother Colonel *Peaceable Mockmode*.

Roeb. Ay, ay, the very same Colonel *Peaceable*—— Is not he Colonel of *Militia*?

Mock. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. And was not he High-Sheriff of the County last Year?

Mock. The very same, Sir.

Roeb. The very same; I'm of that Family.—And your Father dy'd about——let me see——

Mock. About half a Year ago.

Roeb. Exactly; by the same Token you got drunk at a Hunting Match that very Day seven-night he was bury'd.

Mock. This Fellow's a Witch.——But it looks very strange that you shou'd be christen'd this Morning. I'm sure your Godfathers had a plaguy deal to answer for.

Roeb. Oh, Sir, I'm of Age to answer for myself.

Mock.

Mock. One would not think so, your're so forgetful. 'Tis two and twenty Years since I was christen'd, and I can remember my Name still.

Roeb. Come, we'll take a Glas of Wine, and that will clear our Understanding. We'll remember our Friends.

Mock. You must excuse me, Sir. ——— This is some Sharper. [*Aside.*]

Roeb. Nay, prithee, Cousin, good Cousin *Mockmode*, one Glas. I know you are an honest Fellow. We must remember our Relations in the Country indeed, Sir.

Mock. Oh Sir, you're so short of Memory, you can never call 'em to mind. You have forgot yourself, Sir; *Mockmode* is a heathenish Name, Sir, and all that, Sir. And so I beg your Pardon, Sir. ———

[*Exit.*]

Roeb. Now were I Lawyer enough, by that little Enquiry into that Fellow's Concerns, I could bring in a false Deed to cheat him of his Estate.

Enter Brush.

Where the Devil is thy Master! You said I shou'd find him here.

Brush. 'Tis impossible for you, or me, or any body to find him.

Roeb. Why?

Brush. Because he has lost himself. The Devil has made a Jugler's Ball of him, I believe. He's here now; then, *Præsto*, pass in an Instant. He has got some damn'd Business to Day in hand.

Roeb. Ah, so it seems——I must be 'Squire *Mockmode*, and court an honourable Mistress, in the Devil's Name! Well, let my sober thinking Friend plot on, and lay Traps to catch Futurity; I'm for holding fast to the present.—I have got about twenty Guineas in my Pocket; and whilst they last, the Devil take *George* if he thinks of Futurity; I'll go hand in hand with Fortune.

*She is an honest giddy, reeling Punk ;
My Head, her Wheel, turn round, and so we both are
drunk.* [Exit reeling.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Lucinda's House.

*Enter Leathe, and Pindress following with a Paper of
Sweetmeats in her Hand.*

Pind. **H**ERE, here, Page, your Lady has sent you
some Sweetmeats ; but indeed you sha'nt
have 'em till you hire me.

Lean. She sent four Sauce, when she made you the
Bearer. [Aside.

Pind. Prithee now, what makes you constantly so
melancholy ? Come, you must be merry, and shall be
merry ; I'll get you some Play-things.

Lean. I believe you want Play-things more than I.
——But I wou'd be private, *Pindress.*

Pind. Well, my Child, I'll be private with you !
Boys and Girls shou'd still be private together ; and
we may be as retir'd as we please ; for my Mistress
is reading in her Closet, and all the Servants are be-
low.——But what Concerns have you ? I'm
sure, such a little Boy can have no great Business in
private.

Lean. I will try thee for once—[Aside.]—Yes, Mrs.
Pindress, I have great Inclinations——

Pind. To what ? To do what, Sir ?——Don't name
it:——'Tis all in vain ;——you sha'nt do it ; you
need not ask it.

Lean. Only to kiss you.

[Kisses her.
• *Pind.*

Pind. Oh fie, Sir! Indeed I'll have none of your Kisses. Take it back again. [*Kisses him.*] Is not the Taste of the Sweetmeats very pretty about my Lips?

Lean. Oh hang your liquorish Chaps: you'd fain be licking your Lips, I find that.

Pind. Indeed, Mr. Page, I won't pay you the Kisses you won from me last Night at Cross-purposes; and you sha'n't think to keep my Pawn neither.— Pray give me my *Hungary Bottle*—As I hope to be sav'd, I will have my *Hungary Bottle*—[*Rummaging him.*]—I'm stronger than you—I'll carry you in, and throw you upon the Bed, and take it from you.—

[*Takes him up in her Arms.*]

Lean. Help! help! I shall be ravish'd! Help! help!

Enter Lucinda.

Luc. What's the Matter? Oh bless me!

Pind. Oh dear, Madam, this unlucky Boy had almost spoil'd me. Did not your Ladyship hear me cry, I shou'd be ravish'd? I was so weak, I cou'd not resist the little strong Rogue; he whipt me up in his Arms, like a Baby; and had not your Ladyship come in—

Luc. What, Sirrah! wou'd you debauch my Maid, you little Cock-Sparrow? must you be Billing too? I have a great mind to make her whip you, Sirrah.

Pind. O dear, Madam, let me do't. I'll take him into the Room, and I will so chastise him—

Luc. But do you think you'll be able, *Pindrefs*? I'll send one of my Men to help you.

Pind. No, no, Madam: I cou'd manage him with one Hand. — See here, Madam.

[*Takes him in her Arms, and is running away.*]

Luc. Hold, hold! Is this you that the little strong Rogue had almost ravish'd? He snatch'd you up in his Arms like a Baby!—Ah *Pindrefs*, *Pindrefs*! I see y'are very weak indeed.—Are not you asham'd, Girl, to debauch my little Boy?

Pind. Your Ladyship gave me Orders to make him merry, and divert his Melancholy; and I know no better Way than to tease him a little. I'm afraid the
Boy

Boy is troubl'd with the Rickets, and a little shaking, Madam, wou'd do him some good.

Lean. I'm tir'd with Impertinence, and have other Bus'ness to mind. [Aside, Exit.

Pind. I hope your Ladyship entertains no ill Opinion of my Virtue.

Luc. Truly I don't know what to think on't: But I've so good an Opinion of your Sense, as to believe you wou'd not play the Fool with a Child.

Pind. We're all subject to playing the Fool, if you continue your Resolution in marrying the first Man that asks you the Question.

Luc. No, my Mind's chang'd; I'll never marry any Man.

Pind. I dare swear that Resolution breaks sooner than the former. [Aside.] Ah, Madam, Madam! if you never believe Man again, you must never be Woman again; for tho' we are as cunning as Serpents, we are naturally as flexible too. Speak ingenuously, Madam, if Mr. *Loverwell* shou'd, with an amorous Whine, and suppliant Cringe, tell you a formal Story, contrary to what we suspect; would you not believe him?

Luc. What, believe his vain Assertions, before the Demonstration of my Senses! No, no; my Love's not so blind. Did I not see his Miss and his Child? Did I not behold him giving her Money? Did I not hear him declare, he would settle her in a Lodging?

Pind. But, Madam, upon serious Reflection, where's the great Harm in all this? most Ladies wou'd be over-joy'd at such a Discovery of their Lover's Ability. The Child seem'd a lusty chopping Boy, and let me tell you, Madam, it must be a lusty chopping Boy that got it.

Luc. Urge no farther in his Defence; he's a Villain, and of all Villains I hate most an hypocritical one. The Ladies give him the Epithet of modest, and the Gentlemen that of sober *Loverwell*. Now methinks, such a Piece of Debauchery fits so awkwardly on a Person of his Character, that it adds an

Unseemliness to the natural Vileness of the Vice; and he that dares be a Hypocrite in Religion, will certainly be one in Love. — Stay, is not that he?

[Pointing outwards.

Pind. Yes, Madam; I believe he is going to the Park.

Luc. Call a couple of Chairs quickly; we'll thither masqu'd. This Day's Adventures argue some intended Plot upon me, which I may countermine by only setting a Face upon the matter.

[Puts her Masque on.

*For as Hypocrisy in Men can move,
Here's the best Hypocrite in female Love.
On even Scores designing Heaven took care;
Since Men false Hearts, that we false Faces wear.*

[Exit.

SCENE, the Park.

Enter Lovewell and Lyrick meeting; Lyrick reading.

*I'll rack thy Reputation, blast thy Fame,
And in strong grinding Satyr, gibbet up thy Name.*

Love. What! in a Rapture, Mr. Lyrick?

Lyr. A little poetical Fury, that's all. — I'll 'Squire him; I'll draw his Character for the Buffoon of a Farce; he shall be as famous in Ballad as Robin Hood, or Little John: My Muses shall haunt him like Demons; they shall make him more ridiculous than Don Quixot.

Love. Because he encounter'd your Windmill-Pate. — Ha, ha, ha! — Come, come, Mr. Lyrick, you must be pacify'd.

Lyr. Pacify'd, Sir! Zoons, Sir, he's a Fool, and has not a Grain of Sense. Were he an ingenious Fellow, or a Man of Parts, I cou'd bear a Kicking from him: But an Abuse from a Blockhead! I can never suffer it.

Bert

*Pert Blockhead, who has purchas'd by the School,
Just Sense enough to make a noted Fool,
That stings, Mr. Lovewell.*

Lovell Pray, Sir, let me see it.
Lyr. This is imperfect, Sir: But if you please to
give your Judgment on this Piece.—[*Gives him a Paper.*]
'Tis a Burlesque on some of our late Writings.

Love. Ay, you Poets mount first on the Shoulders
of your Predecessors, to see farther in making Disco-
veries; and having once got the upper-hand, you spurn
them under-foot. I think you shou'd bear a Venera-
tion to their very Ashes.

Lyr. Ay, if most of their Writings had been burnt!
I declare, Mr. *Lovewell*, their Fame has only made
them the more remarkably faulty: Their great Beau-
ties only illustrate their greater Errors.

Love. Well, you saw the new Tragedy last Night;
how did it please ye?

Lyr. Very well; it made me laugh heartily.

Love. What laugh at a Tragedy!

Lyr. I laugh to see the Ladies cry; to see so ma-
ny weep at the Death of the fabulous Hero: Who
wou'd but laugh, if the Poet that made 'em were
hang'd! On my Conscience, these Tragedies make
the Ladies vent all their Love and Honour at their
Eyes, when the same white Handkerchief that blows
their Noses, must be a Winding-Sheet to the deceased
Hero.

Love. Then there's something in the Handkerchief
to embalm him, Mr. *Lyrick*; Ha, ha, ha!—But
what Relish have you of Comedy?

Lyr. No satisfactory one.—My Curiosity is fore-
stall'd by a Fore-knowledge of what shall happen:
For as the Hero in Tragedy is either a whining,
cringing Fool, that's always a stabbing himself; or a
ranting, hectoring Bully, that's for killing every body
else: So the Hero in Comedy is always the Poet's
Character.

Love. What's that?

Lyr. A Compound of practical Rake, and speculative Gentleman, who always bears off the great Fortune in the Play, and shams the Beau and 'Squire with a Whore or Chambermaid; and as the Catastrophe of all Tragedies is Death, so the End of Comedies is Marriage.

Love. And some think That the most Tragical Conclusion of the two.

Lyr. And therefore my Eyes are diverted by a better Comedy in the Audience, than that upon the Stage.— I have often wonder'd, why Men should be fond of seeing Fools ill represented, when, at the same Time and Place, they may behold the mighty Originals acting their Parts to the Life in their Boxes.——

Love. Oh, be favourable to the Ladies, Mr. *Lyrick*, it is your Interest. Beauty is the Deity of Poetry; and if you rebel, you'll certainly run the Fate of your first Parent the Devil.

Lyr. You're out, Sir. Beauty is a merciful Deity, and allows us sometimes to be a little Atheistical; and it is so indulgent to Wit, that it is pleas'd with it, tho' in the worst Habit, that of Satyr. Besides, there can appear no greater Argument of our Esteem, than Railery, because it is still founded upon Jealousy; occasion'd by their preferring senseless Fops, and wealthy Fools, to Men of Wit and Merit, the great Upholders of the Empire.

Love. Now I think these Favourites of the Ladies are more witty than you.

Lyr. How so, pray Sir?

Love. Because they play the Fool, conscious that it will please; and you're a Wit, when sensible that Coxcombs only are encourag'd. I wonder, Mr. *Lyrick*, that a Man of your Sense shou'd turn Poet; you'll hardly ever find a Man that is capable of the Employment will undertake it.

Lyr. The Reason of that is, every one that knows not a Tittle of the Matter, pretends to be a Judge of it.——By the Lord, Mr. *Loverwell*, I put the Criticks

next

next to the Plague, Pestilence, and Famine, in my Litany.——Had you seen 'em last Night in the Pit, with such demure supercilious Faces——their contemplative Wigs thrust judiciously backwards; their Hands rubbing their Temples, to chase ill Nature; and with a hissing venomous Tongue, pronouncing Pish! Stuff! Intolerable! Damn him!——Lord have Mercy upon us!

Love. Ay, and you shall have others as foolish as they are ill-natur'd; fond of being thought Wits, who shall laugh outrageously at every smutty Jest; cry very well, by Gad; that's fine by Heavens; and if a Distich of Rhime happens, they clap so loud, that they drown the Jest.

Lyr. That's the Jest. The Wit lies in their Hands; and if you would tell a Poet his Fortune, you must gather it from the Palmistry of the Audience; for as nothing's ill said, but what's ill taken; so nothing's well said, but what's well taken. And between you and I, Mr. *Loverwell*, Poetry, without these laughing Fools, were a Bell without a Clapper; an empty sounding Bus'ness, good for nothing; and all we Professors might go hang our selves in the Bell-ropes.

Love. Ha, ha, ha!——But I thought Poetry was instructive.

Lyr. Oh Gad forgive me, that's true: To Ladies it is morally beneficial; for you must know, they are too nice to read Sermons; such Instructions are too gross for their refin'd Apprehensions; but any Precepts that may be instill'd by easy Numbers, such as of *Rochester*, and others, make great Converts. Then they hate to hear a Fellow in a Church preach methodical Nonsense, with a *Firstly*, *Secondly*, and *Thirdly*: but they take up with some of our modern Plays in their Closet, where the Morality must be devilish instructive——But I must be gone; here comes the 'Squire. What, in the Name of Wonder, has he got with him!

Love. That which shall afford you a more plentiful Revenge than your Lampoon, if you join with

me in the Plot. To the better effecting of which, you must be seemingly reconciled to him.——Let's step aside, and observe 'em, while I give you a hint of the matter.

[*Exeunt between the Scenes, and seem to confer and hearken.*]

Enter Mockmode, leading Trudge dress'd like a Widow.

Mock. This is very fine Weather, blessed Weather indeed, Madam; 'twill do abundance of good to the Grass and Corn.

Trud. Ay, Sir, the Days are grown a great length; and I think the Weather much better here than in Ireland.

Mock. Why, Madam, were you ever there?

Trud. Oh no! Not I indeed, Sir; but I have heard my first Husband (rest his Soul) say so; he was an Irish Gentleman.

Mock. I find, Madam, you have lov'd your first Husband mightily, for you affect his Tone in Discourse.——Pray, Madam, what did that Mourning cost a Yard?

Trud. O Lord! What shall I say now? 'Tis none of mine. [*Aside*] It cost, Sir; let me see——it cost about——but it was my Steward bought it for me, I never buy such small Things,

Mock. By the Universe, she must be plaguy rich! I will be brisk. [*Aside.*] Pray, Madam——I——I pray, Madam, will you give us a Song?

Trud. A Song! Indeed then I had a good Voice, before Mr. Roebuck spoil'd it.

Mock. Mr. Roebuck! Was that your first Husband's Name, Madam?

Love. behind. She'll spoil all.

Trud. No, Sir; Roebuck was a Doctor that let me Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsy, and made me hoarse ever since.

Mock. By the Universe she's a Widow, and I'll be a little brisk. Madam, will you grant me a small Favour,

Favour, and I will bend upon my Knees to receive it. ————— [Kneels.]

Trud. What is it, pray?

Mock. Only to take off your Garter.

Lovewell enters.

Love. Zoons, her thick Leg will discover all—By your leave, Sir, have you any Pretensions to this Lady?

[Pushes Mockmode down.]

Mock. I don't know whether this be an Affront or not—[Aside.]—Pretensions, Sir! I have so great a Veneration for the Lady, that I honour any Man that has Pretensions to her.—Dem me, Sir, may I crave the Honour of your Acquaintance?

Love. No, Sir.

Mock. No, Sir! I gad that must be Wit, for it can't be good Manners.—Sir, I respect all Men of Sense, and wou'd therefore beg to know your Name.

Love. No matter, Sir, I know your Name's Mockmode.

Mock. By the Universe, that's very comical! That a Fellow should pretend to tell me my own Name! —Another Question if you please, Sir.

Love. What is it, Sir?

Mock. Pray Sir, what's my Christen'd Name?

Love. Sir, you don't know.

Mock. Zauns, Sir, would you persuade me out of my Christen'd Name? I'll lay out a Guinea that I do know by the Universe—[Pulls a handful of Money out.] Here's Silver, Sir, here's Silver, Sir: I can command as much Money as another, Sir; I am at Age, Sir, and I won't be banter'd, Sir.

Love. Sir, you must know, that I baptize you Rival; for your Love to this Lady, is the only Sign of Christianity you can boast of.—And now, Sir, my Name's Lovewell.

Mock. Then I say, Sir, that your Love to that Lady is the only Sign of a Turk you can brag of.—I wish Club were come. [Aside.]

Love. Sir, I shall certainly circumcise you, if you make any farther Pretensions to Madam Lucinda here.

Mock. Circumcise me ! Circumcise a Pudding's end, Sir.—— *Zauns,* Sir, I'll be judged by the Lady, who merits Circumcision most, you or I, Sir. These *London Blades* are all stark mad ; [*Lucinda enters, and observes Lovewell courting Trudge in dumb Signs.*] I met one about two Hours ago, that had forgot his Name, and this Fellow wou'd persuade me now, that I had forgot mine. Mr. *Lyrick* is the only Man that speaks plain to me. I must be Friends with him, because I find I may have Occasion for such a Friend ; I'll find him out strait. [*Exit.*]

Love. Madam, will you walk—[*Exit with Trudge.*
Lucinda and Pindress come forward.]

Luc. Now my Doubts are remov'd.

Pind. Mine are more puzzling. There must be something in this more than we imagine. You had best to talk with him.

Luc. Yes, if my Tongue bore Poison in it, and that I could spit Death in his Face.

Pind. If he is lost, your hard Usage this Morning has occasion'd it.

Luc. I am glad on't ; I've gain'd, by the Loss ; I despise him more now than ever I lov'd him. That Passion which can stoop so low as that Blowze, is an Object too mean for any Thing but my Scorn to level at.

Pind. This were a critical Minute for your new Lover the 'Squire, I fancy ; Mr. *Lovewell's* Disgrace wou'd bring him into Favour presently.

Luc. It certainly shall, if he be not as great a Fool as t'other's false.

Pind. You may be mistaken in your Opinion of him, as much as you have been in Mr. *Lovewell.*

Luc. No, *Pindress* ; I shall find what I read in the last Miscellanies very true :

*But two Distinctions their whole Sex does part ;
 All Fools by Nature, or all Rogues by Art.*

SCENE

SCENE *continues.*

Enter several Masques crossing the Stage, and Roebuck following.

Roeb. 'Sdeath; What a Coney-borough's here! The Trade goes swimmingly on. This is the great Empory of Lewdness, as the Change is of Knavery. — The Merchants cheat the World there, and their Wives gull them here. — I begin to think Whoring scandalous, it is grown so mechanical. — My Modesty will do me no good, I fear. — Madam, are you a Whore? [*Catches a Masque.*

1st Mas. Yes, Sir.

Roeb. Short and Pithy. — If ever Woman spake Truth, I believe thou hast. [*Second Masque pulls him by the Elbow.*] Have you any Business with me, Madam?

2d Mas. Pray, Sir, be civil; you're mistaken, Sir — I have had an Eye upon this Fellow all this Afternoon. [*Aside.*] — You're mistaken, Sir.

Roeb. Very likely, Madam; for I imagin'd you modest.

2d Mas. So I am, for I'm marry'd.

Roeb. And marry'd to your Sorrow, I warrant you!

2d Mas. Yes, upon my Honour, Sir.

Roeb. I knew it. I have met above a Dozen this Evening, all marry'd to their Sorrow — Then I suppose you're a Citizen's Wife; and by the Broadness of your Bottom, I shou'd guess you sat very much behind a Counter.

2d Mas. My Husband's no Mercer, he's a Judge.

Roeb. Zoons a Judge; I shall be arraign'd at the Bar for keeping on my Hat so long. — 'Tis very hard, Madam, he should not do you Justice: Has not he an Estate in Tail, Madam?

2d Mas. I seldom examine his Papers: They are a Parcel of old dry shrivell'd Parchments; and this

Court-hand is so devilish crabbed, I can't endure it.

Roeb. Umph! — Then I suppose, Madam, you want a young Lawyer to put your Case to. But faith, Madam, I am a Judge too.

Enter Lovewell.

2d Mas. O Heavens forbid! such a young Man!

Roeb. That is, I'll do nothing without a Bribe. — Pray, Madam, how does the Watch strike?

2d Mas. It never strikes, it only points to the Business, as you must do, without telling Tales. Dare ye meet me two Hours hence?

Roeb. Ah, Madam, but I shall never hit the Time exactly without a Watch.

2d Mas. Well, take it. — At Ten exactly, at the Fountain in the *Middle-Temple*. *Cook upon Littleton* be the Word. *[Exit.*

Roeb. So — If the Law be all such Volumes as thou, Mercy on the poor Students! From *Cook upon Littleton* in Sheets deliver me.

Love. What, engag'd? *Myrmidon!* I find you'll never quit the Battle, till you have crack'd a Pike in the Service.

Roeb. Oh, dear Friend! Thou'rt critically come to my Relief; for faith I'm almost tir'd.

Love. What a miserable Creature is a Whore! whom every Fool dares pretend to love, and every wise Man hates.

Roeb. What? Moralizing again! Oh I'll tell thee News, Man: I'm enter'd in the Inns, by the Lord!

Love. Pshaw.

Roeb. Nay, if you won't believe me, see my Note of Admission. *[Shows the Watch.*

Love. A Gold Watch, Boy!

Roeb. Ah, a Gold Watch, Boy.

Love. Whence had you Money to buy it?

Roeb. I took it upon Tick, and I design to pay honestly.

Love. I don't like this running o'th'Score. — But what News from *Lucinda*, Boy? is she kind? Ha?

Enter

Enter a Masque crossing the Stage.

Roeb. Ha! there's a stately Cruiser; I must give her one Chace—I'll tell you when I return.

[Exit running.]

Love. I find he has been at a Loss there, which occasions his Eagerness for the Game here. I begin to repent me of my Suspicion; I believe her Virtue so sacred, that 'tis a Piece of Atheism to distrust its Existence. But Jealousy in Love, like the Devil in Religion, is still raising Doubts, which, without a firm Faith in what we adore, will certainly damn us.

Enter a Porter.

Por. Is your Name Mr. Roebuck, Sir?

Love. What wou'd you have with Mr. Roebuck, Sir?

Por. I have a small Note for him, Sir.

Love. Let me see't.

Por. Ay, Sir; if your Name be Mr. Roebuck, Sir.

Love. My Name is Roebuck, Blockhead.

Por. God blefs you, Master.

[Gives him a Letter, and Exit.]

Love. This is some tawdry Billet, with a scrawling Adieu at the End on't. These strolling Jades know a young wholesome Fellow newly come to Town, as well as a Parson's Wife does a fat Goose. 'Tis certainly some Secret, and therefore shall be known.

[Opens the Letter.]

S I R,

Tuesday, Three o'Clock.

M^r Behaviour towards you this Morning was somewhat strange; but I shall tell you the Cause of it, if you meet me at Ten this Night in our Garden; the Back-door shall be open.

Yours, *Lucinda.*

Oh Heav'ns! Certainly it can't be! *L, U, C, I, N, D, A*; that spells Woman. 'Twas never written so plain before. Roebuck, thou'rt as true an Oracle, as she's a

false one. Oh thou damn'd Sybil! I have courted thee these three Years, and cou'd never obtain above a Kifs of the Hand, and this Fellow in an Hour or two has obtain'd *the Back-door open*. Mr. Roebuck, since I have discover'd some of your Secrets, I'll make bold to open some more of 'em——But how shall I shake him off?——Oh, I have it; I'll seek him instantly. *[Exit.*

Enter Roebuck meeting the Porter.

Roeb. Here, you, Sir, have you a Note for one *Roebuck*?

Por. I had, Sir; but I gave it to him just now.

Roeb. You lie, Sirrah; I am the Man.

Por. I an't positive I gave it to the right Person; but I'm very sure I did, for he answer'd the Description the Page gave to a T, Sir.

Roeb. 'Twas well I met that Page, Dog, or now shou'd I cut thy Throat, Rascal.

Por. Bless your Worship, noble Sir. *[Exit.*

Roeb. At Ten, in the Garden! The Back-door open! Oh the delicious Place and Hour! Soft panting Breasts, trembling Joints! melting Sighs! and eager Embraces! Oh Extasy!—But how to shake off *Lovewell*!—This is his nicely virtuous! Ha, ha, ha!—This is his innate Principle of Virtue! Ha, ha, ha!

Enter Lovewell.

Love. How now! Why so merry?

Roeb. Merry! Why, 'twould make a Dog split, Man; Ha, ha, ha!—The Watch, Sir, the Watch! Ha, ha, ha!

Love. What of the Watch? You laugh by the Hour; you'll be run down by and by, sure!

Roeb. Ah, but I shall be wound up again. This Watch I had for a Fee, Lawyer—Shou'd I ever be try'd before this Judge, how I shou'd laugh to see how gravely his Goose Cap fits upon a Pair of Horns; Ha, ha, ha!

Love. Thou'rt Horn-mad. Prithee leave Impertinence.——I receiv'd a Note just now.

Roeb.

Rob. A Note! 'Sdeath, what Note! What d'ye mean? Who brought it?

Love. A Gentleman; 'tis a Challenge.

Rob. Oh, Thanks to the Stars! I'm glad on't.

[*Aside.*

Love. And you may be signally serviceable to me in this Affair. I can give you no greater Testimony of my Affection, than by making so free with you.——

Rob. What needs all this Formality? I'll be thy Second, without all this Impertinence:

Love. There's more than that, Friend.——In the first Place, I don't understand a Sword; and again, I'm to be call'd to the Bar this Term, and such a Business might prejudice me extremely. So, Sir, you must meet and fight for me.

Rob. Faith, *Lowerwell*, I sha'n't stick to cut a Throat for my Friend at any Time, so I may do it fairly, or for——The Hour and Place?

Love. This very Evening in *Moorfields*.

Rob. Umph! How will you employ yourself the while?

Love. I'll follow you at a Distance, lest you have any foul Play.

Rob. Which if you do——No, faith *Ned*, since I'm to answer an Appointment for you, you must make good an Assignment for me. I'm to meet one of your Ladies at the Fountain in the Temple To-night. You may be call'd to the Bar there, if you will. This Watch will tell you the Hour, and shall be your Passport. Let me have yours.—— [Change Watches.

Love. Oh! Was that the Jest? Ha, ha, ha!——Well, I will answer an Assignment for you sure enough. Ha, ha, ha!——How readily does the Fool run to have his Throat cut? [Aside.

Rob. How eagerly now does my Moral Friend run to the Devil, having Hopes of Profit in the Wind! I have shabb'd him off purely.——But prithee, *Ned*, where had you this fine Jewel!

[Viewing one ty'd to the Watch.

Love.

Love. Pshaw! A Trifle; a Trifle; from a Mistress—Take care on't tho'. But hark ye, *George*; don't push too home; have a Care of whipping thro' the Guts.

Roeb. 'Gad, I'm afraid one or both of us may fall. But dy'e hear, *Ned*, remember you sent me on this Errand, and are therefore answerable for all Mischief; if I do whip my Adversary thro' the Lungs or so, remember you set me upon't.

Love. Well, honest *George*, you won't believe how much you oblige me in this Courtesy.

Roeb. You know always I oblige myself by serving my Friend—I never thought this Spark was a Coward before. *[Aside.*

Love. I never imagin'd this Fellow was so easy before. *[Aside.]* Well, good Success to us both; and when we meet, we'll relate all Transactions that pass.

Roeb. That you're a Fool.

Love. That you're an Ass.

[Exeunt severally, laughing.]

Re-enter Lovewell crossing the Stage hastily, Mockmode and Lyrick following him.

Lyr. Mr. *Lovewell*, a Word w'ye.

Love. Let it be short, pray Sir, for my Bus'ness is urgent, and 'tis almost dark.

Lyr. I'm reconcil'd to the 'Squire, and want only the Presentment of a Copy of Verses to ingratiate myself wholly, thoroughly. Let me have that Piece I lent you just now.

Love. Ay, ay, with all my Heart.—Here.—Farewel.

[Pulls the Poem hastily, and justles out a Letter with it, which Mockmode takes up.]

Lyr. Now, Sir, here's a Poem, which (according to the Way of us Poets) I say, was written at fifteen, but between you and I, it was made at five and twenty.

Mock. Five and twenty!——When is a Poet at Age, pray, Sir?

Lyr.

Lyr. At the third Night of his first Play; for he's never a Man till then.

Mock. But when at Years of Discretion?

Lyr. When they leave Writing; and that's seldom or never.

Mock. But who are your Guardians?

Lyr. The Criticks, who, with their good Will, would never let us come to Age. But what have you got there?

Mock. By the Universe, I don't know; 'tis a Woman's Hand; some Billet-Doux, I suppose; it just'd out of *Lovewell's* Pocket. We'll to the next Light and read it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE a dark Arbour in *Lucinda's* Garden.

Enter Roebuck Solus.

Roeb. Oh, how I reverence a Back-door half open, half shut! 'Tis the narrow Gate to the Lover's Paradise; *Cupid* stood Centry at the Entrance, *Love* was the Word, and he let me pass. — Now is my Friend pleading for Life; he has a puzzling Case to manage, ten to one he's non-suited; I have gull'd him fairly.

Enter Lovewell.

Love. I've got in, Thanks to my Stars, or rather the Clouds, whose Influence is my best Friend at present. Now is *Roebuck* gazing, or rather groping about, for a Fellow with a long Sword; and I know his fighting Humour will be as mad to be baulk'd by any Enemy, as by a Mistress.

Roeb. Hark, Hark! I hear a Voice; it must be she — *Lucinda!*

Lov. True to the Touch, I find. Is it you, my Dear?

Roeb. Yes, my Dear.

Love. Let me embrace thee, my Heart.

Roeb. Come to my arms.

[Run into each other's Arms. Finding the Mistake, start back.]

Love.

Love. 'Slife! a Man!

Roeb. 'Sdeath! a Devil!—And wert thou a Legion, here's a Wand thou'd conjure thee down—

[*Draws.*

Love. We shall find whose Charm is strongest.

[*Draws.*

They push by one another; Roebuck passes out at the opposite Door; and as Lovewell is passing out on the other Side of the Stage,

Enter Leathe.

Lean. Mr. Roebuck! Sir! Mr. Roebuck!

[*With a Night Gown over his Cloaths.*

Love. That's a Woman's Voice, I'll swear—
Madam.

Lean. Sir.

Love. Come, my dear *Lucinda*; I've staid a little too long; but making an Apology now were only lengthening the Offence. Let's into the Arbour, and make up for the Moments mispent.

Lean. Hold, Sir: Do you love this *Lucinda* you're so fond of hauling into the Arbour?

Love. Yes, by all that's powerful.

Lean. False, false Roebuck!—[*Afide.*]—I am lost.

Love. Madam, do you love this *Roebuck*, that you open'd the Garden-door to so late?

Lean. I'm afraid I do too well.

Love. And did you never own an Affection to another?

Lean. No; witness all those Powers you just now mention'd.

Love. Revenge yourselves, ye Heavens. Behold in me your Accuser, and your Judge. Behold *Lovewell*, injur'd *Lovewell*.—This Darkness, which opportunely hides your Blushes, makes your Shame more monstrous.

Lean. Ha! *Lovewell*! I'm vex'd it is he, but glad to be mistaken.—Now, Female Policy, assist me.

Love.

Love. Yes, Madam, your Silence proclaims you guilty——Farewel, Woman.

Lean. Ha, ha, ha!

Love. What am I made your Scorn?

Lean. Ha, ha, ha!——This happens better than I expected.——Ha, ha, ha!——Mr. *Louewell*!

Love. No Counter-plotting, Madam; the Mine's sprung already, and all your Deceit discovered.

Lean. Indeed you're a fine Fellow at discovering Deceits, I must confess, that cou'd not find whether it was a Man or a Woman all this Time.

Love. What the Page!

Lean. No Counter-plotting, good Sir; the Mine's sprung already.——Ah, Sir, I fancy Mr. *Roebuck* is better at discovering a Man from a Woman in the dark, than you.

Love. This Discovery is the greatest Riddle!——Prishee, Child, what makes thee disguis'd? But above all, what meant that Letter to *Roebuck*?

Lean. Then I find you intercepted it.——Why, Sir, my Lady had a Mind to put a Trick upon the impudent Fellow, made him an Affignation, and sent me in her Stead, to banter him. But when I tell her how you fell into the Snare, and how jealous you were——Ha, ha, ha!

Love. Oh my little dear Rogue! was that the Matter?——[*Hugs her.*] On my Conscience, thou'rt so soft, I believe thou'rt a Woman still.——But who was that Man I encounter'd just now?

Lean. A Man! 'Twas certainly *Roebuck*.——[*Aside.* Some of the Footmen, I suppose.——Come, Sir, I must conduct you out immediately, lest some more of 'em meet you.

[*Conducts him to the Door and returns.*

He certainly was here, and I have miss'd him,
Fortune delights with Innocence to play,
And loves to hoodwink those already blind.
Wary Deceit can many By-ways tread,
To shun the Blocks in Virtue's open Road,
Whilst heedless Innocence still falls on Ruin;

Yet,

Yet, whilst by Love inspir'd, I will pursue,
 What Men by Courage, we by Love can do.
 Not even his Falshood shall my Claim remove;
 From mutual Fires none can true Passion prove;
 For like to like, is Gratitude, not Love.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *An Anti-chamber in Lucinda's House; the Flat Scene half open, discovers a Bed-chamber: Lucinda in her Night-gown, and reading by a Table.*

Enter Roebuck, groping his Way.

Roeb. **O**N what new happy Climate am I thrown?
 This House is Love's Labyrinth; I have
 stumbled into it by Chance.—Ha! an Illusion! let
 me look again.—Eyes, if you play me false, [*Look-*
ing about.] I'll pluck ye out—'Tis she! 'tis Lucinda!
 alone, undress'd, in a Bed-chamber, between Eleven
 and Twelve o'Clock.—A blessed Opportunity!
 —Now if her innate Principle of Virtue defend her,
 then is my innate Principle of Manhood not worth
 Two-pence.—Hold, she comes forward.—

[*Lucinda approaches reading.*]

Luc. Unjust Prerogative of faithless Man,
 Abusing Pow'r which partial Heaven has granted!
 In former Ages, Love and Honour stood
 As Props and Beauties to the Female Cause;
 But now lie prostitute to Scorn and Sport.
 Man, made our Monarch, is a Tyrant grown,
 And Woman-kind must bear a second Fall.

Roeb.

Roeb. [*Aside.*] Ah, and a third too, or I'm mistaken.—I must divert this plaguy Romantick Humour.

Luc. While Virtue guided Peace, and Honour War, Their Fruits and Spoils were Off'rings made to Love.

Roeb. And 'tis so still; for [*raising his Voice.*] Beau with earliest Cherries Miss does grace, And Soldier offers Spoils of *Flanders* Lace.

Luc. Ha!—Protect me, Heav'ns! what art thou?

Roeb. A Man, Madam.

Luc. What accursed Spirit has driven you hither?

Roeb. The Spirit of Flesh and Blood, Madam.

Luc. Sir, what Encouragement have you ever received to prompt you to this Impudence?

Roeb. Umph! I must not own the Reception of a Note from her. [*Aside.*] Faith, Madam, I know not whether to attribute it to Chance, Fortune, my good Stars, my Fate, or my Destiny: But here I am, Madam, and here I will be. [*Taking her by the Hand.*

Luc. [*Pulling her Hand away.*] If a Gentleman, my Commands may cause you to withdraw; if a Russian, my Footman shall dispose of you.

Roeb. Madam, I'm a Gentleman; I know how to oblige a Lady, and how to save her Reputation. My Love and Honour go link'd together; they are my Principles; and if you'll be my Second, we'll engage immediately.

Luc. Stand off, Sir; the Name of Love and Honour are burlesqu'd by thy professing 'em. Thy Love is Impudence, and thy Honour a Cheat. Thy Mein and Habit shew thee a Gentleman; but thy Behaviour is brutal. Thou art a *Centaur*; only one part Man, and the other Beast.

Roeb. Philosophy in Petticoats! No wonder Women wear the Breeches; [*Aside.*] and, Madam, you are a Demi-Goddes; only one part Woman, t'other Angel; and thus divided, claim my Love and Adoration.

Luc.

Luc. Honourable Love is the Parent of Mankind ; but thine is the Corrupter and Debaucher of it.——The Passion of you Libertines, is like your Drunkenness : heat of Lust, as t'other is of Wine, and off with the next Sleep.

Roeb. No, Madam ; an Hair of the same —— is my Receipt.——Come, come, Madam, all things are laid to rest that will disturb our Pleasure ; whole Nature favours us ; the kind indulgent Stars that directed me hither, wink at what we are about.——'Twere jilting of Fortune to be now idle ; and she, like a true Woman, once baulk'd, never affords a second Opportunity.——I'll put out the Candle, the Torch of Love shall light us to Bed.

Luc. To Bed, Sir!——Thou hast Impudence enough to draw thy Rationality in Question. Whence proceeds it ? From a vain Thought of thy own Graces, or an Opinion of my Virtue :——If from the latter, know that I am a Woman, whose Modesty dare not doubt my Virtue ; yet have so much Pride to support it, that the dying Groans of thy whole Sex at my Feet, should not extort an immodest Thought from me.

Roeb. Your Thoughts may be as modest as you please, Madam.——You shall be as virtuous to-morrow Morning as e'er a Nun in *Europe* ; the Opinion of the World shall proclaim you such, and that's the surest Charter the most rigid Virtue in *England* is held by. The Night has no Eyes to see, nor have I a Tongue to tell : One Kiss shall seal up my Lips for ever.

Luc. That uncharitable Censure of Women, argues the Meanness of thy Conversation.

Roeb. Her superior Virtue awes me into Coldness.——'Slife ! it can't be Twelve sure.——Night's a Lyar.

[*Draws out his Watch.*]
Luc. Sir, if you won't be gone, I must fetch those shall conduct you hence.——My Eyes are dazzled sure.

[*Passing by him towards the Door, she perceives the Jewel ty'd to the Watch.*

Pray,

Pray, Sir, let me see that Jewel.

Roeb. By Heavens, she has a mind to't!—Oh, 'tis at your Service with all my Soul.

Luc. Wrong not my Virtue by so poor a Thought. —But answer directly, as you are a Gentleman, to what I now shall ask: whence had you that Jewel?

Roeb. I exchanged Watches with a Gentleman, and had this Jewel into the Bargain. He valu'd it not, 'twas a Trifle from a Mistress.

Luc. A Trifle! said he:—Oh Indignation, am I slighted thus!—I'll put a Jewel out of his Power, that he wou'd pawn his Soul to retrieve.—If you be a Gentleman, Sir, whom Gratitude can work up to Love, or a virtuous Wife reclaim, I'll make you a large Return for that Trifle.

Roeb. Hey-day! a Wife, said she.

Luc. What's your Name, Sir, and of what Country?

Roeb. My Name's Roebuck, Madam.

Luc. Roebuck.

Roeb. 'Sdeath! I forgot my Instructions.—*Mockmode*, Madam. —*Roebuck Mockmode*, my Name, and Sur-Name.

Luc. *Mockmode*, my 'Squire! it can't be! But if it shou'd, I've made the better Exchange.—Of what Family are you, Sir?

Roeb. Of *Mockmode-Hall* in *Shropshire*, Madam: My Father's lately dead; I came lately from the University; I have Fifteen hundred Acres of as good fighting Ground as any in *England*.—'Twas lucky I met that Blockhead to Day. [*Aside.*]

Luc. The very same.—And had you any Directions to court a Lady in *London*?

Roeb. Umph! —How shou'd I have found the way hither else, Madam? What the Devil will this come to? [*Aside.*]

Luc. My Fool that I dreamt of, I find a pretty Gentleman.—Dreams go by Contraries.—Well, Sir, I am the Lady; and if your Designs are honourable, I'm yours; take a turn in the Garden, 'till I send for my

my Chaplain: You must take me immediately, for if I cool, I'm lost for ever. *[Exit.]*

Roeb. I think I am become a very sober *Shropshire* Gentleman in good earnest; I don't start at the Name of the Parson.——Oh Fortune! Fortune! what art thou doing? If thou and my Friend will throw me into the Arms of a fine Lady, and a great Fortune, how the Devil can I help it! Oh but, Zoons, there's Marriage! Ay, but there's Money.——Oh but there are Children, squawling Children! Ay, but then there are *Rickets* and *Small-Pox*, which perhaps may carry them all away.——Oh but there's Horns! Horns! Ay, but then I shall go to Heaven; for 'tis but reasonable, since all Marriages are made in Heaven, that all Cuckolds should go thither.——But then, there's *Leante*! that sticks. I love her, witness, Heaven, I love her to that Degree.——Pshaw, I shall whine presently. I love her as well as any Woman, and what can she expect more? I can't drag a Lover's Chain a hundred Miles by Land, and a hundred Leagues by Water.——Fortune has decreed it otherwise.——So lead on, blind Guide, I'll follow thee; and when the Blind leads the Blind, no wonder they both fall into——Matrimony. *[Going out, meets Leante.]* Oh my dear auspicious little *Mercury*! let me kiss thee.——Go tell thy charming Mistress, I obey her Commands. *[Exit.]*

Enter Leante.

Lean. Her Commands! Oh Heavens! I must follow him. *[Going.]*

Luc. Page, Page.

Lean. Oh my curs'd Fortune! baulk'd again!——Madam.

Luc. Call my Chaplain; I'm to be marry'd presently.

Lean. Marry'd so suddenly! To whom, pray Madam?

Luc. To the Gentleman you met going hence just now.

Lean.

Lean. Oh Heavens! your Ladyship is not in earnest, Madam?

Luc. What, is Matrimony to be made a Jest of? Don't be impertinent, Boy; call him instantly.

Lean. What shall I do?—Oh, Madam, suspend it till the Morning, for Heav'n's sake. Mr. *Loverwell's* in the House; I met him not half an Hour ago; and he will certainly kill the Gentleman, and perhaps harm your Ladyship.

Luc. *Loverwell* in my House! how came he hither?

Lean. I know not, Madam. I saw him, and talk'd to him; he had his Sword drawn, and he threaten'd every body. Pray delay it to Night, Madam.

Luc. No, I'm resolv'd; and I'll prevent his discovering us; I'll put on a Suit of your Cloaths, and order *Pindress* to carry her Night-Gown to the Gentleman in the Garden, and bid him meet me in the lower Arbour, in the West Corner, and send the Chaplain thither instantly.

Lean. Hold, Fortune, hold; thou hast entirely won! For I am lost. Thus long I have been rack'd On thy tormenting Wheel, and now my Heart-strings (break.

Discovering who I am, exposes me to Shame. Then what on Earth can help me?

Enter Pindress.

Pind. Oh Lord, Page, what's the matter? Here's old doings, or rather new doings. Prithee, let you and I throw in our Two-pence a-piece into this Marriage-Lottery.

Lean. You'll draw nothing but Blanks, I'll assure you, from me.——But stay, let me consider o'th' Business.

Pind. No Consideration; the Bus'ness must be done hand-over-head.

Lean. Well; I have one Card to play still; and with you, *Pindress*. [Takes her Hand.

Pind.

Pind. You expect tho' that I should turn up Trump.

Lean. No, not if I shuffle right. [*Aside.*]—Well,

Pindress, 'tis a Match. Be gone to the lower Arbour, at the West-corner of the Garden, and I'll come to thee immediately with the Chaplain. You must not whisper, for we must pass upon the Chaplain for my Lady and the Gentleman.——Haste.

Pind. Sha'n't I put on my new Gown first?

Lean. No, no, you shall have a Green-Gown for your Wedding in the Arbour.

Pind. A Green-Gown!—Well, all Flesh is Grass.

Lean. Make haste, my Spouse, fly.

Pind. And will you come? will you be sure to come?——O my little Green-Gooseberry, my Teeth waters at ye.——

Lean. Now Chance.——No, thou'rt blind.

Then Love, be thou my Guide, and set me right;

Tho' blind, like Chance, you have best Eyes by Night.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE Bullfinch's House.

Enter Lovewell, Brush and Servant.

Love. Mr. Lyrick abroad, say'st thou! and Mockmode with him!

Serv. All abroad, my Mistress and all.

Love. I don't understand this.——*Brush,* run to Lucinda's Lodgings, and observe what's doing there: I spy'd some hasty Lights glancing thro' the Rooms; I'll follow you presently. [*Exit Brush.*]——Can't you inform me which way they went?

Serv. Perhaps Mr. Mockmode's Man can inform ye.

Love. Pray call him.

Serv. Mr. Club. Mr. Club.

Love. What, is the Fellow deaf?

Serv. No, Sir, but he's asleep, and in Bed.——
Mr. Club, Mr. Club.

Club. Augh.——[*Yawning.*] I'm asleep, I'm asleep; don't wake me.——Augh.

Serv.

Serv. Here's a Gentleman wants ye.

Enter Club, with his Coat unbutton'd, his Garters untied, scratching and yawning, as newly waken'd from Bed.

Club. Pox o'your London Breeding; what makes you waken a Man out of his Sleep that way?

Love. Where's your Master, pray Sir?

Club. Augh——'Tis a sad thing to be broken of one's Rest this way.

Love. Can you inform me where your Master's gone?

Club. My Master!——Augh——

[Stretching and yawning.

Love. Yes, Sir, your Master.

Club. My Master!——Augh——What o'Clock is it, Sir? I believe 'tis past Midnight, for I have gotten my first Sleep.——Augh——

Love. Thou'rt asleep still, Blockhead. Answer me, or——Where's your Master?

Club. Augh——I had the pleasanterest Dream when you call'd me——Augh——I thought my Master's great black Stone-horse had broke loose among the Mares——Augh——And so, Sir, you call'd me——Augh——And so I awaken'd.

Love. Sirrah, [Strikes him.]——Now your Dream's out, I hope.

Club. Zauns, Sir! what d'ye mean, Sir? My Master's as good a Man as you, Sir; Dem me, Sir.

Love. Tell me presently where your Master is, Sirrah, or I'll dust the Secret out of your Jacket.

Club. Oh Sir, your Name's Lovevell, Sir!

Love. What then, Sir?

Club. Why then my Master is——where you are not, Sir.——My Master's in a fine Lady's Arms, and you are——here, I take it. [Shrugging.

Love. Has he got a Whore a Bed with him?

Club. He may be Father to the Son of a Whore by this time, if your Mistress *Lucinda* be one. Mr. *Lyrick* did his Bus'ness, and my Master will do her Business, I warrant him, if o'th' right *Shropshire* Breed,

which I'm sure he is, for my Mother nurs'd him on my Milk.

Love. Two Calves suck'd on the same Cow——
Ha, ha, ha! Gramercy Poet; has he brought the Play to a Catastrophe so soon? A rare Executioner, to clap him in the Female Pillory already! ha, ha, ha!

Club. Ay, Sir; and a Pillory, that you wou'd give your Ears for; I warrant, you think my Master's over Head and Ears in the *Irish* Quagmire you wou'd have drown'd him in. But, Sir, we have found the Bottom on't.

Love. He may pass over the Quagmire, Sirrah; for there were stepping Stones laid in his Way.

Club. He has got over dry-shod, I'll assure you.—Pray, Sir, did not you receive a Note from *Lucinda*, the true *Lucinda*, to meet her at Ten in her Garden, to Night?——Why don't you laugh now? Ha, ha, ha!

Love. 'Sdeath, Rascal, what Intelligence cou'd you have of that?

Club. Hold, Sir, I have more Intelligence. You threw Mr. *Lyrick* his Poem, in a hurry, in the *Park*, and jostled that sweet Letter out of your Pocket, Sir. This Letter fell into my Master's Hands, Sir, and discover'd your Sham, Sir, your Trick, Sir. Now, Sir, I think you are as deep in the Mud as he is in the Mire.

Love. Curs'd Misfortune!——And where are they gone, Sir? Quickly, the Truth, the whole Truth, Dog, or I'll spit you like a Sparrow.

Club. I design to tell you, Sir. Mr. *Lyrick*, Sir, being my Master's intimate Friend, or so, upon a Bribe of a Hundred Pounds, or so, has sided with him, taken him to *Lucinda's* Garden in your stead, and there's a Parson, and all, and so forth.—Now, Sir, I hope the Poet has brought the Play to a very good Cata——Cata——what d'ye call him, Sir?

Love.

Love. 'Twas he I encounter'd in the Garden.—
'Sdeath! Trick'd by the Poet; I'll cut off one of his
Limbs, I'll make a Synalcepha of him, I'll——

Club. He, he, he!——Two Calves suck'd on the
same Cow!——He, he, he!

Love. Nay, then I begin with you. [*Drubs him.*]

Club. Zauns! Murder! Demme! Zauns! Mur-
der! Zauns! [*Runs off, Lovewell after him.*]

SCENE changes to the Anti-chamber in Lucinda's
House; a Hat and a Sword on the Table.

Enter Brush.

Brush. I have been peeping and crouching about
like a Cat a mousing. Ha! I smell a Rat—a Sword
and a Hat!—There are certainly a Pair of Breeches
appertaining to these, and may be lap'd up in my
Lady's Lavender, who knows? [*Liftens,*]

Enter Lovewell in a hurry.

Love. What, Sir? What are you doing? I'm ruin'd,
trick'd.——

Brush. I believe so too, Sir.—See here!——
[*Shows the Hat and Sword.*]

Love. By all my hopes, Roebuck's Hat and Sword.
This is Mischief upon Mischief. Run you to the
Garden, Sirrah, and if you find any Body, secure
'em, I'll search the House——I'm ruin'd!——Fly!
Roebuck——What hoa——*Roebuck?*——hoa!

*Enter Roebuck unbutton'd; runs to Lovewell and em-
braces him.*

Roeb. Dear, dear Lovewell, wish me Joy, wish me
Joy, my Friend.

Love. Of what, Sir?

Roeb. Of the dearest, tenderest, whitest, softest
Bride, that ever blest Man's Arms. I'm all Air, all a
Cupid, all Wings, and must fly again to her Embras-
ces. Detain me not, my Friend.

Love. Hold Sir, I hope you mock me! tho' that itself's unkind.

Roeb. Mock you! ——— By Heaven's, no. She's more than Sense can bear, or Tongue express ———
O *Lucinda*! Shou'd Heaven ———

Love. Hold, Sir, no more.

Roeb. I'm on the Rack of Pleasure, and must confess all.

When her soft melting, white, and yielding Waste,
Within my pressing Arms was folded fast,
Our Lips were melted down by Heat of Love,
And lay incorporate in liquid Kisses,
Whilst in soft broken Sighs, we catch'd each other's
Souls.

Love. Come, come, *Roebuck*, no more of this Extravagance ——— By Heav'n I swear you sha'n't marry her.

Roeb. By Heav'n I swear so too; for I'm marry'd already.

Love. Then thou'rt a Villain.

Roeb. A Villain, Man! ——— Pshaw, that's Non-sense. A poor Fellow can no sooner get marry'd, than you imagine he may be call'd a Villain presently ——— You may call me a Fool, a Blockhead, or an Ass, by the Authority of Custom: But why a Villain, for God's sake?

Love. Did not you engage to meet, and fight a Gentleman for me in *Moorsfields*?

Roeb. Did not you promise to engage a Lady for me at the *Fountain*, Sir?

Love. This *Lucinda* is my Mistress, Sir.

Roeb. This *Lucinda*, Sir, is my Wife.

Love. Then this decides the matter. ——— Draw.

[*Throws Roebuck his Sword, and draws his own.*]

Roeb. Prithce be quiet, Man, I've other Business to mind on my Wedding-night. I must in to my Bride. [Going.]

Love. Hold, Sir; move a Step, and by Heavens I'll stab thee.

Roeb.

Love and a Bottle. 89

Roeb. Put up, put up; Pshaw, I a'n't prepar'd to die; I a'n't, Devil take me.

Love. Do you dally with me, Sir?

Roeb. Why you won't be so unconscionable as to kill a Man so suddenly; I han't made my Will yet. Perhaps I may leave you a Legacy.

Love. Pardon me, Heavens, if press'd by stinging Taunts, my Passion urge my Arm to act what's foul.

[*Offers to push at him.*]

Roeb. Hold. [*Taking up his Sword.*] 'Tis safest making Peace, they say, with Sword in Hand.——I'll tell thee what, *Ned*, I would not lose this Night's Pleasure for the Honour of fighting and vanquishing the Seven Champions of *Christendom*: Permit me then but this Night to return to the Arms of my dear Bride, and Faith and Troth I'll take a fair Thrust with you to-morrow Morning.

Love. What! beg a poor Reprieve for Life!——Then thou art a Coward.

Roeb. You imagined the contrary, when you employed me to fight for you in *Moorfields*.

Love. Will nothing move thy Gall?——Thou'rt base, ungrateful.

Roeb. Ungrateful! I love thee, *Ned*; by Heavens, my Friend, I love thee; therefore name not that Word again, for such a Repetition would overpay all thy Favours.

Love. A cheap, a very cheap way of making Acknowledgment, and therefore thou hast catch'd it, which makes thee more ungrateful.

Roeb. My Friendship even yet does balance Passion; but throw in the least Grain more of an Affront, and by Heaven you turn the Scale.

Love. [*Pausing*]. No, I've thought better; my Reason clears: She's not worth my Sword; a Bully only shou'd draw in her Defence, for she's false, a Prostitute. [*Puts up his Sword.*]

Roeb. A Prostitute! by Heavens thou ly'st. [*Draws.*]
——Thou hast blasphemed. Her Virtue answers the uncorrupted State of Woman; so much above Mo-

defty, that it mocks Temptation. She has convinc'd me of the bright Honour of our Sex, and I stand Champion now for the fair Female Cause.

Love. Then I have lost what nought on Earth can pay. Curse on all Doubts, all Jealousies, that destroy our present Happiness, by mistrusting the future. Thus Misbelievers making their Heaven uncertain, find a certain Hell.—And is she virtuous? found the bold Charge aloud, which does proclaim me guilty.

Roeb. By Heavens, as virtuous as thy Sister.

Love. My Sister!—Ha!— I fear, Sir, your Marriage with *Lucinda* has wrong'd my Sister; for her you courted, and I heard she lov'd you.

Roeb. I courted her, it is true, and lov'd her also; nay, my Love to her rival'd my Friendship tow'nds ———— and had my Fate allow'd me time for Thought, her dear Remembrance might have stop'd the Marriage. But since it is past, I must own to you, to her, and all the World, that I cast off all former Passion, and shall henceforth confine my Love to the dear Circle of her charming Arms from whom I just now parted.

Enter Leanthe in Woman's loose Apparel.

Lean. I take you at your Word. These are the Arms that held you.

Roeb. Oh Gods and Happiness! *Leanthe!*

Love. My Sister! Heavens! It cannot be.

Roeb. By Heavens it can, it shall, it must be so—— For none on Earth cou'd give such Joys but she.—— Who would have thought my Joys cou'd bear Increase? *Loverwell*, my Friend! This is thy Sister! 'Tis *Leanthe!* My Mistress, my Bride, my Wife!

Lean. I am your Sister, Sir, as such I beg you to pardon the Effect of violent Passion, which has driven me into some imprudent Actions: But none such as may blot the Honour of my Virtue, or Family. To hold you no longer in suspense, 'twas I brought the Letter from *Leanthe*; 'twas I manag'd the Intrigue

trigue with *Lucinda* ; I sent the Note to Mr. *Roebuck* this Afternoon ; and I——

Roeb. That was the Bride of happy me.

Love. Thou art my Sister and Guardian-Angel ; for thou hast blest'd thyself, and blest'd thy Brother. *Lucinda* still is safe, and may be mine.

Roeb. May !——She shall be thine, my Friend.

Love. Where is *Lucinda* ?

Enter Mockmode.

Mock. Not far off ; tho' far enough from you, by the Universe.

Lean. You must give me leave not to believe you, Sir.

Mock. Oh, Madam ! I crave you ten thousand Pardons, by the Universe, Madam, Zauns, Madam, Dem me, Madam. [*Offers to salute her awkwardly.*]

Love. By your leave, Sir.——[*Thrusts him back.*]

Roeb. Ah, Cousin *Mockmode* !——How do all our Friends in *Shropshire* ?——

Mock. Now, Gentlemen, I thank you all for your Trick, your Sham. You imagine I have got your Whore, Cousin, your Crack. But Gentlemen, by the Assistance of a Poet, your *Sheely* is metamorphos'd into the real *Lucinda* ; which your Eyes shall testify. Bring in the Jury there.——Guilty or not Guilty ?

Enter Lyrick and Trudge.

Trud. Oh my dear *Roebuck* ! [*Trudge seeing Roebuck, throws off her Masque, flies to him, takes him about the Neck and kisses him.*] And Faith is it you, dear Joy ? And where have you been these seven long Years ?

Mock. Zauns !

Roeb. Hold off, stale Iniquity.——Madam, you'll pardon this ? [*To Leathe.*]

Trud. Indeed I won't live with that Stranger. You promis'd to marry me, so you did.——Ah Sir, *Neddy's* a brave Boy, God blest him ; he's a whole Armful ; Lord knows, I had a heavy Load of him.

Love. Guilty or not Guilty, Mr. *Mockmode*?

Mock. 'Tis past that; I am condemned; I'm hang'd in the Marriage Noose.—Hark ye, Madam, was this the Doctor that let you Blood under the Tongue for the Quinsy?

Trud. Yes, that it was, Sir.

Mock. Then he may do so again; for the Devil take me if ever I breath a Vein for ye.—Mr. *Lyrick*, is this your Poetical Friendship?

Lyr. I had only a mind to convince you of your 'Squireship.

Love. Now, Sister, my Fears are over.——But where's *Lucinda*? How is she dispos'd of?

Lean. The Fear she lay under of being discover'd by you, gave me an Opportunity of imposing *Pindress* upon her instead of this Gentlewoman, whom she expected to wear one of *Pindress's* Night-Gowns as a Disguise. To make the Cheat more current, she disguis'd herself in my Cloaths, which has made her pass on her Maid for me; and I by that Opportunity putting on a Suit of her's, past upon this Gentleman for *Lucinda*: My next Business is to find her out, and beg her Pardon, endeavour her Reconcilement to you, which the Discovery of the Mistakes between both will easily effect.

Roeb. Well, Sir, [*To Lyrick*,] how was your Plot carried on?

Lyr. Why this 'Squire (will you give me leave to call you so now?) this 'Squire had a mind to personate *Love-well*, to catch *Lucinda*.——So I made *Trudge* to personate *Lucinda*, and snap him in this very Garden.—Now, Sir, you'll give me leave to write our *Epithalamium*.

Mock. My *Epithalamium*! my *Epitaph*! Screech-Owl, for I'm buried alive. But I hope you'll return my hundred Pound I gave you for marrying me.

Lyr. No; but for five hundred more I'll unmarry you. These are hard Times, and Men of Industry must make Money.

Mock.

Mock. Here's the Money, by the Universe, Sir; a Bill of five hundred Pound Sterling upon Mr. Ditto the Mercer in *Cheapside*. Bring me a Reprieve, and 'tis yours.

Lyr. Lay it in that Gentleman's Hands.

[*Gives Roebuck the Bill.*]

The Executioner shall cut the Rope.

[*Goes to the Door, and brings in Bullfinch dress'd like a Parson.*]

Here's Revelation for you!—[*Pulls open the Gown.*]

Mock. Oh thou damn'd Whore of Babylon!

Love. What, Pope Joan the Second! Were you the Priest?

Bull. Of the Poet's Ordination.

Lyr. Ay, ay, before the Time of Christianity the Poets were Priests.

Mock. No wonder then that all the World were Heathens.

Lyr. How d'ye like the Plot? Wou'd it not do well for a Play?—My Money, Sir—

[*To Roebuck.*]

Roeb. No, Sir; it belongs to this Gentlewoman.—[*Gives it to Trudge.*] You have divorc'd her, and must give her separate Maintenance.—There's another turn of Plot you were not aware of, Mr. *Lyrick*.

Enter Lucinda, Leathe, and Pindrefs.

Luc. You have told me Wonders.

Lean. Here are these can testify the Truth. This Gentleman is the real Mr. *Mockmode*, and much such another Person as your Dream represented.

Roeb. I hope, Madam, you'll pardon my dissembling, since only the Hopes of so great a Purchase cou'd cause it.

Luc. Let my wishing you much Joy and Happiness in your Bride, testify my Reconciliation; and at the Request of your Sister, Mr. *Loverwell*, I pardon your past Jealousies. You threatened me, Mr. *Loverwell*, with an *Irish* Entertainment at my Wedding. I wish it present now, to assist at your Sister's Nuptials.

Lean. At my last going hence, I sent for 'em, and they're ready.

Love. Call 'em in then.

[*An Irish Entertainment of three Men and three Women, dress'd after the Fingallian Fashion.*]

Luc. I must reward your Sister, Mr. *Loverwell*, for the many Services done me as my Page. I therefore settle my Fortune and myself on you, on this Condition, That you make over your Estate in *Ireland* to your Sister, and that Gentleman.

Love. 'Tis done, only with this Proviso, Brother, That you forsake your Extravagances.

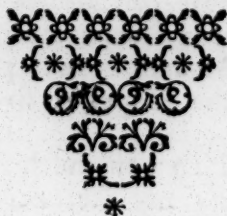
Roeb. Brother, you know I always flighted Gold, But most when offer'd as a sordid Bribe. I scorn to be brib'd even to Virtue, But for bright Virtue's sake, I here embrace it.

[*Embracing Leathe.*]

I have espous'd all Goodness with *Leathe*, And am divorc'd from all my former Follies.

Woman's our Fate. Wild and unlawful Flames Debauch us first, and softer Love reclaims. Thus Paradise was lost by Woman's Fall, But virtuous Woman thus restores it all.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE.

Written and spoke by Jo. Haynes in Mourning.

I Come not here, your Poet's Fate to see,
He and his Play both be damn'd for me :
No, Royal Theatre, I come to Mourn for thee.
And must those Structures then untimely fall,
Whilst th' other House stands, and gets the Devil and all ?
Must still kind Fortune through all Weather's steer 'em,
And Beauties bloom there, spite of Edax Rerum ?
Vivitur Ingenio, that damn'd Motto there,

[Looking up at it.

Seduc'd me first to be a wicked Player.
Hard Times indeed ; O Tempora ! O Mores !
I know that Stage must down, where not one Whore is.

But can you have the Hearts tho' — (Pray now speak,)
After all our Services, to let us break ?
You cannot do't, unless the Devil's in ye,
What Arts, what Merit, ha'n't we us'd to win ye ?
First, to divert ye with some new French Strollers ;
We brought ye Bona Sere's, Barba Colars.

[Mocking the late Singers.

When their Male Throats no longer drew your Money ;
We got you an Eunuch's Pipe, Signior Rampony.
That Beardless Songster we cou'd ne'er make much on ;
The Females found a damn'd Blotch in his 'Scutcheon.
An Italian now we've got of mighty Fame,
Don Sigismondo Fideli—There's Musick in his Name :

EPILOGUE.

*His Voice is like the Musick of the Spheres,
It shou'd be Heavenly for the Price it bears. [201. a time.
He's a handsome Fellow too, looks brisk and trim:
If he don't take ye, then the De'el take him.
Besides, lest our white Faces always mayn't delight ye,
We've pickt up Gipsies now to please or fright ye.*

*Lastly, to make our House more courtly shine,
As Travel does the Men of Mode refine,
So our Stage-Heroes did their Tour design. }
To mend their Manners, and coarse English Feeding,
They went to Ireland, to improve their Breeding;
Yet, for all this, we still are at a loss,
Oh Collier! Collier! thou'st frighted away Miss C—s:
She, to return our Foreigner's Complaisance,
At Cupid's call, has made a Trip to France.
Love's Fire Arms here, are since not worth a Sow:
We've lost the only Touch-hole of our House.*

*Losing that Jewel, gave us a fatal Blow:
Well, if thin Audience must Jo. Haynes undo;
Well, if 'tis decreed, nor can thy Fate, O Stage!
Resist the Vows of this obdurate Age;
I'll then grow wiser, leave off playing the Fool,
And hire this Play-house for a Boarding School.
D'ye think the Maids won't be in a sweet Condition,
When they are under Jo. Haynes's grave Tuition?
They'll have no occasion then, I'm sure, to Play,
They'll have such Comings in another way.*



THE

THE
Constant Couple;
OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,
By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

*Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego Carmine famam;
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.*
Ovid. Trist. lib. iv. Eleg. 10.

L O N D O N,
Printed for JOHN CLARKE. MDCCLX.



TO the HONOURABLE

Sir ROGER MOSTYN, Bar^t.

OF

Mostyn-Hall in Flintshire.

SIR,

TIS no small Reflection on Pieces of this Nature, that Panegyrick is so much improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themselves less; and that Persons of Honour are forc'd to decline Patronizing Wit, because their Modesty cannot bear the gross Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to say, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the same Modesty which recommended this Play to the World, will also reconcile my Addresses to you, of whom I can say nothing but what your Merits may warrant, and all that have the Honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greatest Panegyrick upon you, Sir, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the Sedateness of a Senator, and the Modern Gaiety of a fine English Gentleman, with the Noble Solidity of the Ancient Briton.

This is the Character, Sir, which all Men, but yourself, are proud to publish of You, and which more celebrated Pens than mine should transmit to Posterity.

The Play has had some noble Appearances to honour its Representation; and to complete the Success, I have presum'd to prefix so Noble a Name to usher it into the World. A stately Frontispiece is the Beauty of a Building. But here I must transverse Ovid:

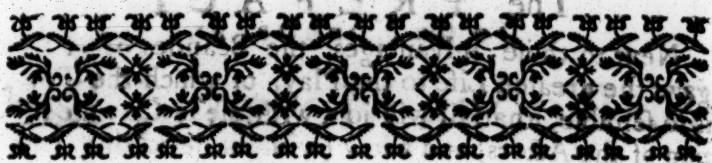
Materia superabit Opus.

I am, Honourable Sir,

Your most Devoted,

and Humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.



P R E F A C E

TO THE

R E A D E R.

AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes, than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I sha'n't therefore, like a foolish Virgin, fly to be pursu'd, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the Height of Impudence: Who is ashamed to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who conferr'd them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot allow this an ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my Faults, 'twere very ill Manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cause. I am of another Opinion; I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the *English* are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeased the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.

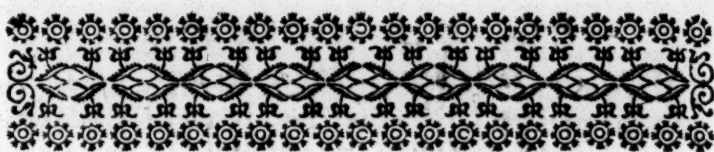
Next

The P R E F A C E.

Next to those Advantages, the Beauties of Action, gave the greatest Life to the Play, of which the Town is so sensible, that all will join with me in Commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the Merit of others) that the *Theatre-Royal* affords an excellent and compleat Set of Comedians. Mr. *Wilks's* Performance has set him so far above Competition in the Part of *Wildair*, that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the Misfortune to lose him, Sir *Harry Wildair* may go to the Jubilee.

A great many quarrel at the *Trip to the Jubilee* for a *Misnomer*: I must tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better Success, I'll talk with the Criticks about *Decorums*, &c. However, if I ever commit another Fault of this Nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excusable.





PROLOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

POETS will think nothing so checks their Fury
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medley's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.

'Tis all false Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wise if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church and Play,
Not to observe what Priests or Poets say,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another
way. }

The Ladies safe may smile for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark just come from France,
But then so far from Beau—why, he talks Sense!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but——seldom brought
from thence. }

There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark submits,
Your Elbow shaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho', just as he lives, by fits.
Who, Lion-like, through Bailiffs, scours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night with empty Bowels grumbles o'er the Play.
And now the modish 'Prentice he implores,
Who, with his Master's Cash, stol'n out of Doors,
Employs it on a Brace of——Honourable Whores: }

While

PROLOGUE.

*While their good bulky Mother pleas'd, sits by,
Barbd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends, we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us with your Love.
Ah Friends! poor Dorset Garden-house is gone;
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
Quite lost to us, sure for some strange Misdeeds,
That strong Dog Sampson's pull'd it o'er our Heads,
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one Day hold him:
At least, I hope, that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prices down.*

*Well, That's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On second Thoughts, I've but two Words to say;
Such as it is for your Delight design'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and speak as you find.*



Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sir Harry Wild-</i> <i>air,</i>	{ An airy Gentle- man, affecting hu- morous Gaiety and Freedom in his Be- haviour. }	Mr. <i>Wilks.</i>
<i>Standard,</i>	{ A disbanded Co- lonel, brave and ge- nerous. }	Mr. <i>Powel.</i>
<i>Vizard,</i>	{ Outwardly pious, otherwise a great De- bauchee, and villai- nous. }	Mr. <i>Mills.</i>
<i>Smuggler,</i>	An old Merchant.	Mr. <i>Johnson.</i>
<i>Clincher,</i>	{ A pert <i>London-</i> 'Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel. }	Mr. <i>Pinketh-</i> <i>man.</i>
<i>Clincher jun.</i>	{ His Brother, edu- cated in the Country. }	Mr. <i>Bullock.</i>
<i>Dicky,</i>	His Man.	Mr. <i>Norris.</i>
<i>Tom Errand,</i>	A Porter.	Mr. <i>Haynes.</i>

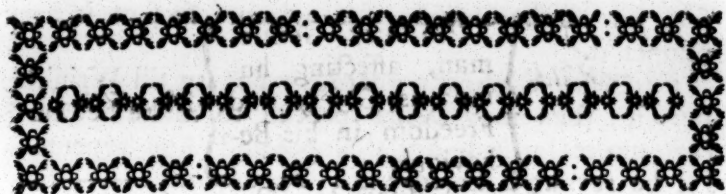
W O M E N.

<i>Lurewell,</i>	{ A Lady of a jilting Temper, proceeding from a Resentment of her Wrongs from Men. }	Mrs. <i>Ver-</i> <i>bruggen.</i>
<i>Lady Darling,</i>	{ An old Lady, Mo- ther to <i>Angelica.</i> }	Mrs. <i>Powel.</i>
<i>Angelica,</i>	A Woman of Honour.	Mrs. <i>Rogers.</i>
<i>Parly,</i>	Maid to <i>Lurewell.</i>	Mrs. <i>Moor.</i>

Constable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, L O N D O N.

T H E



THE
Constant Couple.



ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard with a Letter, a Servant following.

VIZARD.



Ngelica send it back unopen'd! say
you?

Serv. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these virtuous
Women is more insufferable than the
Immodesty of Prostitutes—After all
my Incouragement to flight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, that imagin^g your Morals
sincere, she gave you Access to her Conversation;
but that your late Behaviour in her Company has
convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both
Hypo-

The Constant Couple.

Hypocrisy, and that she believes your Letter like yourself, fair on the Outside, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it; then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents—I'll be reveng'd the very first Opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue——An Esteem grafted in Old Age is hardly rooted out; Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies, and old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisy.——

[*Aside.* Run to the Lady *Lurewell*'s, and know of her Maid, whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening. Her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica*'s Scorn.

[*Exit Servant.* *Vizard* pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' Times, at his Meditation so early, some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobs* is an excellent Fellow! [*Aside.*] O Uncle *Smuggler*! To find you at this End o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have seen a Miracle this Morning indeed, Cousin *Vizard*.

Viz. What is it, pray, Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court—I'm very glad, Boy, that you keep your Sanctity untainted in this infectious Place; the very Air of this Park is Heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely, Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctify'd End of the Town.

Smug. A very unsanctify'd Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is it?

Smug.

The Constant Couple.

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Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy——Shall I tell you?——
My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from *St. Sebastian*,
laden with *Portugal* Wines: Now the impudent
Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the Face to affirm it is
French Wines in *Spanish* Casks, and has indicted me
upon the Statute——O Conscience! Conscience!
These Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more
with their *French* Wines, than the War did with *French*
Privateers——Ay, there's another Plague of the
Nation——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because——I'm disbanded.

Viz. How! Broke?

Stand. This very Morning, in *Hide-Park*, my brave
Regiment, a thousand Men that look'd like Lions
Yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and
simple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral [*Singing*]. I'll have a Bonfire
this Night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! Thou dry, wither'd, ill Na-
ture; had not those brave Fellows Swords defended
you, your House had been a Bonfire e'er this about
your Ears.——Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did we not pay for your Lives, Sir?——
Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money,
and that's Life and Soul to me.——Sir, we'll maintain
you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Actæon*. There
are five and thirty strapping Officers gone this Morning
to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son with-
in these nine Months born with a leading Staff in his
Hand.——Sir, you are——

Stand.

The Constant Couple.

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Stand. What, Sir?

Smug. Disbanded, Sir, that's all——I see my Lawyer yonder. [Exit.]

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*; I'll pay my Foy, drink a Health to my King, Prosperity to my Country, and away for *Hungary* to-morrow Morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! A Soldier stay here, to look like an old Pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met Yesterday a broken Lieutenant, he was ashamed to own that he wanted a Dinner, but begg'd Eighteen-pence of me to buy a new Scabbard for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stand. O, very good Friends! My Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau; mighty-good Friends indeed!

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword again.

Stand. Nay, for that Matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are Ways of making your Fortune at home——Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutchess—I warrant 'twill be a might Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Colonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand.

The Constant Couple.

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Stand. Why, to save his pretty Face for the Women, he always turn'd his Back upon the Enemy.—He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistress.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a Thought; from which, and the Kingdom, I wou'd have stoll'n away at once.——To be plain, I have a Mistress.

Viz. And she's cruel?

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness?

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune?

Stand. A large one; Beauty to tempt all Mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard*! such a Creature!

Enter Sir Harry Wildair, crosses the Stage singing, with Footmen after him.

Hey-day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park;

Sir Harry Wildair newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. *Sir Harry Wildair*! Did not he make a Campaign in *Flanders* some three or four Years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behaved himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate; has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the Rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by Misfortune, nor stinted in its Pleasures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and easy to himself.——Turning all Passion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuses rather to rejoice with his Friends, than be hated by any; as you shall see.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, *Vizard*!

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Viz.

The Constant Couple.

Viz. Sir Harry!

Wild. Who thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* so long? I thought thy Hypocrisy had been wedded to a Pulpit-Cushion long ago.—Sir, if I mistake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. Sir Harry, I'm your humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th' Town, for I'm just arriv'd.

Viz. Why, in the City-end o'th' Town we're playing the Knave, to get Estates.

Stand. And in the Court-end playing the Fool, in spending 'em.

Wild. Just so in *Paris*. I'm glad we're grown so modish.

Viz. We are so reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocrisy for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris*, agen.

Viz. Not one Whore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten Times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a Mistake; for my Major swore a hundred and fifty last Night to a Merchant's Wife in her Bed-chamber.

Wild. Pshaw, this is trifling; tell me News, Gentlemen. What Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groom-Porter's? or his Heart at *New-Market*, for the Loss of a Race? What Wife has been lately suing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony; or, what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the noblest Ball at the *Bath*, or had the finest Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, these are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir Harry, tell us some News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my Heart.—You must know then, I went over to *Amsterdam* in a *Dutch Ship*: I there had a *Dutch Whore* for five Stivers. I went from thence to *Landen*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the But-end of a *Swiss* Musket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a Dozen Intrigues,
bought

The Constant Couple.

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bought half a Dozen new Suits, fought a Couple of Duels, and here I am agen *in statu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you design'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; What brought you back so soon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! quit the Pleasures of Travel for a Woman!

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for such a Woman! I had rather see her *Ruelle* than the Palace of *Levis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*; and I wou'd rather kiss her Hand, than the Pope's Toe.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very lavish in the Beauty and Virtue of your Mistress; and Sir *Harry* here has been no less eloquent in the Praise of his. Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a-piece, that neither of them is so pretty, so witty, or so virtuous, as mine.

Stand. 'Tis done.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes——But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolv'd? For I know not where my Mistress may be found; she left *Paris* about a Month before me, and I had an Account——

Stand. How, Sir! left *Paris* about a Month before you?

Wild. Yes, Sir, and I had an Account that she lodg'd somewhere in *St. James's*.

Viz. How! somewhere in *St. James's*, say you?

Wild. Ay, Sir, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this Fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay,——she has the softest, whitest Hand that e'er was made of Flesh and Blood; her Lips so balmy sweet——

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast;——her Breasts do so heave, so heave. [Singing.]

Viz. But her Name, Sir; her Quality.

The Constant Couple.

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel!

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard*!

Stand. Pshaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady——But then her Foot, Gentlemen; she dances to a Miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why, you have certainly lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture, unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. 'Sdeath, my Mistress.

[*Aside.*

Viz. My Mistress, by *Jupiter*.

[*Aside.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Can't tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. [*Exit Stand.*

Wild. Nay, hold Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know.

[*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell*, his Mistress! He loves her: But she loves me.—But he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has a Coach and Six, and I walk a Foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*;——That very Circumstance has murder'd me——Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re-enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of Humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. 'Slife that's true; I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! Pshaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*! 'Slife, Man, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all we *Beaux* do?

Viz.

The Constant Couple.

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Viz. I'll try him farther. [*Aside.*] But wou'd not you, Sir Harry, fight for this Woman you so much admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her—that's true; —but then I love honest Sir Harry Wildair better. The Lady Lurewell is divinely charming——right——but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex* Jury, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir Harry, 'twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a Parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who wou'd hang you, purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but, on t'other Hand, I have Money enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature Deliberation, I wou'd fight for her.——But no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Mistress by the by, till I can find my own? You have Store I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer Game, than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little.——Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. [*Aside.*]

[*Pauses whilst Sir Harry walks singing.*]

Wild. Pshaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new Mistress, as a Drawer is piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you, and wholesome Wine; you'll therefore bear a little Expectation.

Wild. Ha! say'st thou, dear *Vizard*?

Viz. A Girl of Sixteen, Sir Harry.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes,——she has the softest whitest Hand that e'er was made of Flesh and Blood; her Lips so balmy sweet——

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, Man?

Viz. Find her!——but then her Foot, Sir Harry; she dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

The Constant Couple.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this Lady is the greatest Beauty in Town; her Name's *Angelica*: She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*; she goes for a Baronet's Lady, (no Disparagement to your Honour, Sir *Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. Pshaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*; you must have my Pass-port for your Admittance, and you'll find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil Entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 Pieces handsomely plac'd, will gain the Point; I'll ensure her found.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a Man in Necessity. — Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*; I'll walk across the Park. [*To his Servant.*]

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clinch. Here, Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park too——

Mr. *Vizard*, your most devoted——

Sir, [*to Wildair*] I admire the Mode of your Shoulder-knot;

It thinks it hangs very emphatically, and carries an Air of Travel in it:

Your Sword-knot too is most ornamentally modish, And bears a foreign Mien.

Gentlemen, My Brother is just arriv'd in Town, So that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your most devoted, and most faithful humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Wild. Prithee dost know him?

Viz. Know him! why it is *Clincher*, who was Apprentice to my Uncle *Smuggler*, the Merchant in the City.

Wild. What makes him so gay?

Viz. Why he's in Mourning.

Wild. In Mourning!

Viz.

The Constant Couple.

II

Viz. Yes, for his Father. The kind old Man in *Hertfordshire* t'other Day broke his Neck a Foxhunting;

The Son upon the News has broke his Indentures;
Whip'd from behind the Counter into the Side-Box,
Forswears Merchandise, where he must live by Cheating,
And usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking.
He keeps his Coach and Liveries, *Brace of Geldings*,
Leash of Mistresses, talks of nothing but Wines,
Intrigues, Plays, Fashions, and going to the *Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! how many Pound of Pulvil must the Fellow use in sweetning himself from the Smell of Hops and Tobacco?

Faugh—I my Conscience methought,
Like *Olivia's* Lover, he stunk of *Thames-Street*.

But now for *Angelica*, that's her Name:

We'll to the Prince's Chocolate-house,

Where you shall write my Pass-port, *Allons*. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE, *Lady Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and her Maid Parly.

Lure. Parly, my Pocket-Book—let me see—*Madrid*,
Venice, *Paris*, *London*!—Ay, *London*! They may talk
What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love
Most fruitful under this Climate—In a Month's Space
Have I gain'd—let me see, *Imprimis*, Colonel *Standard*.

Par. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Soldiers should be manag'd; he shall
serve me till I gain my Ends, then I'll disband him.

Par. But he loves you, Madam.

Lure. Therefore I scorn him;

I hate all that don't love me, and flight all that do:

Would his whole deluding Sex admir'd me.

Thus wou'd I flight them all;

My virgin and unwary Innocence

Was wrong'd by faithless Man,

But now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face,

Lye Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and

Damn the treacherous Kind.——

Let me survey my Captives.——

The *Colonel* leads the Van ; next Mr. *Vizard*,

He courts me out of the Practice of Piety,

Therefore is a Hypocrite ;

Then *Clincher*, he adores me with Orangeree,

And is consequently a Fool ;

Then my old Merchant, Alderman *Smuggler*,

He's a Compound of both ;—out of which Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion——What d'ye think, *Parly* ?

Par. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service,

If you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child ! observe this, that tho' a Woman swear, forswear, lye, dissemble, back-bite, be proud, vain, malicious, any Thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still virtuous ; that's a Maxim.

Par. I can't be persuaded tho', Madam, but that you really lov'd Sir *Harry Wildair* in *Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I cou'd never make him uneasy ; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account ; I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord ! no sooner talk of killing, but the Soldier is conjur'd up ; you're upon hard Duty, Colonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a Mistress too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest ; for in War, Madam, we can be reliev'd in our Duty ; but in Love, who wou'd take our Post, is our Enemy ; Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same Success in the Bed-chamber ; and I think, considering the Weakness of our Sex, we should

thou'd make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, Madam, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries, thro' a Title to your lovely Person, but now my Love must attend my Fortune. My Commission, Madam, was my Pass-port to the Fair; adding a Nobleness to my Passion, it stamp'd a Value in my Love; 'twas once the Life of Honour, but now its Winding-Sheet, and with it must my Love be buried.

Par. What! disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Par. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow! he stinks of Poverty already. [*Aside.*]

Lure. His Misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my Designs. [*Aside.*]

Stand. I'll chuse, Madam, rather to destroy my Passion by Absence abroad, than have it starv'd at home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune. And to convince you of your Mistake, here I vow by all that's sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no; I'll never be a Charge to her I love! The Man that sells himself for Gold, is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I cou'd love him. [*Aside.*]

Stand. This only last Request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, no Office introduce a Knave, nor Coat a Coward, to my Place in your Affections; so farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable: Here, *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion else. Now for a trial of Skill. [*Re-enter Colonel.*]
Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity:
When do you take your Journey?

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Stand. To-morrow morning, early, Madam.

Love. So suddenly! which way are you design'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray, Sir, tell me, pray, Sir; I intreat you; Why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam?

Lure. Because——

Stand. What!

Lure. Because, I, I,——

Stand. Because! What, Madam?—Pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design to follow you. [*Crying.*]

Stand. Follow me! By all that's great, I ne'er was proud before.

But such Love from such a Creature
Might swell the Vanity of the proudest Prince.
Follow me! By Heavens thou shalt not.

What! expose thee to the Hazards of a Camp——
Rather I'll stay, and here

Bear the Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, shall not, my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! No, I'll turn a Knave, and purchase one myself; I'll cringe to the proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to Death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any thing, but I'll reward thy Love, and recompense thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha! poor Sir Harry, ha, ha, ha! Rather kiss her Hand, than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha!

Lure. What Sir Harry, Colonel! What Sir Harry!

Stand. Sir Harry Wildair, Madam.

Lure. What! Is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me—but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only called you his Mistress, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate the Praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice.——

Lure. How easily is the Vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the Vanity of Fops.

Lure. On my Conscience, I believe so; this Gentleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge; I'll send him back all his foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you yourself shall carry 'em; 'twill afford you Opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther Impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aver-sion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project! How shall I bait him like *Aëdon* with his own Dogs.——Well, Mrs. *Parly*, it is order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more Pieces, Mrs. *Parly*.——

Par. 'Tis provided by the same Act, that you send no more Messages by me, good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come, don't be mercenary; take Example by your Lady, be honourable.

Par. A-lack-a-day, Sir, it shews as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: We poor Folks, Colonel, have no Pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour shou'd be cashier'd with your Leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest Curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chambermaids!

Enter Lurewell.

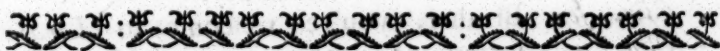
Lure. Here's the Packet, Colonel; the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. [*Gives him the Packet.*

Stand. Which since I have 'gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy. Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

Lure. To the right about as you were; march, Colonel! ha, ha, ha!

*Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles!
Nature in us, your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellectuals you trace;
Woman, without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.*

The End of the first ACT.



ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher Junior's Lodgings.

Enter Clincher opening a Letter, Servant following.

Dear Brother.

Clin.—reads. *I* Will see you presently; I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. *Dicky!*

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do, Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, Sir, I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! A Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha! many Whores? There's a Question indeed; why, Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town.—Hark'e, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, what then?

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three Minutes, as I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon*! Why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher Senior.

Clin. sen. Brother, you're welcome to *London*!

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool; I wear this because I have the Estate, and you wear that, because you have not the Estate. You have cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well, Brother, I'm glad, to see you, fare you well. [Going.]

Clin. jun. Stay, stay, Brother, where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Hark'e, Sir, is not my Father Dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my Sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he's dead; and am not I a young powder'd extravagant *English* Heir?

Clin. jun. Very Right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee*! What's that?

Clin.

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Clin. sen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is — faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why, the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our *Lord Mayor's Day* in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Raree Shows*, and all that, Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon, Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions, don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee, *Robin*, don't call me Brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagine that you have a Spight at me. — But have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the *Lady Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing-Master has not been with me yet. How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. Pshaw, that's easy, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant. I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. **L**ike Light and Heat incorporate we lay,
We blest the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game — Humph! The prettiest *Bordel* I have seen, a very stately genteel one. [*Footmen cross the Stage.*] Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*. — 'Sdeath, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

Enter

Enter Lady Darling.

No, this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray, Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no Business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you farther; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procurefs agen.

Madam,

Darl. reads. *E* Arnest Inclination to serve—Sir Harry—Madam—Court my Cousin—Gentleman—Fortune—

Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

V I Z A R D.

Sir, Your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the Recommendation of so sober and pious a young Gentleman as my Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A right sanctify'd Bawd o' my Word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. [Exit.]

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*—She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling with Angelica.

Darl. Pray, Daughter, use him civilly, such Matches won't offer every Day. [Exit.]

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! An Angel! 'Sdeath, what Money have I got in my Pocket! I can't offer her

her less than twenty Guineas——and by *Jupiter* she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! The very same! And his Person as agreeable as his Character of good Humour——Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from Respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! How would that Modesty adorn Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming!——By Heav'n there's such a commanding Innocence in her Looks, that I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. Madam—I, I——Zoons I cannot speak to her—But she's a Whore, and I will——Madam, in short, I, I——O Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy, what a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught; now to secure my Conquest—I thought, Sir, you had Business to communicate.

Wild. Business to communicate! How nicely she words it! Yes, Madam, I have a little Business to communicate. Don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover——Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then, Madam, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirp'd in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you, Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, there are—twenty young ones——'Slife, I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad, sure——Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and Manners! Egad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas——I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

What the Devil's here? Another Cousin, I warrant ye! Hark'e, Sir, can you lend me ten or a dozen Guineas instantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three Hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. These *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! This Fellow, by his Wig and Assurance, can be no less than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clinch. jun. Faith, Sir, I ha'n't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What Business have you here then, Sir? For to my Knowledge twenty won't be sufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! For what, Sir?

Wild. What, Sir! Why, for that, Sir; what the Devil should it be, Sir? I know your Business, notwithstanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Business! Why my Cousin lives here.

Wild. I know your Cousin does live here, and *Vizard's* Cousin, and every Body's Cousin.——
Hark'e, Sir, I shall return immediately; and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I shall cut your Throat, Rascal. [Exit.

Clin. jun. Why the Man's mad, sure!

Dick. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clin. jun. A Beau! What's that? Are all Madmen Beaux?

Dick. No, Sir; but most Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Cousin: Remember your three Scrapes, a Kifs, and your humble Servant.

[Exeunt, as into the House.]

S C E N E, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Colonel following,

Stand. Sir Harry, Sir Harry!

Wild.

Wild. I'm in haste, Colonel ; besides, if you're in no better Humour than when I parted with you in the Park this Morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy Man, Sir Harry, who are never out of Humour : Can nothing move your Gall, Sir Harry ?

Wild. Nothing but Impossibilities, which are the same as nothing.

Stand. What Impossibilities ?

Wild. The Resurrection of my Father to disinherit me, or an Act of Parliament against Wenching. A Man of Eight thousand Pound *per Annum* to be vex't ! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppose one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your Back.

Wild. Why, then wou'd I call him Rascal behind his Back ; so we're even.

Stand. But suppose you had lost a Mistress.

Wild. Why, then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But suppose you were discarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd surely trouble you.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel ; my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary ; 'tis only a Pitch of Gratitude ; while she loves me, I love her ; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir ; if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you—I say, only suppose it—and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. Pshaw ! that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that ?

Wild. Why, 'twere a Solecism in Nature. Why she's a Rib of me, Sir. She dances with me, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lyes with me.

Stand. How, Sir ?

Wild.

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Wild. I mean in an honourable Way; that is, she lyes for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash your Hopes to Pieces.——I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers.

[*Gives him the Packet.*]

Wild. What is't, the Muster-Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love Campaign; and, for your Comfort, all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good Metaphorical Colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read; these are the *Sibyls* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my Estate, what care I.—[*Opening the Packet.*] Humph! my Hand! To the Lady *Lurewell*,——To the Lady *Lurewell*,——To the Lady *Lurewell*,——What the Devil hast thou been tampering with, to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir. Read, read.

Wild. [*Reading.*]——Madam, my Passion—so natural——your Beauty contending——Force of Charms——Mankind——Eternal Admirer *Wildair*! I ne'er was asham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of Humour! ha, ha, ha! Poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the *Jubilee* at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha! But then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a Miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fie, Sir *Harry*, a Man of your Parts write Letters not worth keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha! you may seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. [*sings.*] No, no, let her wander, &c.

Stand.

Stand. You are jilted to some Tune, Sir; blown up with false Musick, that's all.

Wild. Now, why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? Since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for she's a Rib of you, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too; I must turn Poet in the Devil's Name.—Stay——'Sdeath, what's here? This is her Hand——Oh the charming Characters! *My dear Wildair.* [*Reading.*] That's I egad! *this bluff bluff Colonel*—that's he—is *the rarest Fool in Nature*——the Devil he is!——*and as such have I us'd him*——with all my Heart, Faith——*I had no better way of letting you know that I lodge in St. James's, near the Holy Lamb. Lureswell.* Colonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

Stand. Hold, Sir, you sha'n't go yet; I ha'n't deliver'd half my Message.

Wild. Upon my Faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen; out with it, I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, egad! ha, ha, ha!

[*Laugh and point at one another.*]

Stand. Ay, with all my Heart, ha, ha!

Well, well, that's forc'd, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis Prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for't——: But to be serious now. The Lady has sent you back all your Papers there—I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel! O the Delight of an ingenious Mistress! what a Life and Briskness it adds

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adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different Shapes. A *Legerdemain Mistress*, who, *Præsto! Pass!* and she's vanish'd, then *Hey!* in an Instant in your Arms again. [Going.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*; what News from the Island of Love?

Wild. Faith, we made but a Broken Voyage by your Chart; but now I am bound for another Port; I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! curs'd Misfortune! another! [Aside.

Wild. But the civilest in the World; he brought me Word where my Mistress lodges: The Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all Thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other Time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

*That Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, whene'er her Beauty cloy.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel,
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well.* [Exit.

Viz. solus.——The Colonel my Rival too! how shall I manage? There is but one Way——him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'other's Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave. [Exit.

SCENE, *Lurewell's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Has my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Par.

Par. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same Time cheat me of my Money.

Par. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate; for you say, the Writings are in his Hands.

Lure. But what Satisfaction can I get of him? Oh! here he comes.

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant; have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, Trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your Turn; I must have Money, Sir——I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say: I'm an Alderman, Madam! Cheat you, Madam! I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty Years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear witness, *Parly*! I shall trap him in more Lyes presently.——Come, Sir, tho' I am a Woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, Madam? You'll go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty Years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! he, he, he! Why, I'm a religious Man, Madam! I have been very instrumental in the Reformation of Manners. Ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman. There is but one Way, Madam,——you have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the Reformation! How?
Smug.

Smug. I whipt all the Whores, Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish:—Ah! that leering Eye!—Then I voted for pulling down the Playhouse:—Ah! that Ogle, that Ogle:—Then my own pious Example:—Ah! that Lip, that Lip!

Lure. Here's a religious Rogue for you now!—As I hope to be fav'd, I have a good mind to beat the Old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guineas, (a great deal of Money as Times go) and ———

Lure. Come, give 'em me.

Smug. Ah! that Hand, that Hand, that pretty soft, white——I have brought it, you see; but the Condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that——you understand me; you understand, I'm sure you do, you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't Wench upon his own Cost, but would bribe me with my own Money. I'll be reveng'd——Upon my Word, Mr. Alderman, you make me blush; what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam.

[*Puts a Piece of Money in his Mouth.*]

Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea, Buſs and Guinea.

Lure. Well, Mr. Alderman, you have such pretty winning Ways, that I will, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he! my little Cocket; and when? and where? and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult Point, Sir, to secure both our Honours; you must therefore be disguis'd, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Pshaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half so religious as I seem to be. You little Rogue; why, I'm disguis'd as I am; our Sanctity is all Outside, all Hypocrisy.

Lure.

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Lure. No Man is seen to come into this House after Night-fall; you must therefore sneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. With all my Heart. — I have a Suit a purpose, my little Cocket: I love to be disguis'd, I cod, I make a very handsome Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whispers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, shall I beg you to walk into the next Room? here are some Strangers coming up.

Lure. Buss and Guinea first; ah, my little Cocket!
[Exit.]

Enter Wildair.

Wild. My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give.

Lure. Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.

Welcome, my dear Sir Harry; I see you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the most charming manner, thou dear *Machiavel* of Intrigue.

Lure. Still brisk and airy, I find, Sir Harry.

Wild. The Sight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thousand Questions to ask you, Sir Harry. How d'ye like France?

Wild. Ah! *est le plus beau Pais du Monde.*

Lure. Then what made you leave it so soon?

Wild. Madam, *vous voyez que je vous suy par-tout.*

Lure. O Monsieur, *je vous suis fort obligée*——But; where's the Court now?

Wild. At Marli, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *La Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Nôtre Dame*; I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Disease did he die of?

Wild. A Duel, Madam! I was his Doctor.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As most Doctors do, I kill'd him,

Lure.

Lure. En Cavalier, my dear Knight-Errant; well, and how, and how; what Intrigues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*!

Wild. I shou'd ask you that Question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir Harry, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to death here, by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel; he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender tho'.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild. And love and kifs——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attande, attande, un peu*——I remember, Sir Harry, you promis'd me in *Paris*, never to ask that impertinent Question agen.

Wild. Pshaw, Madam, that was above two Months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir Harry?

Wild. Oh! *Le mariage est une grand male.*——
But I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on; if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! why, Madam, I never had any Business all my Life.

Lure. Yes, Sir Harry, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry that a Gentleman of your Figure shou'd undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why, the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old Smuggler!

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have some Reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred Pound within these three Years.

Lure. 'Tis your Business then to acquit yourself publickly; for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit myself publickly!—Here, Sirrah, my Coach; I'll drive instantly into the City, and cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he shall run the Gauntlet through a thousand brusht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why, he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir Harry, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, no, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher, Here, Mrs. Parly, shew me the Gentleman. [Exit with Parly.

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir Harry pester'd next Term with Blood-sheds, Batteries, Coists and Damages, Solicitors and Attorneys; and if they don't teize him out of his good Humour, I'll never plot agen. [Exit.

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O, this damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thousand Pound! why, 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My best Friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Wild. I'll assure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I am gladder to meet, Dear, dear Mr. Alderman.

[Bowing very low.
Smug.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the most obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Business, Mr. Alderman, fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I am forc'd to be troublesome; but Necessity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you say, Necessity—But upon my Word, Sir, I am very short of Money at present, but ———

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way; but the Business is, I'm reduc'd to an indispensable Necessity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating—Here take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating, Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha! I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player! ha, ha, ha!

Wild. Upon my Word, Sir, you must beat me, or I cudgel you; take your choice.

Smug. Pshaw, pshaw, you jest.

Wild. Nay, 'tis sure as Fate: so, Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity. [*Strikes him.*]

Smug. Curiosity! Duce take your Curiosity, Sir; what d'ye mean?

Wild. Nothing at all; I'm but in jest, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jest; but a Man might imagine by the Smartness of the Stroak, that you were in downright earnest.

Wild. Not in the least, Sir; [*Strikes him.*] not in the least indeed, Sir.

Smug. Pray, good Sir, no more of your Jest, for they are the bluntest Jest that ever I knew.

Wild. [*Strikes.*] I heartily beg your pardon, with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon, Sir! well, Sir, that is Satisfaction enough from a Gentleman: But seriously now, if you pass any more of your Jest upon me, I shall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your Permission to break one or two more. [*Strikes him.*]

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones : Are you mad, Sir ? Murder, Felony, Manslaughter !

[*Wild. knocks him down.*

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons ; but I am absolutely compell'd to't, upon my Honour : Sir, nothing can be more averſe to my Inclinations, than to jeſt with my honeſt, dear, loving, obliged Friend, the Alderman.

[*Striking him all this while, Smuggler tumbles over and over, and ſhakes out his Pocket-Book on the Floor ; Lurewell enters, takes it up.*]

Lure. The old Rogue's Pocket-Book ; this may be of uſe. [*Aſide.*] O Lord, Sir Harry's murdering the poor old Man. —

Smug. O dear Madam, I was beaten in jeſt, 'till I am murder'd in good earneſt.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off, Senior—*Frapez, Frapez !*

Smug. O ! for Charity's ſake, Madam, reſcue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man ! Hold ! hold ! *Frapez plus rudement !*

Frapez ! I wonder you are not aſham'd, [*Holding Wild.* A poor reverend honeſt Elder—[*Helps Smug. up.* It makes me weep to ſee him in this Condition, poor Man !

Now the Devil take you, Sir Harry—For not beating him harder. Well, my Dear, you ſhall come at Night, and I'll make you amends.

[*Here Sir Harry takes Snuff.*

Smug. Madam, I will have amends before I leave the Place.

Sir, how durſt you uſe me thus ?

Wild. Sir ?

Smug. Sir, I ſay that I will have Satisfaction.

Wild. With all my Heart.

[*Throws Snuff into his Eyes.*

Smug. O ! Murder, Blindneſs, Fire ! O Madam, Madam, get me ſome Water ! Water, Fire, Fire, Water !

[*Exit with Lurewell.*

Wild.

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Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without Passion! 'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

*Let Statesmen plot, and under Business groan,
And settling publick Quiet, lose their own;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay, or Fame,
For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same;
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense,
And mad with Strength of Reason, Fools commence,
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense;
Their Summum Bonum they must toil to gain,
And seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain:
I make the most of Life, no Hour mispend,
Pleasure's the Mean, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my Time destroy,
Life's but a Span, I'll every Inch enjoy.* [Exit.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

SCENE, The Street.

Enter Standard and Vizard.

Stand. **I** Bring him Word where she lodg'd! I the civilest Rival in the World! 'Tis impossible.

Viz. I shall urge it no farther, Sir.

I only thought, Sir, that my Character in the World might add Authority to my Words without so many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, dear *Vizard*.

Our Belief struggles hard before it can be brought to yield to the Disadvantage of what we love;

'Tis so great an Abuse to our Judgment, that it makes

the Faults of our Choice our own Failing.

But what said Sir Harry?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily,

Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom, repeating these Lines.

*A Mistress ne'er can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet whene'er her Beauty cloy.*

Stand. *A Mistress ne'er can pall!* By all my Wrongs he whores her! And I'm made their Property. Vengeance! *Vizard*, you must carry a Note for me to Sir Harry.

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't design to fight?

Stand. What! Wear the Livery of my King, and pocket an Affront! 'Twere an Abuse to his Sacred Majesty; a Soldier's Sword, *Vizard*, should start of itself to redress it's Master's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any such Message between Friends.

Stand. I have ne'er a Servant here, what shall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom Errand*, the Porter, that plies at the *Blue-Posts*, one who knows Sir Harry, and his Haunts very well; you may send a Note by him.

Stand. Here you, Friend.

Viz. I have now some Business, and must take my Leave, I wou'd advise you nevertheless against this Affair.

Stand. No whispering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that disappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him foolishly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Viz. Nay the Devil take him that parts you! say I.

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call Porter?

Stand.

Stand. Is your Name *Tom Errand*?

Err. People call me so, an't like your *Worship*—

Stand. D'ye know *Sir Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well, Sir, he's one of my best Masters; many a round half Crown have I had of his *Worship*; he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-house, and wait for me. O Woman, Woman, how blest is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles, and how accurs'd when all those Smiles are found but wanton Baits to sooth us to Destruction!

*Thus our chief Joys with base Allays are curst,
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst.* [Exit.]

Enter Wildair and Clincher senior following.

Clinch. sen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having some Business of Importance to communicate to you, I wou'd beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I wou'd impart to your Understanding.

Wild. What is your trifling Business of Importance, pray, sweet Sir?

Clinch. sen. Pray, Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*.

Wild. Why that Question, Sir?

Clinch. sen. Because I design to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I understand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir; there is indeed, Sir—I suppose, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clinch. sen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes, Sir, of the Shavings of Deal-boards.

Clinch. sen. That's very strange now, faith—
Lace made of the Shavings of Deal-boards! Egad, Sir, you Travellers see very strange Things abroad, very incredible Things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of the very same Lace before I come home.

Wild. But, Sir, what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clinch. sen. A Case of Pocket-pistols for the Bravo's — and a swimming Girdle.

Wild. Why these, Sir?

Clinch. sen. O Lord! Sir, I'll tell you — suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes I to some Ball — for I'll be a mighty Beau. Then, as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know — then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Signior Angle*, *Signior Angle* — she's a very fine Lady, observe that — *Signior Angle*, says she, — *Signiora*, says I, and trips after her to the Corner of a Street, suppose it *Russel-Street* here, or any other Street; then you know, I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less. — There up comes her Bravo; the *Italian* grows saucy, and I give him an *English* Douse of the Face. I can Box, Sir, box tightly; I was a 'Prentice, Sir, — but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stiletto*, and I whips out my *Bull Dog* — slaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the Corner of *Russel-Street* again, and whips me into the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Is your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clinch. sen. Only a Brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir.

Wild. 'Tis a very fine Pistol, truly: pray let me see it.

Clinch. sen. With all my Heart, Sir.

Wild. Hark'e, Mr. *Jubilee*, can you digest a Brace of Bullets?

Clinch. sen. O by no Means in the World, Sir!

Wild. I'll try the Strength of your Stomach, however. Sir, you're a dead Man.

[Presenting the Pistol to his Breast.]

Clinch. sen. Consider, dear Sir! I am going to the *Jubilee*, when I come home agen, I am a dead Man at your Service.

Wild. O very well, Sir! but take Heed you are not so cholerick for the future.

Clinch. Cholerick, Sir! Oons! I desigh to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir?

Wild.

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Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation!

Clin. sen. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corns, and there will be a devilish Throng of People there; they say that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fiddlers in *Europe*—but the Use of your swimming Girdle, pray Sir?

Clin. sen. O Lord, Sir! That's easy. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busy at their Prayers, I whip on my swimming Girdle, clap a Month's Provision into my Pocket, and sails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly.—And hark'e, Sir, I have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my swimming Girdle shall carry me upon this Occasion? 'Tis a new Project.

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, faith and troth, and so save the Charges of my Passage. Well, Sir, you must pardon me now, I'm going to see my Mistress. [Exit.

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes abroad. Well! This *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and I can't get her out of my Head. I must pay her t'other Visit.

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.*

Angelica sola.

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict Confinement on our Words, makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our outward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet.—'Tis hard that Love shou'd be deny'd the Privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction should be so much indulg'd, yet sacred Love and Truth debar'd our Conversation.

Enter Darling, Clincher junr. and Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Confin.

L 5

Dick,

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three Scrapes.

Clin. saluting Angelica.—One, two, three, Your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky*?

Dick. Ay, faith Sir, but why don't you speak to her?

Clin. jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky*, I know my Distance. Wou'd you have me speak to a Lady at the first Sight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all Means; the first Aim is the surest.

Clin. jun. Now for a good Jest, to make her laugh heartily.—By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiss.
[Goes towards her.]

Enter Wildair, interposing.

Wild. 'Tis all to no Purpose, I told you so before; your pitiful five Guineas will never do—you may go, I'll out bid you.

Clin. jun. What the Devil! The Madman's here again.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! What d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my House!

Clin. jun. Quality—Why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.—They're all alike, I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[Exit *Darl.* leading *Clin.* *Dicky* follows.]

Angel. Sir, if your Conversation be no more agreeable than 'twas the last Time, I wou'd advise you to make your Visit as short as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my last Visit, Madam, bore their Punishment in the Commission; and have made me as uneasy till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyship can be till I sue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, I did not well understand the Offence, and must therefore proportion it to the Greatness of your Apology; if you wou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pains in an Excuse.

Wild. How sweet must the Lips be that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of past Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this seal my Pardon. [Kisses her Hand.] And this [Again.] initiate me to farther Happiness.

Angel.

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Angel. Hold, Sir, ——— one Question, Sir *Harry*, and pray answer plainly ——— D'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire ascend? Do Hypocrites dissemble? Usurers love Gold, or great Men Flattery? Doubt these, then question that I love.

Angel. This shews your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Passion; your Beauty ravishes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your Words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raise an equal Flame in me. ———

Wild. Nay, then ——— I seize ———

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd Turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger shou'd be real or dissembled; think what strict Modesty shou'd bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict Modesty shou'd bear! Why faith, Madam, I believe the strictest Modesty may bear fifty Guineas, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean! if you go to that. I think now fifty Guineas is a fine Offer for your strict Modesty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure on his Defect in Understanding, than on his Want of Manners. ——— I'm afraid you're mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. 'Sdeath, are you not a ———

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of ——— strict Modesty, if you will have it so.

Angel. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all three. [Exit.]

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict Modesty, is the Reason why those of Quality are ashamed to wear it.

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Ah! Sir Harry, have I caught you? Well, and what Success?

Wild. Success! 'Tis a Shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so saucy: I offer'd her fifty Guineas, and she was in her Airs presently, and flew away in a Huff. I cou'd have had a Brace of Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs, say you! And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-chamber, Man; she went on Purpose. You a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her Airs, as you call it!

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and Stuff.

Viz. Certainly. Most Women magnify their Modesty, for the same Reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir Harry, when you make your next Assault, encourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*; if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair Excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh! I had almost forgot—Col. *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently; d'ye know where he may be found?

Viz. In the *Piazza of Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promis'd to see him; and there you may meet him, to have your Throat cut. [Aside.] I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul Play with the Lady, *Vizard*. [Exit.]

Viz.

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Viz. No fair Play, I can assure you.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *The Street before Lurewell's Lodgings;*

Clincher sen. and Lurewell coqueting in the Balcony.

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is Reason in Disputes of Love? That daring Reason which so oft pretends to question Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakest Passions, and yields implicit Faith to foolish Love, paying blind Zeal to faithless Women's Eyes. I've heard her Falshood with such pressing Proofs, that I no longer should distrust it. Yet still my Love wou'd baffle Demonstration, and make Impossibilities seem probable. [Looks up.] Ha! That Fool too! What, stoop so low as that Animal!—'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in Despair, will stick at nothing; there's no Medium in their Actions. They must be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her Whore, curse the whole Sex, and leave her. [Goes in.]

Lurewell comes down with Clincher. The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.

Lure. O Lord, Sir, it is my Husband! What will become of you?

Clin. Ah! Your Husband! Oh, I shall be murder'd. What shall I do! Where shall I run! I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll swim;—I wish to the Lord I were at the Jubilee now.

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Clinch. Think! not I, I never cou'd think to any Purpose in my Life.

Enter Tom Errand.

Lure. What do you want, Sir?

Err. Madam, I am looking for Sir Harry Wildair; I saw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here still, if he is not gone.

Lure.

Lure. A lucky Hit! Here, Friend, change Cloaths with this Gentleman, quickly, slip.

Clin. Ay, ay, quickly, slip: I'll give you half a Crown to boot. Come here: So. [*They change Cloaths.*]

Lure. Now slip you [*To Clinch.*] down stairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; and get you in there [*To the Porter.*] till I call you.

[*Puts Errand in the next Room.*]

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder, Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after so base a Trick?

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't avail.

Lure. Nay, Sir, your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough against troubling me with Sir Harry Wildair's Company when I sent his Letters back by you; yet you, forsooth, must tell him where I lodg'd, and expose me again to his impertinent Courtship!

Stand. I expose you to his Courtship!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir; a pitiful Lye is as scandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir Harry himself tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lyes: First, your Heart is false, your Eyes are double: One Look belies another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.—Madam, I see a little Devil just now hammering out a Lye in your *Pericranium*,

Lure. As I hope for Mercy, he's in the right on't. [*Aside.*] Hold, Sir, you have got the Play-house Cant upon your Tongue; and think, that Wit may privilege your railing: But I must tell you, Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality real Falshood. Yes, yes, Madam,—I expos'd you to the Courtship of your Fool Clincher, too; I hope

hope your Female Wiles will impose that upon me
—also—

Lure. Clincher ! Nay, now you're stark mad. I know no such Person.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection ! not know him ! 'Slife, Madam, can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes, be so deluded ? Nay, Madam, my Nose could not mistake him ; for I smelt the Fop by his *Pulverio* from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony ! Ha, ha, ha ! the Balcony ; I'll be hang'd but he has mistaken Sir *Harry Wildair's* Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. 'Sdeath, Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully ! Did not I see him ?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not see him ; you're dreaming, Colonel. Will you believe your Eyes, now that I have rubb'd them open ? ——— Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand in Clincher's Cloaths.

Stand. This is Illusion all ; my Eyes conspire against themselves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Leg & demain ! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour ? ——— Oh, what a Curse is it to love as I do ! ——— But don't presume too far, Sir, on my Affection : For such ungenerous Usage will soon return my tir'd Heart. ——— Be gone, Sir, [*To the Porter.*] to your impertinent Master, and tell him I shall never be at Leisure to receive any of his troublesome Visits. ——— Send to me to know when I should be at home ! ——— Be gone, Sir : ——— I am sure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. [*Weeps.*]

Stand. Nay, then there is no Certainty in Nature ; and Truth is only Falshood well disguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond foolish Passion, I shou'd not have been subject to such unjust Suspicions : But it is an ungrateful Return. [*Weeping.*]

Stand. Now, where are all my firm Resolves ? I will believe her just. My Passion rais'd my Jealousy ; then why mayn't Love be as blind in finding Faults, as in excuf-

excusing them?——I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, since Jealousy, that magnify'd my Suspicion, is as much the Effect of Love, as my Easiness in being satisfy'd.

Lure. Easiness in being satisfy'd! You Men have got an insolent Way of extorting Pardon, by persisting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cherish your Suspicions, and feed upon your Jealousy: It is fit Meat for your squeamish Stomach.

With me all Women shou'd this Rule pursue:

Who think us false, shou'd never find us true.

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

Enter Clincher in the Porter's Cloaths.

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettiest, pleasantest Thing, for a Man of my Parts:—How shall we laugh at the Husband, when he is gone?——How fillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already.——To make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Alderman.

Stand. All this Sir Harry has occasion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me a just Revenge:—O! this is the Porter I sent the Challenge by:—Well, Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir Harry the Note, Fellow?

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I sent by you to Sir Harry Wildair; have you seen him?

Clin. O Lord, what shall I say now? Seen him? Yes, Sir——No, Sir.——I have, Sir——I have not, Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Answer me directly, Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir Harry very well, Sir; but as to the Note, Sir, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand,

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Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory.

[*Strikes him.*]

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold!—I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Answer?

Clin. I mean I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What d'ye banter, Rascal?

[*Strikes him again.*]

Clin. Hold, Sir, hold! He did send an Answer.

Stand. What was't, Villain?

Clin. Why, truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you shall remember me this Month, Rascal.

[*Beats him off, and Exit.*]

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. *Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon!* This is better than I expected; but Fortune still helps the Industrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, say I, and him who first invented Canes.——That curs'd Colonel has got such a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten. But where's my Cloaths; my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me so soon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye! If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet.——But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I sent the Porter down Stairs with them: Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Par. No! He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away, I'm afraid.

Clin.

Clin. Gone, say you! and with my Cloaths! my fine *jubilee* Cloaths!—O, the Rogue, the Thief!—
—I'll have him hang'd for Murder.—But how shall I get home in this Pickle?

Par. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently, for he dines at home.

Clin. O, then I must sneak off!
Was ever such an Unfortunate Beau,
To have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat also?

Lure. Thus the noble Poet spoke Truth:

*Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of Sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.*

Par. Methinks, Madam, the Injuries you have suffer'd by Men, must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex.

Lure. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; they robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels; but destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Par. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lure. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Par. Not know him! 'Tis odd, Madam, that a Man should rob you of that same Jewel you mentioned, and you not know him.

Lure. Leave trifling;—'tis a Subject that always fours my Temper: But since, by thy faithful Service, I have some reason to confide in your Secrecy, hear the strange Relation.—Some twelve Years ago, I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age fatal to the Female-Sex: Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are—Villains. Then it happened, that three young Gentlemen from the University coming
into

into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Par. Which they accepted, no doubt: Oh! these strolling Collegians are never abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no Enquiry into their Affairs; two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of a disagreeable Scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour; but the third!

Par. Ah! the third, Madam;—the third of all things, they say, is very critical.

Lure. He was—but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing; he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Par. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a gentle Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to ruin. His very Looks were witty, and his expressive Eyes spoke softer, prettier things, than Words cou'd frame.

Par. There will be Mischief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk so much of Eyes, but there were Tears presently after.

Lure. His Discourse was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Cassandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, rose in the Morning, and made Verses, so fell desperately in Love.—My Father was so well pleas'd with his Conversation, that he begg'd their Company next Day; they consented, and next Night, *Parly*—

Par. Ah, next Night, Madam,——next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid, with his Gold, out of her Honesty; and me, with his Rhetorick, out of my Honour.

Honour. — She admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and swore, and wept, and sigh'd — and conquer'd. [Weeps.]

Par. A-lack-a-day, poor Fifteen! [Weeps.]

Lure. He swore that he wou'd come down from Oxford in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Par. The old Bait! the old Bait! — I was cheated just so myself. [Aside.] But had not you the Wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? He told me, that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himself then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name, and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Constancy, joining Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*; then we parted, but I never saw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me sole Heiress and Executrix to three thousand Pounds a Year: At last, my Love for this single Dissembler turn'd to a Hatred of the whole Sex; and resolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune subservient to my Pleasure and Revenge, I went to travel, where, in most Courts of Europe, I have done some Execution. Here I will play my last Scene; then retire to my Country House, live solitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you still love this dear Dissembler?

Lure. Most certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, representing the Baseness of Mankind full in view; and makes my Resentments work — We shall have that old impotent Lecher, *Smuggler*, here to Night; I have a Plot to swinge him, and his precise Nephew, *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure.

Lure. No, *Parly*, those Men, whose Pretensions I found just and honourable, I fairly dismiss'd, by letting them know my firm Resolutions never to marry. But those Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've seldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam; I suppose his Designs are honourable?

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; there's something of Honour in his Temper that pleases; I'm sure he loves me too, because he's soon jealous, and soon satisfy'd. But he's a Man still. ——— When I once tried his Pulse about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Coward's. He swore indeed, that he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me, forsooth, because he was engag'd elsewhere. So poor a Pretence made me disdain his Passion, which otherwise might have been uneasy to me. ——— But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough. — Besides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge; — But this Buss and Guinea I must maul once more. I'll hanfel his Woman's Cloaths for him. Go get me Pen and Ink; I must write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune, this once assist me as before;

Two such Machines can never work in vain,

As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Wildair and Standard meeting.

Stand. **I** Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you e'er this in a more convenient Place; but since my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge shall be so too. Draw, Sir!

Wild. Draw, Sir! What shall I draw?

Stand.

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough; it shews Courage and Unconcern. I know you brave; and therefore use you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you, I will draw; but the Devil take me if I fight.—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettiest Blade you have seen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Resentment. Come, Sir.

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, dost think that I am such a Madman, as to send my Soul to the Devil, and Body to the Worms upon every Fool's Errand? [*Aside.*]

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir! I have eight thousand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders*, to my Knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the same Reason that I wore a red Coat; because 'twas fashionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; but there was no Danger of Lands, nor Tenements: besides, he was a Beau, like myself. Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade, and I think it downright Madness to contend with any Man in his Profession.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more dallying: I shall take very unseemly Methods, if you don't shew yourself a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there agen now. A Gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thousand Pounds a Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body shou'd contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But pray, Colonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concerned.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can.

An

An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature ; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant ; I can give you Satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately !

Wild. Put up your Sword first ; you know I dare fight : But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you, this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I'm assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement. —

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon ; and then if I don't satisfy you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and it is enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word ?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes ?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no, they have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard — But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction — We must fly this Place, else that cluster of Mob will overwhelm us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Mob, Tom Errand's Wife hurrying in Clincher senior in Errand's Cloaths.

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband : Ah ! my poor *Timothy* ! [*Crying.*]

Clin. Dem your *Timothy* ! — your Husband has murder'd me, Woman ; for he has carry'd away my fine *Julike* Cloaths.

Wife. Ay, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there ? — Neighbours, don't you know poor *Timothy's* Coat and Apron ?

Mob. Ay, ay, it is the same.

First Mob. What shall we do with him, Neighbours ?

Second Mob. We'll pull him in pieces.

First

First Mob. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder: but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy intriguing!

Mob. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames*.

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle*, now.

Enter Constable.

Const. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O, Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const. Murder and Robbery! then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there; he must not be abus'd.—Give an Account of yourself. Are you a Gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. A Beau! Then you have killed no body, I'm persuaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well! the Man speaks Reason, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray, Mr. Constable, ask him him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman! and don't disturb the Court.——Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his: So I put on his Coat, and he put on mine.

Const. Why, Neighbour, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him! and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

[*They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.*]

Clin. O Gemini! My *Jubilee* Pistols!

Const. What, a Case of Pistols! Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? Whence came you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-Street*, and am going to the *Jubilee*.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Const.

Const. Away with him, away with him to *New-gate*, straight.

Clin. I shall go to the *Jubilee* now, indeed. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Wildair and Standard.

Wild. In short, Colonel, 'tis all Nonsense: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House, if you please we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your sword, I'll draw my Snuff-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War: I'll relate mine by *Cupid's Dart*: You shall look big; I'll ogle; ——— You shall swear; I'll sigh, ——— You shall *sa, sa*, and I'll *Coupee*; and if she flies not to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen, you're out. They're all alike, Sir; I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. *Penelope*, I think she's call'd, and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr; but you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you told me, I am satisfied that she imposes on us all: and *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery: ——— But will you be convinc'd, if our Plot succeeds?

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild. Then meet me half an Hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty

M

Glass

Glaſs with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I gueſs by the Preparation, that Woman's the Deſign.

Wild. Yes, faith,——I am taken dangerous ill with two fooliſh Maladies, Modeſty and Love; the firſt I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damſel. A ſure Remedy. *Probatum eſt.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir.

[Exeunt ſeverally.]

Enter Clincher junior and Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a ſad Place, a ſad vicious Place: I wiſh that I were in the Country agen: And this Brother of mine! I'm ſorry he's ſo great a Rake: I had rather ſee him dead than ſee him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, He'll ſpend his whole Eſtate at this ſame Jubilee. Who d'ye think lives at this ſame Jubilee?

Clin. Who, pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! My Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! He's bewitch'd ſure!

Enter Tom Errand in Clincher ſenior's Cloaths.

Dick. Indeed, I believe he is, for he's ſtrangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! Why he looks like a Jeſuit already.

Err. This Lace will ſell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to truſt me with his Coat! If I can get croſs the Garden, down to the Water-ſide, I am pretty ſecure. *[Aſide.]*

Clin. Brother!——Alaw! O *Gemini*! Are you my Brother?

Dick. I ſeize you in the King's Name, Sir.

Err. O Lord! Shou'd this prove ſome Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak, you Rogue, what are you?

Err. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? Speak, you Rogue.

Err.

Err. A Fool's Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Err. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and strip him of his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini!* O my poor Jubilee Brother!—Stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir tho': Speak, Sirrah, have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Err. Who, I, Sir? Alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be hang'd; but confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Err. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lye can do no harm; besides, if the worst come to the worst, I can but deny it agen——Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,—But are you sure you kill'd him dead?

Err. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*?

Err. Dead in Law? I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*.

But he's as dead as a Door-Nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by Statute.

Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

Err. I suppose he was, Sir; for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey! Then I go to the *Jubilee*——Strip, Sir, strip.

By *Jupiter Ammon*, strip.

Dick. Ah! don't swear, Sir.

[*Puts on his Brother's Cloaths.*]

Clin. Swear, Sir, Zoons, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Err. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir; but you must do me the Favour to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon*, all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths—Hey, call me a Coach somebody.

Err. Ay, Master, let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no; *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him. And I'll go see *Angelica*.

[*Exeunt Dick and Errand.*]

Now that I'm an elder Brother, I'll court and swear, and rant, and rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. [Exit.]

SCENE, Lurewell's House.

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that *Vizard* had my Letter?

Par. Yes, yes, Madam; one of your Ladyship's Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all Transports of Joy, that he would be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains some time or other are punctual to their Ruin, and Hypocrisy, by imposing on the World, at last deceives itself. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception?

Par. Exactly to your Ladyship's Order; the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on?

Par. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently.

As Parly goes to put out the Candles, somebody knocks.

Lure.

The Constant Couple.

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Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners,
or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wildair sings.

*Thus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
He sigh'd, and begg'd, and wept, and swore,
The Sign was so,*

[Knocks.]

She answer'd, No.

[Knocks thrice.]

No, no, no,

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,

No, Damon, no, I am afraid:

Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid.

Consider,

No,

I'm a Maid.

No, &c.

At last his Sighs and Tears made Way,

She rose, and softly turn'd the Key:

Come in, said she, but do not stay.

I may conclude

You will be rude,

But if you are, you may.

Enters.

[Exit Parly.]

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir Harry.

Wild. Wheresoever Love is, there Musick is proper, there's an harmonious Consent in their Natures, and when rightly join'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happiness.

Lure. But, Sir Harry, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour?

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizen's Wife to cuckold her Husband in fresh Air. Love, Madam.

[Wild. taking her by the Hand.]

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft Desires.

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty fires.

Lure. O Villain! What Privilege has Men to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruin? [*Aside.*] If this be a Love Token, [*Wild. drops a Ring, she takes it up.*] your Mistresses Favours hang very loose about you, Sir.

Wild. I can't justly, Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any Thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest Ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholding to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To Design, upon my Honour. And I hope my Design will succeed. [*Aside.*]

Lure. And what shall I give you for such a fine Thing?

Wild. You'll give me another, you'll give me another fine Thing. [*Both sing.*]

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir Harry?

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the Favour to see you some other Time; for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me——Madam, your most humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Lure. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and Vizard.

[*Exit and takes the Candles with her.*]

Enter Parly, leading in Smuggler, dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.

Par. This Way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. Parly,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a Couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard, indeed, but next Time I'll

I'll steal a Pair of Silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you ——— What are you fumbling about my Pockets for? ———

Par. Only setting the Pleats of your Gown; here, Sir, get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with Vizard.]

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Par. You're almost in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. *[Kisses her.]*

Par. Pshaw, who has hir'd me best; a Couple of Shillings or a Couple of Kisses?

Viz. Propitious Darknes guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! The great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Persian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World. Under thy easy Reign Dissemblers may speak Truth; all slavish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villany may act without Constraint.

Smug. *[Peeping out of the Closet.]* Bless me! What Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour about, to gorge their craving Maws; the Pleasure of Hypocrisy, like a chain'd Lion, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice, and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit; he talks as prophanelly, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam, — my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! He takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. Vizard.

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject——
I left it where it has only Business, with Day-light;
'tis needless to wear a Mask in the dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue;——The World
takes you for a very sober, virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my
Pleasure——with we a Cully-'Squire may squander his
Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift——
With me a holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and
toast his tuneful Noise in Sack, to make it hold forth
clearer——But what is most my Praise, the formal Ri-
gid she, that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures
her loosest Pleasures, and her strictest Honour——
she who with scornful Mien, and virtuous Pride, dis-
dains the Name of Whore, with me can wanton, and
laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceived! Then you are
very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in
the Earth, I dig deep, but invisibly; not like those
fluttering noisy Sinners, whose Pleasure is the Pro-
clamation of their Faults; those empty Flashes, who
no sooner kindle, but they must blaze to alarm the
World. But come, Madam, you delay our Plea-
sures.

Smug. He surely takes me for the Lady Lureswell——
she has made him an Appointment too—but I'll be re-
veng'd of both——Well, Sir, what are those you are
so intimate with?

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well——
those who stand so high, that the Vulgar envy even
their Crimes, whose Figure adds Privilege to their Sin,
and makes it pass unquestion'd: fair, high, pamper'd
Females, whose speaking Eyes, and piercing Voice,
would arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold
Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all ravishing, love-
ly, and soft, and kind, like you——

Smug. I'm very lovely and soft indeed! you shall
find me much harder than you imagine, Friend——

Well

Well, Sir, but I suppose your Diffimulation has some other Motive besides Pleasure?

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honestest Motive in the World, Interest—you must know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Alderman *Smuggler*, you have seen him, I suppose.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have some small Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the most knavish, precise, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of the Gout.

Smug. Ah! The young Son of a Whore! Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf——and yet (what's wonderful) he that would stick at no profitable Villany himself, loves Holiness in another—he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week past—he spends all Dinner-time in two tedious Graces; and what he designs a Blessing to the Meat, proves a Curse to his Family——he's the most——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a swinging Estate, which I design to purchase as a Saint, and spend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and should lose it by Deceit. By the Pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miser one of these Days, out of a Settlement and Deed of Conveyance——

Smug. It shall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows, then, ye young Dog. [*Aside.*]

Viz. And no sooner he's dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghost how genteely I spend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aside.*]

Viz. Bless me, Madam! Here's a Light coming this Way. I must fly immediately, when shall I see you, Madam?

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

The Constant Couple.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I would not be seen for the World. I wou'd sooner forfeit my Life, nay my Pleasure, than my Reputation. *[Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! That poor Word suffers a great deal——Well! thou art the most accomplish'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Dish of Coffee and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me for seven Years Maintenance, and shall pay me by seven Years Imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-simple of a Rope and a Shilling. Who are these? I begin to be afraid of some Mischiefs——I wish that I were safe within the City Liberties——I'll hide myself.

[Stands close.

Enter Butler, with other Servants and Lights.

But. I say there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll search the whole House——Two Spoons will be no small Gap in my Quarter's Wages.——

Serv. When did you miss 'em, *James*?

But. Miss them! Why I miss them now! in short they must be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-man To-morrow Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, search about,

[Search and discover Smuggler.

But. Hark'e, good Woman, what makes you hide yourself? What are you ashamed of?

Smug. Ashamed of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honest old Woman that never was ashamed of any Thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you see a Couple of stray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, stray Spoons; in short you stole them, and I'll shake your old Limbs to Pieces, if you don't deliver them presently.

Smug. Bless me; a reverend Elder of seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty Larceny*!——Why search me, good People, search me; and if you find any Spoons about me, you shall burn me for a Witch.

But,

But. Ay, we will search you, Mistress.

[They search and pull the Spoons out of his Pocket.]

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord blefs us! she is a Witch in good Earnest, may be.

Smug. O, it was some Devil, some Covent-Garden, or St. James's Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you shall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady Lurewell's Nurse.

Lure. What Noise is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two Silver Spoons, and says she's your Nurse.

Lure. My Nurse! O the impudent old Jade, I never saw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught. O Madam! Madam, don't you know me? don't you remember Buss and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever such Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as brazen as a Bawd in the Side-box.— Take her before a Justice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! confider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure. Confider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrisy and Knavery, and must be punish'd accordingly——You must be in Petticoats, gouty Monster, must ye! You must Buss and Guinea too; you must tempt a Lady's Honour, old Satyr, away with him. *[Hurry him off.]*

*Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,
Still may our Arts delude these tempting Foes.
May Honour rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.*

The End of the Fourth A.C.T.

M. 6

A.C.T.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady Darling's House.**Darling and Angelica.*

Darl. **D**Aughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Encouragement extraordinary, without Reproach to your Modesty.

Angel. I am sensible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkward, and appears rather a Chain to enslave, than Bracelet to adorn us;—— it should shew, when unmolested, easy and innocent as a Dove, but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir Harry's Gaiety for Dishonour.

Ang. Tho' Modesty, Madam, may wink, it must not sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad—— I must confess, that of all Men's, I wou'd not see Sir Harry Wildair's Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest his most suspicious Words a thousand Ways, to make them look like Honour—— But, Madam, in Spight of Love, I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the bravest Men.——

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*, for I'm satisfy'd Sir Harry's Designs are only to court, and marry you.

Ang. His Pretence, perhaps, was such; but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly conquer'd, the Glory of the Triumph is the same—— Pray, Madam, by what Means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl.

The Constant Couple.

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Darl. Means, Child! why, my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure, is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin.——

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*]

Ang. Ha! *Vizard*! then I'm abus'd in Earnest.——
Wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? No, I can't suspect him of so ungentleel a Crime——This Letter shall trace the Truth——[*Aside.*] My Suspensions, Madam, are much clear'd; and I hope to satisfy your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Darl. Conduct him up. Daughter, I won't doubt your Discretion. [Exit Darling.]

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*!——
Madam, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like *Loches* to every Glass.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head, and the *Cupids* into my Heart; and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness; for the Excuse is as scandalous as the Fault.——Therefore, pray consider who you are so free with, Sir: a Woman of Condition, that can call half a Dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a Mind to toss me in a Blanket, half a Dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service.——Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet it has taught me to speak plainer.

plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors, I must this Night rest in your Arms.

Ang. Nay then, who waits there; [*Enter-Footmen.* Take hold of that Mad-man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy's* the Word, Slaughter will ensue. Hold,—do you know, Scoundrels, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*?

[*Draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a Couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. We must do as our young Mistress commands us.

Wild. Nay, then have among ye, Dogs.

[*Throws Money among them: They scramble and take it up. He pelting them out, shuts the Door, and returns.*

Rascals, Poltrons,—I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Ang. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to Flight: And now I'll take the General Prisoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Ang. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name, and the fair Reputation of your Mother's Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence—Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Ang. What Madness, Sir *Harry*! what wild Dream of loose Desire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Baseness? View me well.—The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it should dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone. Your very self is Guard against yourself: I'm sure, there's something generous

in your Soul ; my Words shall snatch it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. [*Mimicking.*] Tal tidum, ti dum, tal ti didi, didum. A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*——'I gad, I'll at her in her own Cant.

O my Statyra, O my angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir ; view me with a sober Thought, free from those Fumes of Wine that throw a Mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every Glance from my reproaching Eyes, is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with a virtuous Pride that looks Dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with ; [*Aside.*] Look ye, Madam, as to that slender Particular of your Virtue, we shan't quarrel about it ; you may be as virtuous as any Woman in *England*, if you please ; you may say your Pray'rs all the Time :——But, pray, Madam, be pleas'd to consider what is this same Virtue that you make such a mighty Noise about : Can your Virtue bespeak you a Front Row in the Boxes ? No, for the Players can't live upon Virtue. Can your Virtue keep you a Coach and Six ? No, no ; your Virtuous Women walk a Foot——Can your Virtue hire you a Pew in the Church ? Why, the very Sexton will tell you, No. Can your Virtue stake for you at Picquet ? No. Then, what Business has a Woman with Virtue ?——Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guineas,——there's a hundred.——The Devil ! Virtuous still ! Why, it is a Hundred, five Score, a Hundred Guineas.

Ang. O Indignation ! Were I a Man, you durst not use me thus ; but the mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon yourself ; our Sex still strikes an Awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront ! S'death, Madam, a hundred Guineas will set you up a Bank at Bassett, a hundred Guineas

neas will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a Hundred Guineas will give you an Air of Quality; a Hundred Guineas will buy you a rich Escritore for your *Billet-deux*, or a fine *Common-Prayer Book* for your Virtue. A Hundred Guineas will buy a Hundred fine Things, and fine Things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are——'I Egad, this *Burgundy* makes a Man speak like an Angel——Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what Use you please.

Ang. I'll use it as I would the base unworthy Giver! thus!

Throws down the Purse and stamps upon it.

Wild. I have no Mind to meddle in State Affairs; but these Women will make me a Parliament Man 'spight of my Teeth, on purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under foot that Deity which all the World adores.——O the blooming Pride of beautiful Eighteen! Pshaw, I'll talk to her no longer; I'll make my Markets with the old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better.——[*Goes to the Door.*] Here, you, Friend, pray desire the old Lady to walk in.——Heark'e, Egad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Lady Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir Harry, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray?

Wild. Like her, Madam!——Heark'e, will you take it? Why, faith, Madam!——take the Money, I say, or, egad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam:——In short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somewhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How, Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a Hundred Guineas.

Darl. A Hundred Guineas! upon what Score?

Wild.

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these old Women love to hear Bawdy. Why, faith, Madam, I have ne'er a double *Entendre* ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall.

And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,

You shall take um, believe me, tall al de rall,

If you will give me your—tall al de rall.

A modish Minuet, Madam, that's all.

Darl. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain terms; then, Madam, in downright *English*, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guineas, to——

Ang. Hold, Sir, stop your abusive Tongue; too loose for modest Ears to hear.——Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this mighty Man of Wit and Humour, is made a Tool to a Krave: *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Darl. How, Sir, come to affront us! D'ye know who we are, Sir?

Wild. Know who you are! Why, your Daughter there, is Mr. *Vizard's*—Cousin, I suppose:—And for you, Madam——now to call her Procurefs *Alamode de France*. [*Aside.*] *Festime votre Occupation.*——

Darl. Pray, Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, *Alamode de Londres*! [*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladyship to be one of those civil, obliging, discreet, old Gentlewomen, who keep their visiting Days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a Pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Darl. This is beyond sufferance! but say, thou abusive Man, what Injury have you ever receiv'd from me, or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Asperion?

Ang.

Ang. Yes, Sir, what Cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase yourself below your Rank?

Wild. Hey day, Now dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles; *Vizard's* Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll stand to't; he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain, I thought.

Ang. Here, Sir, peruse it, and see how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. [*Opening the Letter.*] But hold, Madam, [*To Darling.*] before I read I'll make some Condition: —Mr. *Vizard* says here, that I won't scruple 30 or 40 Pieces. Now, Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the Account and made it 3 or 4 hundred, egad I will not stand to't.

Ang. Now I can't tell whether Disdain or Anger be the most just Resentment for this Injury.

Darl. The Letter, Sir, shall answer you.

Wild. Well then [*Reads.*]

Out of my earnest Inclination to serve your Ladyship, and my Cousin Angelica, Ay, ay, the very Words, I can say it by Heart—I have sent Sir Harry Wildair—to——What the Devil's this? Sent Sir Harry Wildair to court my Cousin!——He read to me quite a different thing.——He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune——He's a Son of a Whore and a Rascal——And wou'd make your Daughter very bappy (Whistles) in a Husband. (Looks Foolish, and hums a Song.)
Oh, poor Sir Harry, what have the angry Stars design'd?

Ang. Now, Sir, I hope you need no Instigation to redress our Wrongs, since even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think, Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the purest Channel of unsully'd Honour.

Wild.

The Constant Couple.

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Wild. Ay, Madam.

[*Bows to her.*]

Ang. Consider what a tender Flower is Woman's Reputation, which the least Air of foul Detraction blasts.

Wild. Yes, Madam.

[*Bows to t'other.*]

Darl. Call then to mind your rude and scandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right, Madam,

[*Bows again.*]

Ang. Remember the base Price you offer'd me.

[*Exit.*]

Wild. Very true, Madam; was ever Man so catechiz'd?

Darl. Then think that *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard*, caus'd all this, yet lives: That's all; farewell.

Wild. Stay, Madam, (*To Darling*) one Word; is there no other way to redress your Wrongs, but by fighting?

Darl. Only one, Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the Business I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I understand you, Madam. [*Exit Darling.*] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma, I must commit Murder, or commit Matrimony; which is best now? A License from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*? If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me: If I marry my Woman, I shall hang myself.—But, Dam it,——Cowards dare fight; I'll marry, that's the most daring Action of the two: So my dear Cousin *Angelica*, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate.* Clincher senior solus.

Clin. How severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died; yesterday I turn'd Beau; to Day I am laid by the Heels, and to morrow shall be hung by the Neck—I was agreeing with a Bookseller about printing an Account of my Journey through *France* and *Italy*; but now the History of my Travels must be thro' *Holbourn* to *Tyburn*,—*The last and dying Speech of Beau Clincher, that*
was

was going to the Jubilee.—*Come a Half-penny a-piece.*
A sad found, a sad found, faith. 'Tis one way to
have a Man's Death make a great Noise in the
World.

Enter Smuggler and Gaoler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am:
So send these Letters into *Thames-Street*, as directed;
they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [*Exit Gaoler.*]
Eh! this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's
Robbery and Repentance in every Corner.—
Well, Friend, what are you? a Cut-throat, or a Bum-
Bailiff?

Clin. What are you, Mistress? a Bawd or a Witch?
Heark'e, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll give you
a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-staff, and
whip me away to the *Jubilee*.

Smug. The *Jubilee*! O, you young Rake-hell,
what brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here,
if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your powdering, your
prinking, your dancing, and your frisking, would
come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Ex-
tortion, and your Smuggling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Indentures,
and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig, must
you?

Clin. Ay, Sir, and you must put off your Gravity,
and run to the Devil in Petticoats:—You design
to swing in Masquerade, Master, d'ye?

Smug. Ay, you must go to the Plays too, Sirrah: Lord,
Lord! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house,
unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and
his Mistress a Whore? it is ten to one now, but
some malicious Poet has my Character upon the
Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now,
that an honest sober Man can't fin in private for this
plaguy Stage. I gave an honest Gentleman five Gui-
neas

neas myself towards writing a Book against it : And it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage ! our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave ; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah ! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and by.—Go to Prayers, you Rogue, to Prayers. [Exit. Smug.]

Clin. Prayers ! it is a Hard-taking when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows.—Ah, this cursed Intriguing ! Had I swung handsomely in a filken Garter now, I had died in my Duty ; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, it is very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve ! a Reprieve ! thou dear, dear,——damn'd Rogue. Where have you been ? Thou art the most welcome——Son of a Whore ; where's my Cloaths !

Err. Sir, I see where mine are : Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman ?

Err. A Gentleman ! Ha, ha, ha ! d'ye know where you are, Sir ? We're all Gentlemen here ;——I stand up for Liberty and Property.—*Newgate's* a Commonwealth. No Courtier has Business among us ; come, Sir.

Clin. Well but stay, stay, till I send for my own Cloaths ; I shall get out presently.

Err. No, no, Sir ! I'll ha' you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me ; for I'm twenty thousand strong. [Exeunt Struggling.]

SCENE,

SCENE, *Changes to Lady Darling's House.**Enter Wildair with Letters, Servants following.*

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*,——you to *St. James's*, and you into the City.——Tell all my Friends, a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence. Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a Welcome in your Faces.——Tell 'em I'm marry'd. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm marry'd, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand Welcomes, Friend; my Pleasure's now complete, since I can share it with my Friend: Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you. Then back again: and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflection.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*; but this transcends yourself: Whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess, my Friend? Whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure?—*Woman*——What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman*——What is the Master-stroke and Smile of the Creation, but *charming virtuous Woman*?——When Nature in the general Composition, first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Ecstasy, it blest the fair Production!——Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess.——What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman*?——What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping, *Treacherous Woman*?——What are those, whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends, but *false deluding Woman*?—*Woman!* whose Composition inverts Hu-
manity;

manity ; their Bodies heavenly ; but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much : I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell* may excuse your Resentments against her. But it is unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex, ——— I have found one, whose Virtues ———

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry* ; I have found one whose Pride's above yielding to a Prince. And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood, be no Breaches in a Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition ; I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Shew of Complaisance at least. ——— Here comes my charming Bride.

Enter Darling and Angelica.

Stand. [Saluting *Angelica*.] I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whither are you bound, Sir ?

Clin. Bound, Sir ! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin ! how came you by these Cloaths ?

Clin. Cloaths ! ha, ha, ha ! the rarest Jest ! Ha, ha, ha ! I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst !

Darl. What's the matter, Cousin ?

Clin. The matter ! Ha, ha, ha ! Why, an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha ! has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha !

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha !

Clin. Ay, Sir, but the Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha !

Darl.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha! let me see e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Ang. You appear'd a very sober pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. Pshaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, I'm a Wit; I can rake now.——As for your Part, Madam, you might have had me once!——But now, Madam, if you should fall to eating Chalk, or gnawing the Sheets, it is none of my Fault.——Now, Madam——I have got an Estate, and I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher senior in a Blanket.

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must ye? You will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. sen. A Ghost, a Ghost!——Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! No, no, Sirrah, I'm an elder Brother, Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd Way of swearing a Man out of his Life!

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him.——

Clin. sen. Truly the Apprehensions of Death may have made me savour a little——O Lord,——the Colonel! The Apprehension of him may make the Savour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you a Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go to the *Jubilee*, by *Jupiter Ammon*.

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*, go the *Bear-Garden*,——the Travel of such Fools as you, doubly injures our Country; you expose our Native Follies, which ridicule us among Strangers, and return fraught only with

with their Vices, which you vend here for fashionable Gallantry; a travelling Fool is as dangerous as a home bred Villain—Get you to your native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals like yourselves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting, Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other time; I hear some Fiddles tuning, let's hear how they can entertain us.

A Servant enters and whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment:

[*To Darling.*

Darl. With all my Heart—Come, Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt omnes but Wildair.*

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O! Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding—What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A monster—if thou'rt marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e'er avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey dey! Why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you: I made indeed a slight Promise, upon Condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame.—— Can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood.

[*Shows a Ring.* Methinks the Motto of this sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face——Read, read here the binding Words of Love and Honour, Words not unknown to your perfidious Tongue,——tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past Redress; to let me know you, only to know you false?—Had not cursed Chance shew'd me the surprising Motto, I had been happy—The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil is all this!—Madam, I'm not at leisure for Raillery at present, I have weighty Affairs upon my Hands; the Business of Pleasure, Madam, any other time—— [Going.

Lure. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'e, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour. [Exit.

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heavens, or I shall burst——Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast——Words, Words, or I shall burst. [Going.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my Sight; for if you are perfect Woman, you have Confidence to outface a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The Charge of Guilt! What? Making a Fool of you? I've don't, and glory in the Act; the height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown; dissembling to the Prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive, is meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly——if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee——Come, Madam, you know that you're discovered, and being sensible you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay.

That Ring, Madam, proclaims you guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! Has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure.

Lure. O name it not——yet, speak it out, 'tis so just a Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids, that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busy Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spite of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst mine own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours to be the pure Result of his own Vanity: At last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which you yesterday from him receiv'd that Ring, which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent it him for that Purpose!

Lure. Ha! You lent it him for that Purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that Purpose——no denying it——I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner! Think, Sir, think but of what Importance 'tis to own it; if you have Love and Honour in your Soul, 'tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stol'n it basely.

Stand. Ha!——your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to shew me something strange——but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*?

Stand. I was, I was; [*Runs to her and embraces her.*] The blest Remembrance fires my Soul with Transport——I know the rest——you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right! But where have you wander'd since?—'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The Particulars of my Fortune are too tedious now: But to discharge myself from the Stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my Return to the University, my elder Brother and I quarrell'd: My Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to Travel: I writ to you from London, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lure. I never had the least Account of you by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom; tho' none could tell me whither: Missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause ——— You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lure. Then Men are still most generous and brave ——— and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your Acceptance; and if I can satisfy you in my past Conduct, and the Reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable Performance of your Promise, and that you will stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay! nor Fame, nor Glory, e'er shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, both Clinchers.

Oh! Sir Harry, Fortune has acted Miracles to Day, the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this, that Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect. And now, Madam, we may dance and sing, and love and kiss in good Earnest.——

A Dance here. After the Dance, enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm glad to find you so merry; is my gracious Nephew among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not shew his Face among such honourable Company, for your gracious Nephew is ——

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart——I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have disinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its Purpose, as to the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*To Angel.*] how industriously Fortune has punish'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O! Sir *Harry*, he is as hypocritical ——

Lure. As yourself, Mr. Alderman. How fares my good old Nurse, pray Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A Word with you, Mr. Alderman; do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my secret Practices in Trading. [*Aside.*] How came you by it, Sir?

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's House Yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your Merchandizing; among the rest the Counterpart of an Agree-

ment with a Correspondent at *Bordeaux*, about transporting *French Wine* in *Spanish Casks*——First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunish'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo!

Clin. sen. Hark'e, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee* now.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise: Wou'd you be thought an honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering Quality of the Soul, and will as certainly cheat, as a Thief wou'd steal——Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue flows freer from Imitation, than Compulsion; of which, Colonel, your Conversation and mine are just Examples.

*In vain are musty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands,
But Woman——*

*Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We love the Precepts for the Teacher's Sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We bear with Transport, and with Pride obey.*

The End of the Fifth ACT.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

NOW all depart each his respective Way,
To spend an Evening's Chat upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's; one homeward goes,
And one with loving she retires to th' Rose.
The am'rous Pair in all Things frank and free,
Perhaps may save the Play in number Three.
The tearing Spark, if Phyllis ought gainsays,
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee some retreat to save their Pockets,
Others, more generous, damn the Play at Locket's;
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne'er spoke in generous Champaign.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
Who fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of Wine we only ask,
You'll taste again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but those he may,
Who in cold Blood murder a Man in Tea.
Those Men of Spleen, who fond the World should know it,
Sit down, and for their Twopence damn a Poet.
Their Criticism's good, that we can say for't,
They understand a Play—too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
First steal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now, to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhill and Cheapside.
But those I think, have but one Rule for Plays;
They'll say they're good, if so the World but says.

EPILOGUE.

*If it should please them, and their Spouses know it,
 They strait enquire what Kind of Man's the Poet.
 But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
 All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
 The Ladies Censure I'd almost forgot,
 Then for a Line or two I engage their Vote;
 But that Way's odd, below our Author's Aim,
 No less than his whole Play is Compliment to them.
 For their Sakes then the Play can't miss succeeding,
 Tho' Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding;
 They won't, I'm sure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
 By shewing their Ill-nature to their Faces:
 Our Business with good Manners may be done,
 Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.*



Sir HARRY WILDAIR.

Being the SEQUEL of the

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

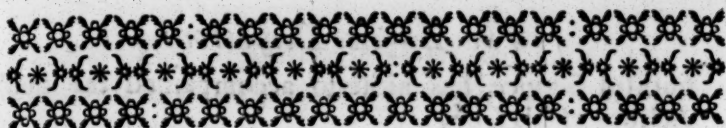
By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. CROWDER and Co. T. LOWNDSE,
H. WOODGATE and S. BROOKES.

MDCCLX.





To the Right Honourable the

Earl of *Albemarle*, &c.

Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter.

My LORD,

MY Pen is both a Novice in Poetry, and a Stranger at Court, and can no more raise itself to the Style of *Panegyrick*, than it can stoop to the *Art of Flattery*; but if in the plain and simple Habit of Truth, it may presume to mix with that Crowd of Followers that daily attend upon your Lordship's Favour, please to behold a Stranger, with this Difference, that he pays more Homage to your Worth, than Adoration to your Greatness.

This Distinction, my Lord, will appear too nice and *Metaphysical* to the World, who know your Lordship's Merit and Place to be inseparable, that they can only differ as the Cause from the Effect; and this, my Lord, is as much beyond Dispute, as that your Royal Master, who has made the noble Choice, is the most wise, and most discerning Prince in the Universe.

To present the World with a lively Draught of your Lordship's Perfections, I should enumerate the Judgment, Conduct, Piety and Courage of our great and gracious King, who can only place his Favours on those shining Qualifications, for which his Majesty is so eminently remarkable himself; but this, my Lord, will prove the Business of a voluminous *History*, and your Lordship's Character must attend the Fame of your great Master in the *Memoirs* of Futurity, as your

The Epistle Dedicatory.

faithful Service has hitherto accompanied the noble Actions of his Life.

The greatest Princes in all Ages, have had their Friends and Favourites, with them to communicate and debate their Thoughts, so to exercise and ripen their Judgment; or sometimes to ease their Cares by imparting them. The great *Augustus*, we read in his Project of settling the unwieldy *Roman* Conquests on a fixt Basis of Government, had the Design laid, not in his Counsel, but his Closet; there we find him with his two Friends *Mecænas* and *Agrippa*, his Favourite Friends, Persons of sound Judgment, and unquestionable Fidelity; there the great Question is freely and reasonably debated, without the Noise of Faction, and Constraint of Formality; and there was laid that prodigious Scheme of Government, that soon recover'd their bleeding Country, heal'd the Wounds of the Civil War, blest the Empire with a lasting Peace, and stil'd its Monarch *Pater Patriæ*.

The Parallel, my Lord, is easily made; we have our *Cæsar* too, no less renown'd than the foremention'd *Augustus*; he first asserted our Liberties at home against Popery and Thralldom, headed our Armies abroad with Bravery and Success, gave Peace to *Europe*, and Security to our Religion. And you, my Lord, are his *Mecænas*, the private Counsellor to those great Transactions which have made *England* so formidable to its Enemies, that (which I blush to own) it is grown jealous of its Friends.

But here, my Lord, appears the particular Wisdom and Circumspection of your Lordship's Conduct, that you so firmly retain the Favour of your Master without the Envy of the Subject; your Moderation and even Department between both, has secur'd to your Lordship the Ear of the King, and the Heart of the People; the Nation has voted you their *Good Angel* in all Suits and Petitions to their Prince, and their Success fills the three Kingdoms with daily Praises of your Lordship's Goodness, and his Majesty's Grace and Clemency.

And

The Epistle Dedicatory.

And now, my Lord, give me Leave humbly to beg, that among all the good Actions of your Lordship's high and happy Station, the Encouragement of Arts and Literature may not be solely excluded from the Influence of your Favour. The polite *Mecenas*, whom I presum'd to make a Parallel to your Lordship in the Favour of his Prince, had his *Virgil*, and his *Horace*, and his Time was mostly divided between the Emperor, and the Poet; he so manag'd his Stake of Royal Favour, that as *Augustus* made him great, so the Muses fix'd him immortal; and *Maro's* Excellency, my Lord, will appear the less Wonder, when we consider that his Pen was so cherish'd with Bounty, and inspir'd by Gratitude.

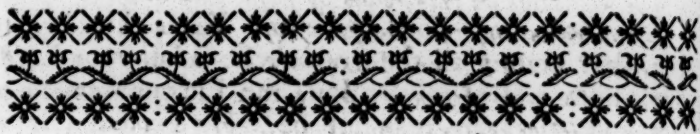
But I can lay no Claim to the Merits of so great a Person for my Access to your Lordship; I have only this to recommend me without Art void of Rhetorick, that I am a true Lover of my King, and pay an unfeigned Veneration to all those who are his trusty Servants, and faithful Ministers; which infers that I am, my Lord, with all Submission,

Your Lordship's most devoted, and

most obedient humble Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

P R O-



PROLOGUE.

OUR Authors have, in most their late Essays,
Prologu'd their own, by damning other Plays;
Made great Harangues to teach you what was fit
To pass for Humour, and go down for Wit.
Athenian Rules must form an English Piece,
And Drury-Lane comply with ancient Greece.
Exactness only, such as Terence writ,
Must please our masqu'd Lucretias in the Pit.
Our youthful Author swears he cares not a Pin
For Vossius, Scaliger, Hedelin, or Rapin:
He leaves to learned Pens such labour'd Lays,
You are the Rules by which he writes his Plays.
From musty Books let others take their View,
He bates dull Reading, but he studies You.
First, from you Beaux, his Lesson is Formality;
And in your Footmen there——most nice Morality;
To pleasure them his Pegasus must fly,
Because they judge, and lodge, three Stories high.
From the Front-Boxes, he has pick'd his Style,
And learns, without a Blush, to make 'em Smile;
A Lesson only taught us by the Fair;
A waggish Action——but a modest Air.
Among his Friends here in the Pit, he reads
Some Rules that every modish Writer needs.
He learns from ev'ry Covent-Garden Critick's Face,
The modern Forms of Action, Time, and Place,
The Action he's asham'd to name,——d'ye see,
The Time is Seven, the Place is Number Three.

PROLOGUE.

*The Masques he only reads by passant Looks,
He dares not venture far into their Books.
Thus then the Pit and Boxes are his Schools,
Your Air, your Humour, his Dramatick Rules.
Let Criticks censure then, and hiss like Snakes,
He gains his Ends, if his light Fancy takes
St. James's Beaux, and Covent-Garden rakes.*

}



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Harry Wildair,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilks.</i>
<i>Col. Standard,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
<i>Fireball, a Sea Captain,</i>	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
<i>Monf. Marquis, a sharpening Refugee,</i>	<i>Mr. Cibber.</i>
<i>Beau Banter,</i>	<i>Mrs. Rogers.</i>
<i>Clincher the Jubilee-Beau turn'd</i> <i>Politician,</i>	} <i>Mr. Pinkethman.</i>
<i>Dicky, Servant to Wildair,</i>	
<i>Shark, Servant to Fireball,</i>	<i>Mr. Fairbank.</i>
<i>Ghost,</i>	<i>Mrs. Rogers.</i>
<i>Lord Bellamy,</i>	<i>Mr. Symphon.</i>

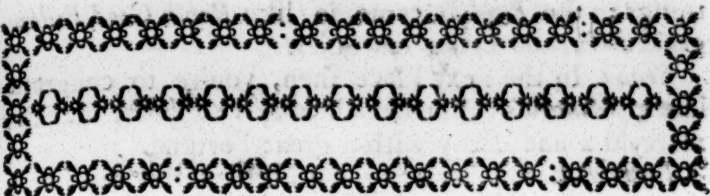
W O M E N.

<i>Lady Lurewell,</i>	<i>Mrs. Verbruggen.</i>
<i>Angelica,</i>	<i>Mrs. Rogers.</i>
<i>Parly,</i>	<i>Mrs. Lucas.</i>

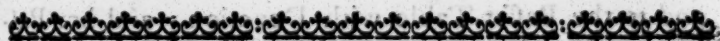
Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, St. JAMES's.

THE



THE
SECOND PART
OF THE
CONSTANT COUPLE:
OR, A
Trip to the Jubilee.



ACT I.
SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Standard and Fireball meeting.



AH! Brother *Fireball*! Welcome ashore, What! Heart whole? Limbs firm, and Frigate safe?

Fire. All, all, as my Fortune and Friends cou'd wish.

Stand. And what News from the *Baltick*?

Fire. Why, yonder are three or four young Boys
wth North that have got Globes and Sceptres to play
with;

with: They fell to Loggerheads about their Play-things; the *English* came in like *Robin Good-Fellow*, cry'd *Bob*, and made 'em quiet.

Stand. In the next Place then, you're to congratulate my Success: You have heard, I suppose, that I've marry'd a fine Lady with a great Fortune.

Fire. Ay, ay, 'twas my first News upon my Landing, that Colonel *Standard* had marry'd the fine Lady *Lurewell*——A fine Lady indeed! A very fine Lady!——But Faith, Brother, I had rather turn Skipper to an *Indian Canoo*, than manage the Vessel you're Master of.

Stand. Why so, Sir?

Fire. Because she'll run adrift with every Wind that blows: She's all Sail and no Ballast——Shall I tell you the Character I have heard of a fine Lady? A fine Lady can laugh at the Death of her Husband, and cry for the Loss of her Lap-Dog. A fine Lady is angry without a Cause, and pleas'd without a Reason. A fine Lady has the Vapours all the Morning, and the Cholic all the Afternoon. The Pride of a fine Lady is above the Merit of an understanding Head; yet her Vanity will stoop to the Adoration of a Peruke. And in fine, a fine Lady goes to Church for Fashion's Sake, and to the Basset-Table with Devotion; and her Passion for Gaming exceeds her Vanity of being thought virtuous, or the Desire of acting the contrary.——We Seamen speak plain, Brother.

Stand. You Seamen are like your Element, always tempestuous, too ruffling to handle a fine Lady.

Fire. Say you so? Why then give me thy Hand, honest *Frank*, and let the World talk on and be damn'd.

Stand. The World talk, say you? What does the World talk?

Fire. Nothing, nothing at all——They only say what's usual upon such Occasions: That your Wife's the greatest Coquet about the Court, and your Worship the greatest Cuckold about the City: That's all.

Stand.

the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee. 95

Stand. How, how, Sir?

Fire. That she's a Coquet, and you a Cuckold.

Stand. She's an Angel in herself, and a Paradise to me.

Fire. She's an *Eve* in herself, and a Devil to you.

Stand. She's all Truth, and the World a Lyar.

Fire. Why then, I gad, Brother, it shall be so: I'll back again to *White's*, and whoever dares mutter Scandal of my Brother and Sister, I'll dash his Ratification's Face, and call him a Lyar. [Going.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir. The World is too strong for us. Were Scandal and Detraction to be thoroughly reveng'd, we must murder all the Beaux, and poison half the Ladies: Those that have nothing else to say, must tell Stories; Fools over *Burgundy*, and Ladies over *Tea*, must have something that's sharp to relish their Liquor; Malice is the piquant Sauce of such Conversation; and without it, their Entertainment wou'd prove mighty insipid——Now, Brother, why should we pretend to quarrel with all Mankind?

Fire. Because all Mankind quarrel with us.

Stand. The worst Reason in the World.——Wou'd you pretend to devour a Lion, because a Lion wou'd devour you?

Fire. Yes, if I cou'd.

Stand. Ay, that's right; if you cou'd! But since you have neither Teeth nor Paws for such an Encounter, lie quietly down, and perhaps the furious Beast may run over you.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir! But I say, that whoever abuses my Brothers's Wife, tho' at the Back of the King's Chair, he's a Villain.

Stand. No, no, Brother, that's a Contradiction; there's no such Thing as Villainy at Court. Indeed, if the Practice of Courts were found in a single Person, he might be stil'd Villain with a Vengeance; but Number and Power authorizes every Thing, and turns the Villain upon their Accusers. In short, Sir, every Man's Morals, like his Religion now-a-days, pleads

pleads Liberty of Conscience; every Man's Conscience is his Convenience, and we know no Convenience but Preferment——As for Instance, who would be so complaisant as to thank an Officer for his Courage, when that's the Condition of his Pay? And who can be so ill-natur'd, as to blame a Courtier for espousing that which is the very Tenure of his Livelihood?

Fire. A very good Argument in a very damnable Cause:——But, Sir, my Bus'ness is not with the Court, but with you: I desire you, Sir, to open your Eyes; at least, be pleas'd to lend an Ear to what I heard just now at the *Chocolate-House*.

Stand. Brother——

Fire. Well, Sir.

Stand. Did the Scandal please you when you heard it?

Fire. No.

Stand. Then why shou'd you think it shou'd please me? Be not more uncharitable to your Friends than to yourself, sweet Sir: If it made you uneasy, there's no question but it will torment me, who am so much nearer concern'd.

Fire. But wou'd you not be glad to know your Enemies?

Stand. Pshaw! If they abus'd me they are my Friends, my intimate Friends, my Table-Company, and Bottle-Companions.

Fire. Why then, Brother, the Devil take all your Acquaintance. You were so rally'd, so torn! there was a hundred Ranks of sneering white Teeth drawn upon your Misfortunes at once, which so mangled your Wife's Reputation, that she can never patch up her Honour while she lives.

Stand. And their Teeth were very white, you say?

Fire. Very white; Blood, Sir, I say they mangled your Wife's Reputation.

Stand. And I say, that if they touch my Wife's Reputation with nothing but their Teeth, her Honour will be safe enough.

Fire. Then you won't hear it.

Stand.

'the Sequel of the Trip to the Jubilee. 97

Stand. Not a Syllable. Lift'ning after Slander is laying Nets for Serpents, which, when you have caught, will sting you to Death : Let 'em spit their Venom among themselves, and it hurts no Body.

Fire. Lord ! Lord ! How Cuckoldom and Contentment go together ! Fie, fie, Sir ! consider you have been a Soldier, dignify'd by a noble Post ; distinguish'd by brave Actions, an Honour to your Nation, and a Terror to your Enemies,——Hell ! that a Man who has storm'd *Namur* shou'd become the Jest of a Coffee-Table.——The whole House was clearly taken up with the two important Questions, whether the Colonel was a Cuckold ? or *Kid* a Pyrate ?

Stand. This I can't bear.

[*Aside.*

Fire. Ay, (says a sneering Coxcomb) the Colonel has made his Fortune with a Witness ; he has secur'd himself a good Estate in this Life, and a Reversion in the World to come. Then (replies another) I presume he's oblig'd to your Lordship's Bounty for the latter Part of the Settlement. There are others (says a Third) that have play'd with my Lady *Lurewell* at Piquet, besides my Lord ; I have capotted her myself two or three Times in an Evening.

Stand. O Matrimonial Patience, assist me !

Fire. Matrimonial Patience ! Matrimonial Pestilence !——Shake off these drowzy Chains that fetter your Resentments. If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off, and let her Person be as publick as her Character : If she be honest, revenge her Quarrel.——I can stay no longer : This is my Hour of Attendance at the *Navy-Office* ; I'll come and dine with you ; in the mean Time, Revenge ! think on't.

[*Exit Fireball.*

Stand. [*Solus.*] How easy is it to give Advice, and how difficult to observe it ! *If your Wife has wrong'd ye, pack her off.* Ay, but how ? The Gospel drives the Matrimonial Nail, and the Law clinches it so very hard, that to draw it again wou'd tear the Work
to

to Pieces.—That her Intentions have wrong'd me, here's a young Bawd can witness.

Enter Parly, running across the Stage.

Here, here, Mrs. Parly, Whither so fast?

Par. Oh Lord! my Master!—Sir, I was running to Mademoiselle Furbello, the *French* Milliner, for a new *Burgundy* for my Lady's Head.

Stand. No, Child, you're employ'd about an old fashion'd Garniture for your Master's Head, if I mistake not your Errand.

Par. Oh, Sir! there's the prettiest Fashion lately come over! so airy, so *French*, and all that!—The Pinnars are double ruffled with twelve Plaits of a Side, and open all from the Face; the Hair is frizzled all up round the Head, and stands as stiff as a Bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the Temples with a languishing Lock in the Middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet rais'd very high, and all the Lappets behind—I must fetch it presently.

Stand. Hold a little, Child, I must talk with you.

Par. Another Time, Sir, my Lady stays for it.

Stand. One Question first: What Wages does my Wife give you?

Par. Ten Pound a Year, Sir, which God knows is little enough, considering how I slave from Place to Place upon her Occasions. But then, Sir, my Perquisites are considerable; I make above two Hundred Pounds a Year by her old Cloaths.

Stand. Two Hundred Pounds a Year of her old Cloaths! What then must her new ones cost?—But what do you get by visiting Gallants, and Picquet?

Par. About a Hundred Pound more.

Stand. A Hundred Pound more! Now who can expect to find a Lady's Woman honest, when she gets so much by being a Jade?—What Religion are you of, Mrs. Parly!

Par. Religion, Sir! I can't tell.

Stand. What was your Father?

Par.

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Par. A Mountebank.

Stand. Where was you born?

Par. In Holland.

Stand. Were you ever Christen'd?

Par. No.

Stand. How came that?

Par. My Parents were *Anabaptists*; they dy'd before I was dipt; I then forsook their Religion, and ha' got ne'er a new one since.

Stand. I'm very sorry, Madam, that I had not the Honour to know the Worth of your Extraction sooner, that I might have paid you the Respect due to your Quality.

Par. Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Have you any Principles?

Par. Five Hundred.

Stand. Have you lost your Maidenhead?——

[*She puts on her Masque, and nods.*] Do you love Money?

Par. Yaw. Mijn Heer.

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, now you have been so free with me, I tell you what you must trust to in Return: Never to come near my House again. Be gone, Monster, fly,——Hell and Furies! never Christen'd! Her Father a Mountebank!

Par. Lord, Sir, you need not be so furious. Never Christen'd! What then? I may be a very good Christian for all that, I suppose. Turn me off! Sir, you shan't. Meddle with your Fellows; 'tis my Lady's Business to order her Women.

Stand. Here's a young Whore for you now! A sweet Companion for my Wife! Where there's such a hellish Confident, there must be damnable Secrets.——Be gone, I say.——My Wife shall turn you away.

Par. Sir, she won't turn me away, she sha'n't turn me away, nor she can't turn me away. Sir, I say, she dare not turn me away.

Stand. Why, you Jade? Why?

Par. Because I'm the Mistress, not she.

Stand.

Stand. You the Mistress!

Par. Yes, I know all her Secrets; and let her offer to turn me off if she dares.

Stand. What Secrets do you know?

Par. Humph!——Tell a Wife's Secrets to her Husband!——Very pretty, Faith! Sure, Sir, you don't think me such a *Jew*: Tho' I was never Christen'd, I have more Religion than that comes to.

Stand. Are you faithful to your Lady for Affection, or Interest?

Par. Shall I tell you a Christian Lye, or a Pagan Truth?

Stand. Come, Truth for once.

Par. Why then, Interest, Interest! I have a great Soul, which nothing can gain but a great Bribe.

Stand. Well, tho' thou art a Devil, thou art a very honest one——Give me thy Hand, Wench. Should not Interest make you faithful to me, as much as to others?

Par. Honest to you! Marry for what? you gave me indeed two pitiful Pieces the Day you were marry'd, but not a Stiver since. One Gallant gives me ten Guineas, another a Watch, another a Pair of Pendants, a fourth a Diamond Ring; and my noble Master gives me——his Linen to mend.——Faugh!——I'll tell you a Secret, Sir: Stinginess to Servants makes more Cuckolds, than Ill-nature to Wives.

Stand. And am I a Cuckold, *Parly*!

Par. No, faith not yet: tho' in a very fair Way of having the Dignity conferr'd upon you very suddenly.

Stand. Come, Girl, you shall be my Pensioner: you shall have a glorious Revenue; for every Guinea that you get for keeping a Secret, I'll give you two for revealing it: You shall find a Husband once in your Life out-do all your Gallants in Generosity. Take their Money, Child, take all their Bribes: give 'em Hopes, make 'em Assignations; serve your Lady faithfully, but tell all to me. By which means, she will be kept chaste, you will grow rich, and I shall preserve my Honour.

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Par. But what Security shall I have for Performance of Articles!

Stand. Ready Payment, Child.

Par. Then give me Earnest.

Stand. Five Guineas.

[Giving her Money.

Par. Are they right? No Gray's Inn Pieces amongst 'em.——All right as my Leg——Now, Sir, I'll give you an Earnest of my Service. Who d'ye think is come to Town?

Stand. Who?

Par. Your old Friend, Sir Harry Wildair.

Stand. Impossible!

Par. Yes, faith, and as gay as ever.

Stand. And has he forgot his Wife so soon?

Par. Why, she has been dead now above a Year.——He appear'd in the Ring last Night with such Splendor and Equipage, that he eclips'd the Beaux, dazzl'd the Ladies, and made your Wife dream all Night of six *Flanders* Mares, seven *French* Liveries, a Wig like a Cloak, and a Hat like a Shillecock.

Stand. What are a Woman's Promises and Oaths?

Par. Wind, Wind, Sir.

Stand. When I marry'd her, how heartily did she condemn her light preceding Conduct, and for the future vow'd herself a perfect Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity!

Par. She might as safely swear, Sir, That this Day se'nnight, at Four o'Clock, the Wind will blow fair for *Flanders*. 'Tis Presuming for any of us all to promise for our Inclinations a whole Week. Besides, Sir, my Lady has got the Knack of coquetting it; and when once a Woman has got that in her Head, she will have a touch on't every where else.

Stand. An Oracle, Child. But now I must make the best of a bad Bargain; and since I have got you on my Side, I have some Hopes, that by constant Disappointment and Crosses in her Designs, I may at last tire her into good Behaviour.

Par. Well, Sir, the Condition of the Articles being duly perform'd, I stand to the Obligation; and

will tell you farther, That by and by Sir Harry Wildair is to come to our House to Cards, and that there is a Design laid to cheat him of his Money.

Stand. What Company will there be besides?

Par. Why, the old Set at the Bassett Table; my Lady Lovetards, and the usual Company: They have made up a Bank of fifteen Hundred *Louis d'Ors* among 'em; the whole Design lies upon Sir Harry's Purse, and the French Marquis, you know, constantly *Taillés*.

Stand. Ay, the French Marquis; that's one of your Benefactors, *Parly*;—the Persecution of *Basset* in *Paris* furnish'd us with that *Refugee*, but the Character of such a Fellow ought not to reflect on those who have been real Sufferers for their Religion.—But take no Notice. Be sure only to inform me of all that passes.—There's more Earnest for you; Be rich and faithful. [Exit Standard.]

Par. [Solus.] I am now not only *Woman* to the Lady *Lurewell*, but *Steward* to her Husband, in my double Capacity of knowing her Secrets, and commanding his Purse. A very pretty Office in a Family: For every Guinea that I get for keeping a Secret, he'll give me two for revealing it.—My Comings-in, at this Rate, will be worth a *Master*, in *Chancery's* Place, and many a poor *Templer* will be glad to marry me with half my Fortune.

Enter Dicky, meeting her.

Dick. Here's a Man much fitter for your Purposes.

Par. Bleis me! Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. The very same in Longitude and Latitude! not a Bit diminish'd, nor a Hair's Breadth increas'd.

—Dear Mrs. *Parly*, give me a Buss, for I'm almost starv'd.

Par. Why so hungry, Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why I ha'n't tasted a Bit this Year and half, Woman. I have been wandring about all over the World, following my Master, and come home to dear *London* but two Days ago. Now the Devil take me,

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me, if I had not rather kiss an *English* Pair of Pattins, than the finest Lady in *France*.

Par. Then you're over-joy'd to see *London* again?

Dick. Oh! I was just dead of a Consumption, till the sweet Smoke of *Cheapside*, and the dear Perfume of *Fleet-ditch*, made me a Man again.

Par. But how came you to live with Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Dick. Why, seeing me a handsome personable Fellow, and well qualify'd for a Livery, he took a Fancy to my Figure, that was all.

Par. And what's become of your old Master?

Dick. O! hang him, he was a Blockhead, and I turn'd him off, I turn'd him away.

Par. And were not you very sorry for the Loss of your Mistress, Sir *Harry's* Lady? They say, she was a very good Woman.

Dick. Oh! the sweetest Woman that ever the Sun shin'd upon. I cou'd almost weep when I think of her.
[Wiping his Eyes.]

Par. How did she die, pray? I cou'd never hear how 'twas.

Dick. Give me a Bus then, and I'll tell ye.

Par. You shall have your Wages when your Work's done.

Dick. Well then——Courage!—Now for a doleful Tale ——You know that my Master took a Freak to go see that foolish *Jubilee* that made such a Noise among us here; and no sooner said than done; away he went; he took his fine *French* Servants to wait on him, and left me, the poor *English* Puppy, to wait upon his Lady at home here.——Well, so far so good ——But scarce was my Master's Back turn'd, when my Lady fell to sighing, and pouting, and whining, and crying; and in short fell sick upon't.

Par. Well, well, I know all this already; and that she pluck'd up her Spirits at last, and went to follow him.

Dick. Very well. Follow him we did, far and far, and farther than I can tell, till we came to a Place call'd

Montpelier in *France*; a goodly Place truly.—But Sir Harry was gone to *Rome*; there was our Labour lost.—But, to be short, my poor Lady, with the Tiresomness of Travelling, fell sick—and dy'd.

Par. Poor Woman!

Dick. Ay, but that was not all. Here comes the worst of the Story.—Those cursed barbarous Devils, the *French*, wou'd not let us bury her.

Par. Not bury her!

Dick. No, she was a Heretick Woman, and they wou'd not let her Corps be put in their Holy Ground.—Oh! damn their holy Ground for me.

Par. Now had not I better be an honest Pagan, as I am, than such a Christian as one of these?—But how did you dispose the Body?

Dick. Why, there was one charitable Gentleman that us'd to visit my Lady in her Sickness: She contriv'd the Matter so, that she had her bury'd in her own private Chapel. This Lady and myself carried her out upon our own Shoulders, through a Back-door at the Hour of Midnight, and laid her in a Grave that I dug for her with my own Hands; and if we had been catch'd by the Priests, we had gone to the Gallows without the Benefit of Clergy.

Par. Oh! the Devil take 'em. But what did they mean by a Heretick Woman?

Dick. I don't know; some Sort of *Canibal*, I believe. I know there are some *Canibal* Women here in *England*, that come to the Play-houses in Masques; but let them have a care how they go to *France*. (For they are all Hereticks, I believe.) But I'm sure my good Lady was none of these.

Par. But how did Sir Harry bear the News?

Dick. Why, you must know, that my Lady, after she was bury'd sent me——

Par. How! after she was bury'd!

Dick. Pshaw! Why Lord, Mistress, you know what I mean; I went to Sir Harry all the Way to *Rome*; and where d'ye think I found him?

Par. Where?

Dick.

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Dick. Why, in the Middle of a Monastery among a hundred and fifty Nuns, playing at Hot-cockles. He was surpriz'd to see honest *Dicky*, you may be sure. But when I told him the sad Story, he roar'd out a whole Volley of *English* Oaths upon the Spot, and swore that he would set Fire on the Pope's Palace for the Injury done to his Wife. He then flew away to his Chamber, lock'd himself up for three Days; we thought to have found him dead; but instead of that, he call'd for his best Linen, fine Wig, gilt Coach; and laughing very heartily, swore again he wou'd be reveng'd, and bid them drive to the Nunnery; and he was reveng'd to some Purpose.

Par. How, how, dear Mr. *Dicky*?

Dick. Why, in a Matter of five Days he got six Nuns with Child, and left 'em to provide for their Heretick Bastards——Ah Plague on 'em, they hate a dead Heretick, but they love a piping-hot warm Heretick with all their Hearts.——So away we came; and thus did he jog on, revenging himself at this Rate through all the Catholick Countries that we pass'd, till we came home; and now, Mrs. *Parly*, I fancy he has some Designs of Revenge too upon your Lady,

Par. Who cou'd have thought that a Man of his light airy Temper wou'd have been so revengeful?

Dick. Why, faith, I'm a little malicious too: Where's the Bus you promis'd me, you Jade?

Par. Follow me, you Rogue. [Runs off.]

Dick. Allons. [Follows.]

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, A Lady's Apartment.

Enter two Chamber-maids.

1st Cham. **A**RE all Thing sets in Order? The Toilet fix'd, the Bottles and Combs put in Form, and the Chocolate ready?

2^d Cham. 'Tis no great matter whether they be right or not; for right or wrong we shall be sure of our Lecture; I wish for my Part that my Time were out.

1st Cham. Nay, 'tis a Hundred to one but we may run away before our Time be half expir'd; and she's worse this Morning than ever.—Here she comes.

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Ay, there's a Couple of you indeed! But how, how in the Name of Negligence cou'd you two contrive to make a Bed as mine was last Night; a Wrinkle on one Side, and a Rumples on t'other; the Pillows awry, and the Quilt askew.—I did nothing but tumble about, and fence with the Sheets all Night long.—Oh!—my bones ake this Morning, as if I had lain all Night on a Pair of *Dutch Stairs*——Go, bring Chocolate.——And, d'ye hear? Be sure to stay an Hour or two at least.—Well! These *English* Animals are so unpolish'd! I wish the Persecution wou'd rage a little harder, that we might have more of these *French Refugees* among us.

Enter the Maids with Chocolate.

These Wenches are gone to *Smyrna* for this Chocolate.—And what made you stay so long?

Cham. I thought we did not stay at all, Madam.

Lure.

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Lure. Only an Hour and half by the slowest Clock in *Christendom*—And such Salvers and Dishes too! The Lard be merciful to me! what have I committed, to be plagu'd with such Animals?—Where are my new Japan Salvers?—Broke, o'my Conscience! All to Pieces, I'll lay my Life on't.

Cham. No, indeed, Madam, but your Husband—

Lure. How? Husband, Impudence! I'll teach you Manners. [*Gives her a Box on the Ear.*] Husband! Is that your *Welsh* Breeding? Ha'n't the Col. a Name of his own?

Cham. Well then, the Col. He us'd 'em this Morning, and we ha'n't got 'em since.

Lure. How! the Col. use my Things! How dare the Col. use any Thing of mine?—But his Campaign Education must be pardon'd—And I warrant they were fisted about among his dirty Levee of Disbanded Officers?—Faugh! The very Thoughts of them Fellows with their eager Looks, Iron Swords, ty'd-up Wigs, and tuck'd-in Cravats, make me sick as Death.—Come, let me see.—[*Goes to take the Chocolate, and starts back.*] Heav'n's protect me from such a Sight! Lord, Girl! When did you wash your Hands last? And have you been pawing me all this Morning with them dirty Fists of yours? [*Runs to the Glass.*]—I must dress all over again—Go, take it away, I shall swoon else.—Here, Mrs. Monster, call up my Taylor; and d'ye hear? You, Mrs. Hobbyhorse, see if my Company be come to Cards yet.

Enter the Taylor.

Oh, Mr. *Remnant*! I don't know what ails these Stays you have made me; but something is the Matter, I don't like 'em.

Rem. I am very sorry for that, Madam. But what Fault does your Ladyship find?

Lure. I don't know where the Fault lies; but in short I don't like 'em; I can't tell how; the Things are well enough made, but I don't like 'em.

Rem. Are they too wide, Madam?

Lure. No.

Rem. Too straight, perhaps?

Lure. Not at all! they fit me very well; but—
Lard bless me; Can't you tell where the Fault lies?

Rem. Why truly, Madam, I can't tell.—But
your Ladyship, I think, is a little too slender for the
Fashion.

Lure. How! too slender for the Fashion, say
you?

Rem. Yes, Madam! there's no such Thing as a
good Shape worn among the Quality: Your fine Waistes
are clear out, Madam.

Lure. And why did not you plump up my Stays to
the fashionable Size?

Rem. I made 'em to fit you, Madam.

Lure. Fit me! fit my Monkey—What d'ye think I
wear Cloaths to please myself! Fit me! fit the Fa-
shion, pray; no matter for me—I thought some-
thing was the Matter, I wanted Quality-Air.—
Pray, Mr. *Remnant*, let me have a Bulk of Quality, a
spreading Counter. I do remember now, the La-
dies in the Apartments, the Birth Night, were most
of 'em two Yards about.—Indeed, Sir, if you con-
trive my Things any more with your scanty Chamber-
maid's Air, you shall work no more for me.

Rem. I shall take Care to please your Ladyship for
the future. [Exit.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my Master desires—

Lure. Hold, hold, Fellow; for Gad's Sake hold:
If thou touch my Cloaths with that Tobacco Breath of
thine, I shall poison the whole Drawing-Room. Stand
at the Door pray, and speak.

[*Ser. goes to the Door and speaks.*

Ser. My Master, Madam, desires—

Lure. Oh hideous! Now the Rascal bellows fo
loud, that he tears my Head to Pieces.—Here,
Aukwardness, go take the Booby's Message, and bring
it to me. [*Maid goes to the Door, whispers and returns.*

Cham.

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Cham. My Master desires to know how your Ladyship rested last Night, and if you are pleas'd to admit of a Visit this Morning?

Lure. Ay——Why this is civil.——'Tis an insupportable Toil tho' for Women of Quality to model their Husbands to good Breeding.

Enter Standard.

Stand. Good morrow, dearest Angel. How have you rested last Night?

Lure. Lard, Lard, Col! What a Room have you made me here with your dirty Feet! Bless me, Sir! Will you never be reclaim'd from your slovenly Campaign Airs? 'Tis the most unmannerly Thing in Nature to make a sliding Bow in a Lady's Chamber with dirty Shoes; it writes Rudeness upon the Boards.

Stand. A very odd Kind of Reception this, truly!——I'm very sorry, Madam, that the Offences of my Feet should create an Aversion to my Company: But for the future I shall honour your Ladyship's Apartment as the Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*, and always come in bare-foot.

Lure. Sepulchre at *Jerusalem*! Your Compliment, Sir, is very far-fetch'd: But your Feet indeed have a very travelling Air.

Stand. Come, come, my Dear, no serious Disputes upon Trifles, since you know I never contend with you in Matters of Consequence. You are still Mistress of your Fortune, and Marriage has only made you more absolute in your Pleasure, by adding one faithful Servant to your Desires.——Come, clear your Brow of that uneasy Chagrin, and let that pleasing Air take Place that first ensnar'd my Heart. I have invited some Gentlemen to Dinner, whose Friendships deserve a welcome Look. Let their Entertainment shew how bless'd you have made me by a plentiful Fortune, and the Love of so agreeable a Creature.

Lure. Your Friends, I suppose, are all Men of Quality?

Stand. Madam, they are Officers, and Men of Honour.

Lure. Officers, and Men of Honour! That is, they will daub the Stairs with their Feet, stain all the Rooms with their Wine, talk Bawdy to my Woman, rail at the Parliament, then at one another, fall to cutting of Throats, and break all my China.

Stand. Admitting that I keep such Company, 'tis unkind in you, Madam, to talk so severely of my Friends.—But my Brother, my Dear, is just come from his Voyage, and will be here to pay his Respects to you.

Lure. Sir, I shall not be at Leisure to entertain a Person of his *Wapping* Education, I can assure you.

Enter Parly, and whispers her.

Sir, I have some Business with my Woman; you may entertain your Sea-monster by yourself; you may command a Dish of Pork and Pease, with a Bowl of Punch, I suppose; and so, Sir, much good may do you.—Come, *Parly*. [Exeunt *Lure.* and *Par.*

Stand. Hell and Furies!

Enter Fireball.

Fire. With all my Heart—Where's your Wife, Brother?—Ho' now Man, what's the Matter?—Is Dinner ready?

Stand. No—I don't know—Hang it, I'm sorry that I invited you:—For you must know that my Wife is very much out of Order; taken dangerous ill of a sudden—So that—

Fire. Pshaw! Nothing, nothing but a Marriage Qualm; breeding Children or breeding Mischief. Where is she, Man? Prithee let me see her; I long to see this fine Lady you have got.

Stand. Upon my Word she's very ill, and can't see any Body.

Fire. So ill that she can't see any Body! What, she's not in Labour sure! I tell you, I will see her. Where is she?

[*Looking about.*
Stand.

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Stand. No, no, Brother; she's gone abroad to take the Air.

Fire. What the Devil! dangerous sick, and gone out! So sick, that she'll see no Body within, yet gone abroad to see all the World!—Ah, you have made your Fortunes with a Vengeance!—Then, Brother, you shall dine with me at *Locket's*; I hate these Family Dinners, where a Man's oblig'd to, O Lard, Madam; no Apology, dear Sir——'Tis very good indeed, Madam.—For yourself, dear Madam.—Where between the rubb'd Floor under-foot, the China in one Corner, and the Glasses in another, a Man can't make two Strides without Hazard of his Life. Commend me to a Boy and a Bell; Coming, coming, Sir. Much Noise, no Attendance, and a dirty Room, where I may eat like a Horse, drink like a Fish, and swear like a Devil. Hang your Family Dinners; come along with me.

As they are going out, enter Banter; who seeing them seems to retire.

Stand. Who's that? Come in, Sir. Your Business, pray, Sir?

Bant. Perhaps, Sir, it may not be so proper to inform you; for you appear to be as great a Stranger here as myself.

Fire. Come, come away, Brother, he has some Business with your Wife.

Ban. His Wife! Gad so! A pretty Fellow, a very pretty Fellow, a likely Fellow, and a handsome Fellow; I find nothing like a Monster about him: I wou'd fain see his Forehead tho'——Sir, your humble Servant.

Stand. Your's, Sir.——But why d'ye stare so in my Face?

Ban. I was told, Sir, that the Lady *Lurewell's* Husband had something very remarkable over his Eyes, by which he might be known.

Fire. Mark that, Brother.

[*In his Ear.*

Stand. Your Information, Sir, was right; I have a cross Cut over my left Eye that's very remarkable. — But pray, Sir, by what Marks are you to be known?

Ban. Sir, I am dignify'd and distinguish'd by the Name and Title of *Beau Banter*; I'm younger Brother to Sir Harry Wildair; and I hope to inherit his Estate with his Humour, for his Wife, I'm told is dead, and has left no Child.

Stand. Oh, Sir! I'm your very humble Servant; you're not unlike your Brother in the Face; but methinks, Sir, you don't become his Humour altogether so well; for what's Nature in him looks like Affectation in you.

Ban. Oh Lord, Sir! 'tis rather Nature in me, what is acquir'd by him; he's beholding to his Education for his Air: Now where d'ye think my Humour was establish'd?

Stand. Where?

Ban. At Oxford.

Stand. } At Oxford!

Fire.

Ban. Ay: There have I been sucking my dear *Alma Mater* these seven Years: Yet in Defiance to Legs of Mutton, small Beer, crabbed Books, and four-fac'd Doctors, I can dance a Minuet, court a Mistress, play at Piquet, or make a Paroli, with any Wildair in *Christendom*. In short, Sir, in spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman. — Colonel, where's your Wife?

Fire. [Mimicking him.] In spite of the University, I'm a pretty Gentleman. — Then, Colonel, where is your Wife? — Hark ye, young Plato, Whether wou'd you have your Nose slit, or your Ears cut?

Ban. First tell me, Sir, which would you chuse, to be run through the Body, or shot through the Head?

Fire. Follow me, and I'll tell ye.

Ban. Sir, my Servants shall attend ye, if you have no Equipage of your own.

Fire.

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Fire. Blood, Sir!

Stand. Hold, Brother, hold; he's a Boy.

Ban. Look ye, Sir, I keep half a dozen Footmen that have no Business upon Earth but to answer impertinent Questions: Now, Sir, if your fighting Stomach can digest these six brawny Fellows for a Breakfast, their Master, perhaps, may do you the Favour to run you through the Body for a Dinner.

Fire. Sirrah, will you fight me? I receiv'd just now six Month's Pay, and by this Light, I'll give you the half on't for one fair Blow at your Skull.

Ban. Down with your Money, Sir.

Stand. No, no, Brother; if you are so free of your Pay, get into the next Room; there you'll find some Company at Cards, I suppose; you may find Opportunity for your Revenge; my House protects him now.

Fire. Well, Sir, the Time will come.

[Exit.

Ban. Well said, Brazen-head.

Stand. I hope, Sir, you'll excuse the Freedom of this Gentleman; his Education has been among the boisterous Elements, the Winds and Waves.

Ban. Sir, I value neither him, nor his Wind and Waves neither; I'm privileg'd to be very impertinent, being an *Oxonian*, and oblig'd to fight no Man, being a *Beau*.

Stand. Sir, I admire the Freedom of your Condition.—But pray, Sir, have you seen your Brother since he came last over?

Ban. I ha'n't seen my Brother these seven Years, and scarcely heard from him but by Report of others. About a Month ago he was pleas'd to honour me with a Letter from *Paris*, importing his Design of being in *London* very soon, with a Desire of meeting me here. Upon this, I chang'd my Cap and Gown for a long Wig and Sword, came up to *London* to attend him, and went to his House; but that was all in Sable for the Death of his Wife; there I was told that he design'd to change his Habitation, because he wou'd avoid all Remembrances that might disturb his
Quies.

Quiet. You are the first Person that has told me of his Arrival, and I expect that you may likewise inform me where to wait on him.

Stand. And I suppose, Sir, this was the Bus'ness that occasion'd me the Honour of this Visit.

Ban. Partly this, and partly an Affair of greater Consequence. You must know, Sir, that tho' I have read ten thousand Lyes in the University, yet I have learn'd to speak the Truth myself; and to deal plainly with you, the Honour of this Visit, as you were pleas'd to term it, was design'd to the Lady *Lurewell*.

Stand. My Wife, Sir!

Ban. My Lady *Lurewell*, I say, Sir.

Stand. But I say, my Wife, Sir.——What!

Ban. Why, look ye, Sir; you may have the Honour of being call'd the Lady *Lurewell's* Husband; but you will never find in any Author, either ancient or modern, that she's call'd Mr. *Standard's* Wife, 'Tis true, you're a handsome young Fellow; she lik'd you, she marry'd you; and tho' the Priest made you both one Flesh, yet there's no small Distinction in your Blood. You are still a disbanded Colonel, and she is still a Woman of Quality, I take it.

Stand. And you are the most impudent young Fellow I ever met with in my Life, I take it.

Ban. Sir, I'm a Master of Arts, and I plead the Privilege of my Standing.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Banter.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman in the Coach below, says, he'll be gone unless you come presently.

Ban. I had forgot——Col. your humble Servant.

[*Exit.*

Stand. Sir, you must excuse me for not waiting on you down Stairs.——An impudent young Dog.

[*Exit another Way.*

S C E N E

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SCENE changes to another Apartment in the same House.

Enter Lurewell, Ladies, Monf. Marquis and Fireball, as losing Gamesters, one after another, tearing their Cards, and flinging 'em about the Room.

Lure. Ruin'd ! Undone ! Destroy'd !

1st La. Oh Fortune ! Fortune ! Fortune !

2^d La. What will my Husband say ?

Monf. Oh *malheur ! malheur ! malheur !*

Fire. Blood and Fire, I have lost six Months Pay.

Monf. A hundred and ten Pistoles, sink me.

Fire. Sink you ! sink me, that have lost two hundred and ten Pistoles.——Sink you indeed !

Lure. But why wou'd you hazard the Bank upon one Card ?

Monf. Because me had lose by de Card tree Times before.——Look, dere Madam, de very next Card had been out. Oh *Morbleu ! qui sa ?*

Lure. I rely'd altogether on your setting the Cards ; you us'd to *Tailé* with Succes.

Monf. *Morbleu*, Madam, me never lose before ; But dat Monsieur Sir *Arry*, dat Chevalier *Wildair* is the Devil——Vere is de Chevalier ?

Lure. Counting our Money within yonder.——Go, go, be gone ; and bethink yourself of some Revenge.——Here he comes.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Fifteen hundred and seventy *Louis d'Ors* !——Tall dall de rall. [*Sings.*] Look ye, Gentlemen, any Body may dance to this Tune ;——Tall dall de rall. I dance to the Tune of fifteen hundred Pound, the most elevated Piece of Musick that ever I heard in my Life ; they are the prettiest Castagnets in the World. [*Chinks the Money.*] Here, Waiters, there's Cards and Candles for you. [*Gives the Servants Money.*] Mrs. Parly——here's Hoods and Scarfs. for you : [*Gives her Money.*] And here's fine Coaches, splendid Equipage, lovely Women,

116 *Sir Harry Wildair ; being*

Women, and victorious *Burgundy* for me.——
Oh ye charming Angels ! the Losers Sorrow, and the
Gainer's Joy : Get ye into my Pocket.—Now, Gen-
tlemen and Ladies, I am your humble Servant——
You'll excuse me, I hope ; the small Devotion here
that I pay to my good Fortune——Ho'now ! Mute !
——Why, Ladies, I know that Losers have Leave
to speak ; but I don't find that they're privileg'd to be
dumb.—*Monsieur ! Ladies ! Captain !*

[Claps the Captain on the Shoulder.

Fire. Death and Hell ! Why d'ye strike me, Sir ?

[Drawing.

Wild. To comfort you, Sir.—Your Ear, Capt.—
The King of *Spain* is dead !

Fire. The King of *Spain* dead !

Wild. Dead as *Julius Caesar* ; I had a Letter on't just
now.

Fire. Tall dall de rall. *[Sings.]* Look ye, Sir, pray
strike me again if you please.—See here, Sir, you
have left me but one solitary Guinea in the World.

[Puts it in his Mouth.

Down it goes i'faith.—Allons for the *Thatch'd*
House and the *Mediterranean*.——Tall dall de rall.

[Exit.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha !——Bravely resolv'd, Captain.

Lure. Bless me, Sir *Harry* ! I was afraid of a Quar-
rel. I'm so much concern'd !

Wild. At the Loss of your Money, Madam. But why,
why should the Fair be afflicted ? your Eyes, your
Eyes, Ladies, much brighter than the Sun, have equal
Power with him, and can transform to Gold what-
e'er they please. The Lawyer's Tongue, the Sol-
dier's Sword, the Courtier's Flattery, and the Mer-
chant's Trade, are Slaves that dig the Golden Mines
for you. Your Eyes unty the Miser's knotted Furse.
[To one Lady.] Melt into Coin the Magistrate's massy
Chain.—Youth mints for you Hereditary Lands.
[To another.]——And Gamesters only win when they
can lose to you. *[To Lurewell.]*——This Luck is the
most rhetorical Thing in Nature.

Lure.

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Lure. I have a great Mind to forswear Cards as long as I live.

1st *La.* And I.

[Exit.

2^d *La.* And I.

[Crying, and Exit.

Wild. What, forswear Cards! Why, Madam, you'll ruin our Trade. ——— I'll maintain, that the Money at Court circulates more by the Basset-Bank, than the Wealth of the Merchants by the Bank of the City. Cards! the great Ministers of Fortune's Power, that blindly shuffle out her thoughtless Favours, and make a Knave more pow'rful than a King. ——— What Adoration do these Pow'rs receive [*Lifting up a Card.*] from the bright Hands and Fingers of the Fair, always lift up to pay Devotion here! And the pleasing Fears, the anxious Hopes, and dubious Joy that entertain our Mind! The Capot at Piquet, the Paroli at Basset; ——— And then Ombre! who can resist the Charms of Mattadors?

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry; and then the *Sept le Va, Quinze la Va, & Trante le Va!*

Wild. Right, right, Madam.

Lure. Then the Nine of Diamonds at Comet, three Fives at Cribbage, and Pam in Lanteraloo, Sir Harry!

Wild. Ay, Madam, these are Charms indeed. ——— Then the Pleasure of picking our Husband's Pocket over-night, to play at Basset next Day! Then the Advantage a fine Gentleman may make of a Lady's Necessity, by gaining a Favour for fifty Pistoles, which a hundred Years Courtship cou'd never have produc'd.

Lure. Nay, nay, Sir Harry, that's foul Play.

Wild. Nay, nay, Madam, it is nothing but the Game; and I have play'd it so in *France* a hundred Times.

Lure. Come, Come, Sir, no more on't. I'll tell you in three Words, that rather than forego my Cards, I'll forswear my Visits, Fashions, my Monkey, Friends and Relations.

Wild. There spoke the Spirit of true-born *English* Women of Quality, with a true *French* Education.

Lure.

118 *Sir Harry Wildair; being*

Lure. Look ye, *Sir Harry*, I am well born, and I was well bred; I brought my Husband a large Fortune; he shall mortgage, or I will elope.

Wild. No, no, Madam! there's no Occasion for that: See here, Madam!

Lure. What, the singing Birds! *Sir Harry*, let me see.

Wild. Pugh, Madam, these are but a few.—— But I cou'd wish, *de tout mon cœur, fort quelque Commodite*, where I might be handsomely plunder'd of 'em.

Lure. *Ab! Chevalier! tous jour obligeant, engageant, & tout sa——*

Wild. *Allons, Allons, Madam, tout à votre service.* [Pulls her.]

Lure. No, no, *Sir Harry*, not at this Time o'day; you shall hear from me in the Evening.

Wild. Then, Madam, I'll leave you something to entertain you the while. 'Tis a *French* Pocket-book, with some Remarks of my own upon the new Way of making Love. Please to peruse it, and give me your Opinion in the Evening. [Exit.]

Lure. [Opening the Book] A *French* Pocket-book, with Remarks upon the new Way of making Love! Then *Sir Harry* is turning Author, I find.—What's here?——Hi, hi, hi! A Bank Bill for a hundred Pound.——The new Way of making Love!——*Pardie cêt fort Gallant*——One of the prettiest Remarks that ever I saw in my Life! Well now, that *Wildair's* a charming Fellow;——Hi, hi, hi!——He has such an Air, and such a Turn in what he does! I warrant now there's a Hundred home-bred Blockheads wou'd come,——Madam, I'll give you a Hundred Guineas if you'll let me.—Faugh! hang their nauseous immodest Proceedings.——Here's a Hundred Pound now, and he never names the Thing; I love an impudent Action with an Air of Modesty with all my Heart. [Exit.]

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E *continues.*

Lurewell and Monsieur Marquis.

Lure. **W**ELL, *Monsieur*, and have you thought how to retaliate your ill Fortune?

Monf. Madam, I have tought dat Fortune be one blind Bitch. Why shou'd Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan to de France Marquis? Ave I not de bon Grace? Ave not I de Personage? Ave I not de Understanding? Can de Anglis Chevalier dance better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier fence better dan I? Can de Anglis Chevalier play Basset better dan I? Den why should Fortune be kinder to de Anglis Chevalier dan de France Marquis?

Lure. Why? Because Fortune is blind.

Monf. Blind! Yes begar, and dum and deaf too.—Vell den, Fortune give de Anglis Man de Riches, but Nature gave de France Man de Politique to correct de unequal Distribution.

Lure. But how can you correct it, *Monsieur*?

Monf. Ecoute, Madam. Sir *Arry Wildair* his Wife be dead.

Lure. And what Advantage can you make of that?

Monf. Begar, Madam.—Hi, hi, hi!—De Anglis man's dead Wife fall Cuckold her Usband!

Lure. How, how, Sir, a dead Woman cuckold her Husband!

Monf. Mark! Madam: We France-men make de Distinction between de Design and de Term of the Treaty.—She canno touch his Head, but she can Cuckold his Pocket of ten Toufan Livres.

Lure. Pray explain yourself, Sir.

Monf. I ave Sir *Arry Wildair* his Wife in my Pocket.

Lure. How! Sir *Harry's* Wife in your Pocket!

Monf. Hold, Madam, dere is an autre Distinction between de Design and de Term of de Treaty.

Lure.

Lure. Pray, Sir, no more of your Distinctions, but speak plain.

Monf. Wen de France-man's Politique is in his Head, dere is noting but Distinction upon his Tongue.— See here, Madam ! I ave de Picture of Sir *Harry's* Wife in my Pocket.

Lure. Is it possible ?

Monf. Voyez.

Lure. The very same, and finely drawn. Pray, Monsieur, how did you purchase it ?

Monf. As me did purchase de Picture, so me did gain de Substance, de dear, dear Substance, by de bon mien, de France Air, chatant, charmant, de Politique à la Tête, and dançant à la Pie.

Lure. Lard blefs me ! How cunningly some Women can play the Rogue ! Ah ! have I found it out ! Now, as I hope for Mercy, I am glad on't. I hate to have any Woman more virtuous than myself.— Hére was such a work with my Lady *Wildair's* Piety ! my Lady *Wildair's* Conduct ! and my Lady *Wildair's* Fidelity, forsooth ! Now, dear Monsieur, you have infallibly told me the best News that I ever heard in my Life. Well, and she was but one of us ! heh !

Monf. Oh, Madam ! me no tell Tale, me no scandalize de Dead ; de Picture be dumb, de Picture say noting.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, no more Distinctions ; I'm sure it was so. I wou'd have given the World for such a Story of her while she was living. She was charitable, forsooth ! and she was devout, forsooth ! and every Body was twitted i'th' 'Teeth with my Lady *Wildair's* Reputation : And why don't you mark her Behaviour, and her Discretion ? She goes to Church twice a Day.— Ah ! I hate these Congregation-Women. There's such a Fuss, and such a Clutter about their Devotion, that it makes more Noise than all the Bells in the Parish.— Well, but what Advantage can you make now of the Picture ?

Monf. De Advantage of ten tousan Livres, par-de.— Attendez vous, Madam, Dis Lady she die

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die at *Montpelier* in *France*; I ave de Broder in dat City dat write me one Account dat she die in dat City, and dat she send me dis Piçture as a Legacy, wid a tousan bafe mains to de dear Marquis, de charmant Marquis, mon cœur le Marquis.

Lure. Ay, here was Devotion! here was Discretion! here was Fidelity! Mon cœur le Marquis! Ha, ha, ha! ——— Well, but how will this procure the Money?

Monf. Now, Madam, for de France Politique.

Lure. Ay, what is the *French* Politick?

Monf. Neyer to tell a Secret to a Voman. ———

Madam, *je sui votre serviteur.*

[*Runs off.*]

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir, we sha'n't part so; I will have it.

[*Follows.*]

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Fire. Hah! Look! look! look you there, Brother! See how they coquet it! Oh! there's a Look! there's a Simper! there's a Squeeze for you! ay, now the Marquis is at it. *Mon cœur, ma foy, pardie, allons*: Don't you see how the *French* Rogue has the Head, and the Feet, and the Hands, and the Tongue, all going together?

Stand. [*Walking in Disorder.*] Where's my Reason? Where's my Philosophy? Where's my Religion now?

Fire. I'll tell you where they are, in your Forehead, Sir. ——— Blood! I say Revenge.

Stand. But how, dear Brother?

Fire. Why stab him, stab him now. ——— *Italian* him, *Spaniard* him, I say.

Stand. Stab him! Why Cuckoldom's a Hydra that bears a thousand Heads; and tho' I shou'd cut this one off, the Monster still wou'd sprout. Must I murder all the Fops in the Nation; and to save my Head from Horns, expose my Neck to the Halter?

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, can't you kick and cuff? Kick one.

Stand. Cane another.

Fire.

Fire. Cut off the Ears of a third.

Stand. Slit the Nose of a fourth.

Fire. Tear Cravats.

Stand. Burn Perukes.

Fire. Shoot their Coach-horses.

Stand. A noble Plot.——But now 'tis laid, how shall we put it in Execution? for not one of these *Fellows* stirs about without his Guard du Corps. Then they're stout as Heroes; for I can assure you, that a Beau with six Footmen shall fight you any Gentleman in *Christian*-dom.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, here's Mr. *Clincher* below, who begs the Honour to kiss your Hand.

Stand. Ay, why here's another Beau.

Fire. Let him come, let him come; I'll shew you how to manage a Beau presently.

Stand. Hold, hold, Sir; this is a simple inoffensive Fellow, that will rather make us Diversion.

Fire. Diversion! Ay. Why, I'll knock him down for Diversion.

Stand. No, no; prithee be quiet; I gave him a Surfeit of Intriguing some Months ago before I was marry'd.——Here, bid him come up. He's worth your Acquaintance, Brother.

Fire. My Acquaintance! What is he?

Stand. A Fellow of a strange Weathercock Head, very hard, but as light as the Wind; constantly full of the Times, and never fails to pick up some Humour or other out of the publick Revolutions, that proves diverting enough. Some Time ago he had got the Travelling Maggot in his Head, and was going to the *Jubilee* upon all Occasions; but lately, since the new Revolution in *Europe*, another Spirit has possess'd him, and he runs stark mad after News and Politics.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. News, News, Col. great——Eh! what's this Fellow? Methinks he has a Kind of suspicious Air.——Your Ear, Col.——The Pope's dead.

Stand.

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Stand. Where did you hear it?

Clin. I read it in the publick News. [*Whispering.*

Stand. Ha, ha, ha!——And why d'ye whisper it for a Secret?

Clin. Odso! Faith that's true——But that Fellow there; what is he?

Stand. My Brother *Fireball*, just come home from the *Baltick*.

Clin. Odso! Noble Captain, I'm your most humble and obedient Servant, from the Poop to the Fore-castle.——Nay a Kiss o't'other Side, pray.——Now, dear Captain, tell us the News.——Odso! I'm so pleas'd I have met you! Well, the News, dear Captain——You sail'd a brave Squadron of Men of War to the *Baltick*.——Well, and what then? eh!

Fire. Why then——we came back again.

Clin. Did you, faith?——Foolish! foolish! very foolish! a right Sea Captain——But what did you do? How did you fight? What Storms did you meet? and what Whales did you see?

Fire. We had a violent Storm off the Coast of *Jutland*.

Clin. *Jutland*! Ay, that's Part of *Portugal*.——Well, and so,——you enter'd the Sound;——and you maul'd *Copenhagen*, 'faith.——And then that pretty, dear, sweet, pretty King of *Sweden*!——What Sort of Man is he, pray?

Fire. Why, tall and slender.

Clin. Tall and slender! Much about my Pitch? Heh!

Fire. Not so gross, not altogether so low.

Clin. No! I'm sorry for't; very sorry, indeed.——
[*Here Parly enters and stands at the Door; Clincher beckons her with his Hands behind, going backwards, and speaking to her and the Gentlemen by Turns.*] Well, and what more? And so you bombarded *Copenhagen*.——
[*Mrs. Parly.*]——Whiz, slap went the Bombs. [*Mrs. Parly.*] And so——Well, not altogether so gross, you say.——[*Here's a Letter, you Jade.*] Very tall, you say? Is the King very tall?—[*Here's a Guinea, you Jade.*]

Jade.]——[*She takes the Letter, and the Col. observes him.*]——Hem! hem! Col. I'm mightily troubled with the Ptytick of late.——Hem! hem! a strange Stoppage of my Breast here. Hem! but now it is off again.——Well, but Captain, you tell us no News at all.

Fire. I tell you one Piece that all the World knows, and still you are a Stranger to it.

Clin. Bless me! What can this be?

Fire. That you are a Fool.

Clin. Eh! Witty, witty Sea Captain. Odso! and I wonder, Captain, that your Understanding did not split your Ship to Pieces.

Fire. Why so, Sir?

Clin. Because, Sir, it is so very shallow, very shallow. There's Wit for you, Sir——

Enter Parly, who gives the Col. a Letter.

Odso! A Letter! Then there's News.——What, is it the foreign Post? What News, dear Col. what News? Hark ye, Mrs. Parly.

[*He talks with Parly while the Col. reads the Letter.*]

Stand. The Son of a Whore! Is it he?

[*Looks at Clincher.*]

[*Reads.*] Dear Madam,

I Was afraid to break open the Seal of your Letter, lest I shou'd violate the Work of your fair Hands.——(Oh! fulsome Fop!) I therefore with the Warmth of my Kisses thaw'd it asunder. (Ay, here's such a Turn of Style, as takes a fine Lady!) I have no News, but that the Pope's dead, and I have some Pacquets upon that Affair to send my Correspondent in Wales; but I shall wave all Business, and hasten to wait on you at the Hour appointed, with the Wings of a Flying-Post.

Yours,

Toby Clincher.

Very well, Mr. Toby.——Hark'e, Brother, this Fellow's a Rogue.

Fire.

Fire. A damn'd Rogue.

Stand. See here! a Letter to my Wife!

Fire. S'death! let me tear him to Pieces.

Stand. No, no, we'll manage him to more Advantage. Take him with you to *Locker's*, and invent some Way or other to fuddle him.——Here, Mr. *Clincher*, I have prevail'd on my Brother here to give you a particular Account of the whole Voyage to the Sound by his own Journal, if you please to honour him with your Company at *Locker's*.

Clin. His own Journal! Odsso, let me see it.

Stand. Shew it him.

Fire. Here, Sir.

Clin. Now for News——[*Reads.*] Thursday, August the 17th, from the 6th at Noon to this Day Noon Winds variable, Courses per Traverse, true Course protracted, with all Impediments allow'd, is North 45 Degrees, West 60 Miles, Difference of Latitude 42 Miles, Departure West 40 Miles, Latitude per Judgment 54 Degrees 13 Minutes, Meridian Distance current from the Bearing of the Land, and the Latitude is 88 Miles.——Odsso! Great News, faith.——Let me see. At Noon broke our Main-Top-Sail-Yard, being rotten in the Slings; two Whales Southward.——Odsso! A Whale! Great News, faith. Come, come along, Captain. But, d'ye hear? with this Proviso, Gentlemen, that I won't drink; for, hark'e, Captain, between you and I, there's a fine Lady in the Wind, and I shall have the Longitude and Latitude of a fine Lady, and the——

Fire. A fine Lady! Ah the Rogue! [*Aside.*]

Clin. Yes, a fine Lady, Colonel, a very fine Lady.

——Come, no Ceremony, good Captain.

[*Exeunt Fishball and Clincher.*]

Stand. Well, Mrs. Parly, how go the rest of our Affairs?

Par. Why, worse and worse, Sir; here's more Mischief still, more Branches a sprouting.

Stand. Of whose planting, pray?

Par. Why, that impudent young Rogue, Sir Harry Wildair's Brother, has commenc'd his Suit, and feed

Counsel already.——Look here, Sir, two Pieces, for which, by Article, I am to receive four.

Stand. 'Tis a hard Case now, that a Man must give four Guineas for the good News of his Dishonour. Some Men throw away their Money in debauching other Men's Wives, and I lay out mine to keep my own honest: But this is making a Man's Fortune!——

Well, Child, there's your Pay; and I expect, when I come back, a true Account how the Business goes on.

Par. But suppose the Bus'ness be done before you come back?

Stand. No, no; she ha'n't seen him yet; and her Pride will preserve her against the first Assaults. Besides, I sha'n't stay. [Exeunt Col. and Par.]

SCENE changes to another Room in the same House.

Enter Wildair and Lurewell.

Lure. Well now, Sir Harry, this Book you gave me! As I hope to breathe, I think 'tis the best penn'd Piece I have seen a great while; I don't know any of our Authors have wrote in so florid and genteel a Style.

Wild. Upon the Subject, Madam, I dare affirm there is nothing extant more moving.——Look ye, Madam, I am an Author rich in Expressions; the needy Poets of the Age may fill their Works with Rhapsodies of Flames and Darts, and barren Sighs and Tears, their speaking Looks and amorous Vows, that might in *Chaucer's* Time, perhaps, have pass'd for Love; but now, 'tis only such as I can touch that noble Passion, and by the true, persuasive Eloquence, turn'd in the moving Style of *Louis d'Ors*, can raise the ravish'd Female to a Rapture.——In short, Madam, I'll match *Cowly* in Softness, o'ertop *Milton* in Sublime, banter *Cicero* in Eloquence, and *Dr. Swan* in Quibbling, by the Help of that most ingenious Society, call'd the Bank of *England*.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry, I begin to hate that old Thing call'd Love; they say 'tis clear out in *France*.

Wild.

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Wild. Clear out, clear out, no Body wears it: And here too, Honesty went out with the flash'd Doublets, and Love with the close-body'd Gowns. Love! 'tis so obsolete, so mean, and out of Fashion, that I can compare it to nothing but the miserable Picture of *Patient Grizzel* at the Head of an old Ballad——
Faugh!

Lure. Ha, ha, ha!—The best Emblem in the World:——Come, Sir *Harry*, faith we'll run it down.——Love!——Ay, methinks I see the mournful *Melpomene* with her Handkerchief at her Eye, her Heart full of Fire, her Eyes full of Water, her Head full of Madness, and her Mouth full of Nonsense.——Oh! hang it.

Wild. Ay, Madam. Then the doleful Ditties, piteous Complaints, the Daggers, the Poisons!

Lure. Oh the Vapours!

Wild. Then a Man must kneel, and a Man must swear——There is a Repose, I see, in the next Room.
[*Aside.*]

Lure. Unnatural Stuff.

Wild. Oh, Madam, the most unnatural Thing in the World; as fulsome as a Sack-Posset, [*Pulling her towards the Door.*] ungenteel as a Wedding-Ring, and as impudent as the naked Statue was in the Park.

[*Pulls her again.*]

Lure. Ay, Sir *Harry*; I hate Love that's impudent. These Poets dress it up so in their Tragedies, that no modest Woman can bear it. Your Way is much the more tolerable, I must confess.

Wild. Ay, ay, Madam; I hate your rude Whining and Sighing; it puts a Lady out of Countenance.

[*Pulling her.*]

Lure. Truly so it does——Hang their Impudence. But where are we going?

Wild. Only to rail at Love, Madam. [*Pulls her in.*]

Enter Banter.

Ban. Hey! Who's here? [*Lurewell comes back.*]

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Lure. Pshaw, prevented by a Stranger too! Had it been my Husband now——Pshaw!——Very familiar, Sir.

[*Banter takes up Wildair's Hat, that was dropt in the Room.*]

Ban. Madam, you have dropt your Hat.

Lure. Discover'd too by a Stranger!——What shall I do?

Wild. [*From within.*]——Madam, you have got the most confounded Pens here! Can't you get the Colonel to write the Superscriptions of your Letters for you?

Lure. Bless me, Sir Harry! Don't you know that the Colonel can't write *French*? Your Time is so precious!

Wild. Shall I direct by Way of *Roan* or *Paris*?

Lure. Which you will.

Ban. Madam, I very much applaud your Choice of a Secretary; he understands the Intrigues of most Courts in *Europe* they say.

Enter Wildair with a Letter.

Wild. Here, Madam, I presume, 'tis right——This Gentleman a Relation of yours, Madam?——Dem him.

[*Aside.*]

Ban. Brother, your humble Servant.

Wild. Brother! By what Relation, Sir?

Ban. Begotten by the same Father, born of the same Mother, Brother Kindred, and Brother Beau.

Wild. Hey-day! How the Fellow strings his Genealogy!——Look ye, Sir, you may be Brother to *Tom-Thumb* for aught I know; but if you are my Brother——I cou'd have wish'd you in your Mother's Womb for an Hour or two longer.

[*Aside.*]

Ban. Sir, I receiv'd your Letter at *Oxford*, with your Commands to meet you in *London*; and if you can remember your own Hand, there it is.

[*Gives a Letter.*]

Wild. [*Looking over the Letter.*] Oh! Pray, Sir, let me consider you a little.——By *Jupiter* a pretty Boy, a very pretty Boy; a handsome Face, good Shape,

[*Walks*]

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[Walks about and views him.] well dress'd——The
Rogue has got a Leg too.——Come kiss me, Child.

——Ay, he kisses like one of the Family, the right
Velvet Lip.——Can'st thou dance, Child?

Ban. Ouy, Monsieur.

Lure. Hey-day! *French* too; Why sure, Sir, you
cou'd never be bred at *Oxford*!

Ban. No, Madam, my Cloaths were made in *Lon-*
don—Brother, I have some Affairs of Consequence to
communicate, which require a little Privacy.

Lure. Oh, Sir! I beg your Pardon, I'll leave you.
Sir *Harry*, you'll stay Supper?

Wild. Assurance, Madam.

Ban. Yes, Madam, we'll both stay.

Wild. Both!——Sir, I'll send you back to your
Mutton-Commons again. How now?

Ban. No, no; I shall find better Mutton-Commons
by messing with you, Brother——Come, Sir
Harry; if you stay, I stay; if you go, allons.

Wild. Why, the Devil's in this young Fellow.——
Why, Sirrah, hast thou any Thoughts of being my
Heir? Why, you Dog, you ought to pimp for me;
you shou'd keep a Pack of Wenches o'purpose to hunt
down Matrimony. Don't you know, Sir, that lawful
Wedlock in me is certain Poverty to you? Look ye,
Sirrah, come along; and for my Disappointment just
now, if you don't get me a new Mistress To-night, I'll
marry To-morrow, and won't leave you a Groat.——
Go, Pimp, like a dutiful Brother.

[Pushes him out, and Exit.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Enter Fireball, hauling in Clincher.

Fire. Come, Sir; not drink the King's Health!

Clin. Pray now, good Captain, excuse me. Look here, Sir; the [*Pulling out his Watch.*] critical Minute, the critical Minute, faith.

Fire. What d'ye mean, Sir?

Clin. The Lady's critical Minute, Sir.—Sir, your humble Servant. [*Going.*]

Fire. Well! The Death of this *Spanish* King will—

Clin. [*Returning.*] Eh! What's that of the *Spanish* King? Tell me, dear Captain, tell me.

Fire. Sir, if you please to sit down, I'll tell you that old Don Carlos is dead.

Clin. Dead!—Nay, then [*Sits down.*]—Here, Pen and Ink, Boy; Pen and Ink presently; I must write to my Correspondent in *Wales* strait—Dead!

[*Rises, and walks about in Disorder.*]

Fire. What's the matter, Sir?

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, stark mad with Politicks.

Fire. 'Sdeath, Sir, what have such Fools as you to do with Politicks?

Clin. What, Sir? The Succession. ——— Not mind the Succession!

Fire. Nay, that's minded already; 'tis settled upon a Prince of *France*.

Clin. What, settled already!—The best News that ever came into *England*. ——— Come, Captain, faith and troth, Captain, here's a Health to the Succession.

Fire. Burn the Succession, Sir. I won't drink it. ——— What, drink Confusion to our Trade, Religion and Liberties!

Clin.

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Clin. Ay, by all Means.——As for Trade, d'ye see, I'm a Gentleman, and hate it mortally. These Tradesmen are the most impudent Fellows we have, and spoil all our good Manners. What have we to do with Trade?

Fire. A trim Politician, truly!——And what do you think of our Religion, pray?

Clin. Hi, hi, hi!——Religion!——And what has a Gentleman to do with Religion, pray?——And to hear a Sea Captain talk of Religion! That's pleasant, faith.

Fire. And have you no Regard to our Liberties, Sir?

Clin. Pshaw! Liberties! that's a Jest. We Beaux shall have Liberty to whore and drink in any Government, and that's all we care for.——

Enter Standard.

Dear Colonel, the rarest News!

Stand. Damn your News, Sir; why are you not drunk by this?

Clin. A very civil Question, truly!

Stand. Here, Boy, bring in the Brandy——Fill.

Clin. This is a Piece of Politicks that I don't so well comprehend.

Stand. Here, Sir; now drink it off, or [*Draws.*] expect your Throat cut.

Clin. Ay, this comes o'th Succession; Fire and Sword already.

Stand. Come, Sir, off with it.

Clin. Pray, Colonel, what have I done to be burnt alive?

Stand. Drink, Sir, I say——Brother, manage him, I must be gone.

[*Aside to Fireball, and Exit.*]

Fire. Ay, drink, Sir.

Clin. Eh! What the Devil, attack'd both by Sea and Land!——Look ye, Gentlemen, if I must be poison'd, pray let me chuse my own Dose——Were I a Lord now, I shou'd have the Privilege of the Block; and as I'm a Gentleman, pray stifle me with

Claret at least! don't let me die like a Bawd, with Brandy.

Fire. Brandy, you Dog! abuse Brandy! Flat Treason against the Navy Royal.—Sirrah, I'll teach you to abuse the Fleet——Here, *Shark*——

Enter Shark.

Get three or four of the Ship's Crew, and press this Fellow aboard the *Belzebub*.

Sba. Ay, Master.

[*Exit.*

Clin. What! aboard the *Belzebub*!——Nay, nay, dear Captain, I'll chuse to go to the Devil this Way. Here, Sir, your good Health;——and my own Confusion, I'm afraid. [*Drinks it off.*] Oh! Fire! Fire! Flames! Brimstone! and Tobacco!

[*Beats his Stomach.*

Fire. Here, quench it, quench it then.—Take the Glass, Sir.

Clin. What, another Broadside! nay then, I'm sunk downright.—Dear Captain, give me Quarter, consider the present Juncture of Affairs; you'll spoil my Head, ruin my Politicks; faith you will.

Fire. Here, *Shark*.

Clin. Well, well, I will drink——The Devil take *Shark* for me. [*Drinks.*] Whiz, Buz—Don't you hear it? Put your Ear to my Breast, and hear how it whizzes like a hot Iron.—Eh! Bless me, how the Ship rolls!——I can't stand upon my Legs, faith.—Dear Captain, give me a Kiss.—Ay, burn the Succession.—Look ye, Captain, I shall be Sea-sick presently.

[*Falls into Fireball's Arms.*

Enter Shark, and another with a Chair.

Fire. Here, in with him.

Sba. Ay, ay, Sir——Avast, avast——Here, Boy.—No Nants left.—

[*Tops the Glass.*

Fire. Bring him along,

Clin. Politicks, Politicks, Brandy, Politicks!

SCENE

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SCENE *changes to Lurewell's Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Did you ever see such an impudent young Rogue as that *Banter*? He follow'd his Brother up and down from Place to Place so very close, that we cou'd not so much as whisper.

Par. I reckon Sir *Harry* will dispose of him now, Madam, where he may be secur'd.——But I wonder, Madam, why *Clincher* comes not according to his Letter! it is near the Hour.

Lure. I wish, *Parly*, that no Harm may befall me to day; for I had a most frightful Dream last Night; I dreamt of a Mouse.

Par. 'Tis strange, Madam, you shou'd be so much afraid of that little Creature that can do you no Harm!

Lure. Look ye, Girl, we Women of Quality have each of us some darling Fright.——I now hate a Mouse; my Lady *Lovetards* abhors a Cat; Mrs. *Fidlesan* can't bear a Squirrel; the Countess of *Piquet* abominates a Frog, and my Lady *Swimair* hates a Man.

Enter Marquis running.

Mar. Madam! Madam! Madam! Pardie voyez.—L'Argent! L'Argent! [*Shews a Bag of Money.*]

Lure. As I hope to breathe, he has got it.——Well, but how? How, dear Monsieur?

Mar. Ah, Madam! Begar, Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Pigeaneau——Voyez, Madam! me did tell him dat my Broder in *Montpelier* did furnish his Lady wid ten Tounan Livres for de Expençe of her Travaille; and dat she not being able to write when she was dying, did give him de Picture for de Certificate and de Credential to receive de Money from her Husband. Mark ye!

Lure. The best Plot in the World.——You told him, that your Brother lent her the Money in *Frances*,

when her Bills, I suppose, were delay'd.—You put in that, I presume.

Mar. Ouy, ouy, Madam.

Lure. And that upon her Death-bed she gave your Brother the Picture, as a Certificate to Sir *Harry* that she had receiv'd the Money, which Picture your Brother sent over to you, with Commission to receive the Debt!

Mar. Assurement,——Dere was de Politique, de France Politique!——See, Madam, what he can do, de France Marquis! He did make de Anglist Lady cuckold her Husband when she was living, and sheat him when she was dead, Begar: Ha, ha ha!——Oh! Pardie, cet bon.

Lure. Ah! But what did Sir *Harry* say?

Mar. Oh! begar Monsieur Chevalier he love his Vife; he say, dat if she takes up a Hundre Tousand Livres, he wou'd repay it; he knew de Picture, he say, and order me de Money from his Stewar——Oh Notre Dame! Monsieur Sir *Arry* be one Dupe.

Lure. Well but, Monsieur, I long to know one Thing. Was the Conquest you made of his Lady so easy? What Assaults did you make? And what Resistance did she shew?

Mar. Resistance against de France Marquis! Voyez, Madam; dere was tree Deux-yeux, one Serenade, and two Capre; dat was all, begar.

Lure. Chatillionte! There's nothing in Nature so sweet to a longing Woman, as a malicious Story.—Well, Monsieur! 'tis about a thousand Pound; we go Snacks.

Mar. Snacke! Pardie, for what? why Snacke, Madam? Me vill give you de Present of Fifty *Louis d'Ors*; dat is ver' good Snacke for you.

Lure. And you'll give me no more? Very well!

Mar. Ver' well! Yes begar, 'tis ver' well.—Confidre, Madam, me be de poor *Refugee*, me 'ave nothing but de religious Charite, and de France Politique, de Fruit of my own Address; dat is all.

Lure.

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Lure. Ay, an Object of Charity, with a thousand Pound in his Fist! Emh! Oh Monsieur; that's my Husband, I know his knock. [*Knocking below.*] He must not see you. Get into the Closet till by and by, [*Hurries him in.*] and if I don't be reveng'd upon your *France Politique*, then have I no *English Politique*— Hang the Money! I wou'd not for twice a thousand Pound forbear abusing this virtuous Woman to her Husband.

Enter Parly.

Par. 'Tis Sir Harry, Madam.

Lure. As I cou'd wish. Chairs!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Here, Mrs. Parly, in the first Place I sacrifice a *Louis d'Or* to thee for good Luck.

Par. A Guinea, Sir, will do as well.

Wild. No, no, Child; *French Money* is always most successful in Bribes, and very much in Fashion, Child.

Enter Dicky, and runs to Sir Harry.

Dick. Sir, will you please to have your own Night-Caps?

Wild. Sirrah!

Dick. Sir, Sir! shall I order your Chair to the Back-door by Five o'Clock in the Morning?

Wild. The Devil's in the Fellow. Get you gone. — [*Dicky runs out.*] Now, dear Madam, I have secur'd my Brother, you have dispos'd of the Colonel, and we'll rail at Love till we ha'n't a Word more to say.

Lure. Ay, Sir Harry—Please to sit a little, Sir.— You must know I'm in a strange Humour of asking you some Questions.—How did you like your Lady, pray Sir?

Wild. Like her! Ha, ha, ha! — So very well, faith, that for her very Sake I'm in Love with every Woman I meet.

Lure. And did Matrimony please you extremely?

136 Sir Harry Wildair; being

Wild. So very much, that if Polygamy were allow'd, I wou'd have a new Wife every Day.

Lure. Oh, Sir Harry! this is Raillery. But your serious Thoughts upon the Matter, pray.

Wild. Why then, Madam, to give you my true Sentiments of Wedlock: I had a Lady that I marry'd by Chance, she was virtuous by Chance, and I lov'd her by great Chance. Nature gave her Beauty, Education and Air, and Fortune threw a young Fellow of five and twenty in her Lap.—— I courted her all Day, lov'd her all Night, she was my Mistress one Day, and my Wife another: I found in one the Variety of a Thousand, and the very Confinement of Marriage gave me the Pleasure of Change.

Lure. And she was very virtuous?

Wild. Look ye, Madam, you know she was beautiful. She had good Nature about her Mouth, the Smile of Beauty in her Cheeks, sparkling Wit in her Forehead, and sprightly Love in her Eyes.

Lure. Pshaw! I knew her very well; the Woman was well enough. But you don't answer my Question, Sir.

Wild. So, Madam, as I told you before, she was young and beautiful, I was rich and vigorous; my Estate gave me a Lustre to my Love, and a Swing to our Enjoyment; round, like the Ring that made us one, our golden Pleasures circled without End.

Lure. Golden Pleasures! Golden Fiddlesticks!—— What d'ye tell me of your canting Stuff? Was she virtuous, I say?

Wild. Ready to burst with Envy; but I will torment thee a little. [*Aside.*] So, Madam, I powder'd to please her, she dress'd to engage me; we toy'd away the Morning in amorous Nonsense, loll'd away the Evening in the Park, or the Play-house, and all the Night—— Hem!

Lure. Look ye, Sir, answer my Question, or I shall take it ill.

Wild. Then, Madam, there was never such a Pattern of Unity.—— Her Wants were still prevented by

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by my Supplies; my own Heart whisper'd me her Desires, 'cause she herself was there; no Contention ever rose, but the dear Strife of who shou'd most oblige; no Noise about Authority; for neither would stop to command, 'cause both thought it Glory to obey.

Lure. Stuff! Stuff! Stuff!——I won't believe a Word on't.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Then, Madam, we never felt the Yoak of Matrimony, because our Inclinations made us one; a Power superior to the Forms of Wedlock. The Marriage Torch had lost its weaker Light in the bright Flame of mutual Love that join'd our Hearts before. Then——

Lure. Hold, hold, Sir; I cannot bear it; Sir *Harry*, I'm affronted.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Affronted!

Lure. Yes, Sir; it is an Affront to any Woman to hear another commended; and I will resent it.—— In short, Sir *Harry*, your Wife was a ——

Wild. Buz, Madam.——No Detraction.——I'll tell you what she was.——So much an Angel in her Conduct, that tho' I saw another in her Arms, I shou'd have thought the Devil had rais'd the Phantom, and my more conscious Reason had given my Eyes the Lye.

Lure. Very well! Then I a'n't to be believ'd, it seems.——But d'ye hear, Sir?

Wild. Nay, Madam, do you hear? I tell you, it is not in the Power of Malice to cast a Blot upon her Fame; and tho' the Vanity of our Sex, and the Envy of yours, conspir'd both against her Honour, I wou'd not hear a Syllable.

[*Stopping his Ears.*]

Lure. Why then, as I hope to breathe, you shall hear it.——The Picture! the Picture! the Picture!

[*Bawling aloud.*]

Wild. Ran, tan, tan. A Pistol-bullet from Ear to Ear.

Lure. That Picture which you had just now from the *French* Marquis for a thousand Pound; that very Picture did your very virtuous Wife send to the Marquis

138 Sir Harry Wildair ; being

quis as a Pledge of her very virtuous and dying Affection. So that you are both robb'd of your Honour, and cheated of your Money. [Aloud.

Wild. Louder, louder, Madam.

Lure. I tell you, Sir, your Wife was a Jilt ; I know it, I'll swear it.—She virtuous ! She was a Devil.

Wild. [*Sings.*] Tal, lal, deral.

Lure. Was ever the like seen ! He won't hear me
——I burst with Malice, and now he won't mind me !
——Won't you hear me yet ?

Wild. No, no, Madam.

Lure. Nay, then I can't bear it. [*Bursts out a crying.*]
——Sir, I must say that you're an unworthy Person, to use a Woman of Quality at this Rate, when she has her Heart full of Malice ; I don't know but it may make me miscarry. Sir, I say again and again, that she was no better than one of us, and I know it ; I have seen it with my Eyes, so I have.

Wild. Good Heav'ns deliver me, I beseech thee. How shall I 'scape ?

Lure. Will you not hear me yet ? Dear, Sir Harry, do but hear me ; I'm longing to speak.

Wild. Oh ! I have it.——Hush, hush, hush !

Lure. Eh ! What's the Matter ?

Wild. A Mouse ! a Mouse ! a Mouse !

Lure. Where ? where ? where ?

Lure. Your Petticoats, your Petticoats, Madam !

[*Lure. shrieks and runs.*]

Wild. O my Head ! I was never worsted by a Woman before.——But I have heard so much as to know the *Marquis* to be a Villain. [*Knocking.*] Nay then, I must run for't. [*Runs out, and returns.*]——The Entry is stopt by a Chair coming in ; and something there is in that Chair that I will discover, if I can find a Place to hide myself. [*Goes to the Closet-door.*] Fast ! I have Keys about me for most Locks about St. James's——Let me see.——*Tries one Key.*——No, no ; this opens my Lady Plantbourn's Back-door.——[*Tries another.*]——Nor this ; this is the Key to my Lady Stakeall's Garden. [*Tries a Third.*]

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Third.] Ay, ay, this does it, faith.

[*Goes into the Closet, and peeps out.*]

Enter Shark and another, with Clincher in a Chair ; Parly.

Par. Hold, hold, Friend ; who gave you Orders to lug in your dirty Chair into the House ?

Sba. My Master, Sweet-heart.

Par. Who is your Master, Impudence ?

Sba. Every Body, Sauce-box.——And for the present here's my Master ! and if you have any Thing to say to him, there he is for ye. [*Lugs Clincher out of the Chair, and throws him upon the Floor.*] Steer away, Tom.

Wild. What the Devil, Mr. Jubilee, is it you ?

Par. Bless me ! the Gentleman's dead ! Murder ! Murder !

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Protect me ! What's the matter, Clincher ?

Par. Mr. Clincher, are you dead, Sir ?

Clin. Yes.

Lure. Oh ! then it is well enough.——Are you drunk, Sir ?

Clin. No.

Lure. Well ! certainly I'm the most unfortunate Woman living : All my Affairs, all my Designs, all my Intrigues, miscarry.——Faugh ! the Beast ! But, Sir, what's the matter with you ?

Clin. Politicks.

Par. Where have you been, Sir ?

Clin. Shark !

Lure. What shall we do with him, Parly ? If the Colonel shou'd come home now, we were ruin'd.

Enter Standard.

Oh, inevitable Destruction !

Wild. Ay, ay ; unless I relieve her now, all the World can't save her.

Stand. Bless me ! What's here ? Who are you, Sir ?

Clin.

Clin. Brandy.

Stand. See there, Madam! — Behold the Man that you prefer to me! And such as He are all those Fop-Gallants that daily haunt my House, ruin your Honour, and disturb my Quiet. — I urge not the sacred Bond of Marriage; I'll wave your earnest Vows of Truth to me, and only lay the Case in equal Balance; and see whose Merit bears the greater Weight, his, or mine.

Wild. Well argu'd, Colonel.

Stand. Suppose yourself freely disengag'd, unmarried, and to make a Choice of him you thought most worthy of your Love; wou'd you prefer a Brute? a Monkey? one destin'd only for the Sport of Man? — Yes; take him to your Bed; there let the Beast disgorge his fulsome Load in your fair, lovely Bosom, snore out his Passion in your soft Embrace, and with the Vapours of his sick Debauch, perfume your sweet Apartment.

Lure. Ah nauseous! nauseous! Poison!

Stand. I ne'er was taught to set a Value on myself: But when compar'd to him, there Modesty must stoop, and Indignation give my Words a Loofe, to tell you, Madam, that I am a Man unblemish'd in my Honour, have nobly serv'd my King and Country; and for a Lady's Service, I think that Nature has not been defective.

Wild. Egad I shou'd think so too; the Fellow's well made.

Stand. I'm young as he, my Person too as fair to outward View; and for my Mind, I thought it cou'd distinguish right, and therefore made a Choice of you. — Your Sex have bless'd our Isle with Beauty, by distant Nations priz'd; and cou'd they place their Loves aright, their Lovers might acquire the Envy of Mankind, as well as they the Wonder of the World.

Wild. Ah, now he coaxes — He will conquer, unless I relieve her in Time; she begins to melt already.

Stand.

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Stand. Add to all this, I love you next to Heav'n ; and by that Heav'n I swear, the constant Study of my Days and Nights have been to please my dearest Wife. Your Pleasure never met Controul from me, nor your Desires a Frown.——I never mention'd my Distrust before, nor will I now wrong your Discretion, so as e'er to think you made him an Appointment.

Lure. Generous, generous Man ! [Weeps.]

Wild. Nay, then 'tis Time for me ; I will relieve her.——[*He steals out of the Closet, and coming behind Standard, claps him on the Shoulder.*] Colonel, your humble Servant.——

Stand. Sir Harry, how came you hither ?

Wild. Ah, poor Fellow ! Thou hast got thy Load with a Witness ; but the Wine was humming strong ; I have got a Touch on't myself. [Reels a little.]

Stand. Wine, Sir Harry ! What Wine ?

Wild. Why, 'twas new *Burgundy*, heady Stuff. But the Dog was soon gone, knock'd under presently.

Stand. What, then Mr. *Clincher* was with you, it seems ? Eh !

Wild. Yes faith, we have been together all this Afternoon : 'Tis a pleasant foolish Fellow. He would needs give me a Welcome to Town, on Pretence of hearing all the News from the *Jubilee*. The Humour was new to me ; so to't we went.——But 'tis a weak-headed Coxcomb ! two or three Bumpers did his Business.——Ah, Madam ! What do I deserve for this ?

[Aside to Lurewell.]

Lure. Look ye there, Sir ; you see how Sir Harry has clear'd my Innocence——I'm oblig'd t'ye, Sir ; but I must leave you to make it out.

[To Wild. and Ex.]

Stand. Yes, yes ; he has clear'd you wonderfully.—But, pray, Sir—I suppose you can inform me how Mr. *Clincher* came into my House ? Eh !

Wild. Ay : Why you must know that the Fool got presently as drunk as a Drum ; so I had him tumbld into a Chair, and ordered the Fellows to car-

ry him home. Now you must know, he lodges but three Doors off; but the Boobies, it seems, mistook the Door, and brought him in here, like a Brace of Loggerheads.

Stand. O yes; sad Loggerheads, to mistake a Door in *James-Street* for a House in *Covent-Garden*.—— Here——

Enter Servants.

Take away that Brute.

[Servants carry off Clincher.

And you say 'twas new *Burgundy*, Sir Harry, very strong.

Wild. Egad, there is some Trick in this Matter, and I shall be discover'd. *[Aside.]* Ay, Colonel; but I must be gone: I'm engag'd to meet——Colonel, I'm your humble Servant. *[Going.*

Stand. But, Sir Harry, where's your Hat, Sir?

Wild. Oh Morbleu! These Hats, Gloves, Canes, and Swords, are the Ruin of all our Designs. *[Aside.*

Stand. But where's your Hat, Sir Harry?

Wild. I'll never intrigue again with any Thing about me but what is just bound to my Body. How shall I come off?——Hark ye, Colonel, in your Ear; I would not have your Lady hear it.——You must know, just as I came into the Room here, what shou'd I spy but a great Mouse running across that Closet-door: I took no notice, for fear your Lady should be frightened, but with all my Force (d'ye see) I flung my Hat at it, and so threw it into the Closet, and there it lies.

Stand. And so, thinking to kill the Mouse, you flung your Hat into that Closet.

Wild. Ay, ay; that was all. I'll go fetch it.

Stand. No, Sir Harry, I'll bring it out.

[Goes into the Closet.

Wild. Now have I told a Matter of twenty Lyes in a Breath.

Stand. Sir Harry! Is this the Mouse that you threw your Hat at?

[Standard comes in with the Hat in one Hand, and hawling in the Marquis with the other.

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Wild. I'm amaz'd !

Mar. Pardie, I'm amaze too.

Stand. Look'e, Monsieur *Marquis*, as for your Part,
I shall cut your Throat, Sir.

Wild. Give me Leave, I must cut his Throat first.

Mar. Vat! Bote cut my Troat! Begar, Messieurs,
I ave but one Troat.

Enter Parly, and runs to Standard.

Par. Sir, the Monsieur is innocent ; he came upon
another Design. My Lady begins to be penitent, and,
if you make any Noise, 'twill spoil all.

Stand. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have too great a Con-
fidence in the Virtue of my Wife, to think it in the
Power of you, or you, Sir, to wrong my Honour :
But I am bound to guard her Reputation, so that no
Attempts be made that may provoke a Scandal. There-
fore, Gentlemen, let me tell you, it is Time to desist.

[*Exit.*

Wild. Ay, ay ; so it is, faith. Come, Monsieur, I
must talk with you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *Standard's House.*

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. **I**N short, Brother, a Man may talk till Dooms-
day of Sin, Hell, and Damnation : But
your Rhetorick will ne'er convince a Lady that there's
any Thing of a Devil in a handsome Fellow with a
fine Coat. You must shew the Cloven-foot, expose the
Brute, as I have done ; and tho' her Virtue sleeps, her
Pride will surely take th' Alarm.

Firs.

144 *Sir Harry Wildair; being*

Fire. Ay, but if you had let me cut off one of the Rogue's Ears before you sent him away——

Stand. No, no; the Fool has serv'd my Turn, without the Scandal of a publick Resentment; and the Effect has shewn that my Design was right: I've touch'd her very Heart, and she relents apace.

Enter Lurewell running.

Lure. Oh! my Dear, save me! I'm frightened out of my Life.

Fire. Blood and Fire! Madam, who dare touch you? [*Draws his Sword and stands before her.*]

Lure. Oh, Sir! a Ghost! a Ghost! I have seen it twice.

Fire. Nay then, we Soldiers have nothing to do with Ghosts; send for the Parson. [*Sheaths his Sword.*]

Stand. 'Tis Fancy, my Dear, nothing but Fancy.

Lure. Oh dear Colonel! I'll never lie alone again: I'm frightened to Death; I saw it twice; twice it stalk'd by my Chamber-door, and with a hollow Voice utter'd a piteous Groan.

Stand. This is strange! Ghosts by Day light!—Come, my Dear, along with me; don't shrink, we'll see to find this Ghost. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter Wildair, Marquis, and Dicky.

Wild. Dicky?

Dick. Sir.

Wild. Do you remember any Thing of a thousand Pounds lent to my Wife in *Montpelier* by a French Gentleman?

Mar. Ouy, Monsieur *Dicky*, you remembre de Gentleman, he was one Marquis.

Dick. Marqui, Sir! I think, for my Part, that all the Men in *France* are Marqui's. We met above a thousand Marqui's, but the Devil of one of 'em could lend a thousand Pence, much less a thousand Pound.

Mar. Morbleu, qui dit vous, Bougre le Chien?

Wild.

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Wild. Hold, Sir, pray answer me one Question——
What made you fly your Country?

Mar. My Religion, Monsieur.

Wild. So you fled for your Religion out of *France*;
and are a downright Atheist in *England*? A very tender Conscience truly!

Mar. Begar, Monsieur, my Conscience be de ver'
tendre; he no suffre his Maître to starve, pardie.

Wild. Come, Sir, no Ceremony; refund.

Mar. Refunde! Vat is dat refunde? Parlez *François*, Monsieur?

Wild. No, Sir; I tell you in plain *English*, return my Money, or I'll lay you by the Heels.

Mar. Oh! Begar dere is de Anglis-man now. Dere is de Law for me. De Law! Ecoute, Monsieur Sir Arry——Voyez sa——De *France* Marquis scorn de Law. My Broder lend your Vise de Money, and here is my Witness. [Draws.

Wild. Your Evidence, Sir, is very positive, and shall be examin'd; but this is no Place to try the Cause; we'll cross the Park into the Fields; you shall throw down the Money between us, and the best Title, upon a fair Hearing, shall take it up.——
Allons!

Mar. Oh! de tout mon Cœur——Allons!
Fient à la Tate, begar. [Exit.

S C E N E, *Lurewell's Apartment.*

Enter Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. Pshaw! I'm such a frightened Fool! 'Twas nothing but a Fancy——Come, *Parly*, get me Pen and Ink, I'll divert it. Sir *Harry* shall know what a Wife he had, I'm resolv'd. 'Tho' he wou'd not hear me speak, he'll read my Letter sure.

[Sits down to write.

Ghost, from within.——Hold!

Lure. Protect me!——*Parly*, don't leave me.——
But I won't mind it.

Ghost. Hold!

Lure.

146 *Sir Harry Wildair; being*

Lure. Defend me! Don't you hear a Voice?

Par. I thought so, Madam.

Lure. It call'd, Hold! I'll venture once more.

[Sits down to write.]

Ghost. Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

Lure. Now it is plain. I heard the Words.

Par. Deliver us, Madam, and forgive us our Sins!
What is it?

*Ghost enters, Lurewell and Parly shriek, and run to a
Corner of the Stage.*

Ghost. Behold the airy Form of wrong'd *Angelica*,
Forc'd from the Shades below to vindicate
her Fame.

Forbear, malicious Woman, thus to load
With scandalous Reproach the Grave of In-
nocence.

Repent, vain Woman!

Thy Matrimonial Vow is register'd above,
And all the Breaches of that solemn Faith
Are register'd below. I'm sent to warn thee
to repent.

Forbear to wrong thy injur'd Husband's
Bed,

Disturb no more the Quiet of the Dead.

[Stalks off.]

[Lurewell swoons, and Parly supports her.]

Par. Help! help! help!

Enter Standard and Fireball.

Stand. Bless us! What, fainting! What's the mat-
ter?

Fire. Breeding, breeding, Sir.

Par. Oh, Sir! we're frighted to Death; here has
been the Ghost again.

Stand. Ghost! Why you're mad, sure! What
Ghost?

Par. The Ghost of *Angelica*, Sir Harry Wildair's
Wife.

Stand. *Angelica!*

Par.

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Par. Yes, Sir; and here it preach'd to us the Lord knows what, and murder'd my Mistress with mere Morals.

Firt. A good Hearing, Sir; 'twill do her good.

Stand. Take her in, *Parly*.

[*Parly leads out Lurewell.*]

What can this mean, Brother?

Firt. The Meaning's plain. There's a Design of Communication between your Wife and Sir *Harry*; so his Wife is come to forbid the Bans, that's all.

Stand. No, no, Brother. If I may be induc'd to believe the walking of Ghosts, I rather fancy that the rattle-headed Fellow her Husband has broke the poor Lady's Heart; which, together with the Indignity of her Burial, has made her uneasy in her Grave.——

But whatever be the Cause, it's fit we immediately find out Sir *Harry*, and inform him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Park.*

Company walking; Wildair and Marquis passing hastily over the Stage, one calls.

Lord. Sir *Harry*.

Wild. My Lord?—*Monfieur*, I'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exit Marquis.*]

Lo. I must talk with you, Sir.

Wild. Pray, my Lord, let it be very short, for I was never in more Haste in my Life.

Lo. May I presume, Sir, to enquire the Cause that detain'd you so late last Night at my House?

Wild. More Mischief again!—Perhaps, my Lord, I may not presume to inform you.

Lo. Then perhaps, Sir, I may presume to extort it from you.

Wild. Look ye, my Lord, don't frown; it spoils your Face.——But if you must know, your Lady owes me two hundred Guineas, and that Sum I will presume to extort from your Lordship.

Lo. Two hundred Guineas! Have you any Thing to shew for it?

Wild.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! Shew for it, my Lord, I shew'd Quint and Quatorz for it; and to a Man of Honour, that's as firm as a Bond and Judgment.

Lo. Come, Sir, this won't pass upon me; I'm a Man of Honour.

Wild. Honour! Ha, ha, ha!——'Tis very strange that some Men, tho' their Education be never so gallant, will ne'er learn Breeding! Look ye, my Lord, when you and I were under the Tuition of our Governors, and convers'd only with old *Cicero*, *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and the like; why then such a Man was a Villain, and such a one was a Man of Honour: But now, that I have known the Court, a little of what they call the *Beaumonde*, and the *Belle-esprit*, I find that Honour looks as ridiculous as *Roman* Buskins upon your Lordship, or my full Peruke upon *Scipio Africanus*.

Lo. Why should you think so, Sir?

Wild. Because the World's improv'd, my Lord, and we find that this Honour is a very troublesome and impertinent Thing——Can't we live together like good Neighbours and Christians, as they do in *France*? I lend you my Coach, I borrow yours; you dine with me, I sup with you; I lie with your Wife, and you lie with mine.——Honour! That's such an Impertinence!——Pray, my Lord, hear me. What does your Honour think of murdering your Friend's Reputation; making a Jest of his Misfortunes; cheating him at Cards; debauching his Bed; or the like?

Lo. Why rank Villainy.

Wild. Pish! Pish! Nothing but good Manners; Excess of good Manners. Why you ha'n't been at Court lately. There 'tis the only Practice to shew our Wit and Breeding.——As for Instance: Your Friend reflects upon you when absent, because 'tis good Manners; rallies you when present, because 'tis witty; cheats you at Piquet, to shew he has been in *France*; and lies with your Wife, to shew he's a Man of Quality.

Lo.

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Lo. Very well, Sir.

Wild. In short, my Lord, you have a wrong Notion of Things. Shou'd a Man with a handsome Wife revenge all Affronts done to his Honour, poor *White, Chaves, Morris, Locket, Pawlet* and *Pontack*, were utterly ruin'd.

Lo. How so, Sir?

Wild. Because, my Lord, you must run all their Customers quite through the Body. Were it not for abusing your Men of Honour, Taverns and Chocolate-Houses cou'd not subsist; and were there but a round Tax laid upon Scandal and false Politicks, we Men of Figure wou'd find it much heavier than four Shillings in the Pound.—Come, come, my Lord, no more on't, for Shame; your Honour is safe enough, for I have the Key of its Back-door in my Pocket.

[Runs off.

Lo. Sir, I shall meet you another Time. [Exit.

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Marquis with a Servant carrying his fighting Equipage, Pumps, Cap, &c. He dresses himself accordingly, and flourishes about the Stage.

Mar. Sa, fa, fa, fient à la Tate. Sa, Embaracade : Quart sur redouble. Hey!

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! the Devil! Must I fight with a Tumbler? These *French* are as great Fops in their Quarrels, as in their Amours.

Mar. Allons! Allons! Stripe, stripe!

Wild. No, no, Sir, I never strip to engage a Man; I fight as I dance.—Come, Sir, down with the Money.

Mar. Dere it is, pardie.

[Lays down the Bag between 'em.

Allons!

Enter Dicky, and gives Wildair a Gun.
 Morbleu ! que sa ?

Wild. Now, Monsieur, if you offer to stir, I'll shoot you through the Head.—*Dicky*, take up the Money, and carry it home.

Dick. Here it is, faith : And if my Master be kill'd, the Money's my own.

Mar. Oh Morbleu ! de Anglis-man be one Coward,

Wild. Ha, ha, ha ! Where is your *French* Politique, now ? Come, Monsieur, you must know I scorn to fight any Man for my own ; but now we're upon the Level ; and since you have been at the Trouble of putting on your Habiliments, I must requite your Pains. So come on, Sir.

[Lays down the Gun, and uses his Sword.]

Mar. Come on ! For wat, wen de Money is gone ? De *France-man* fight were dere is no Profit ! Pardonnez moy, pardie.

[Sits down to pull off his Pumps.]

Wild. Hold, hold, Sir ; you must fight. Tell me how you came by this Picture ?

Mar. *[Starting up.]* Wy den, begar, Monsieur Chevalier, since de Money be gone, me vill speak de veritie :——Pardie, Monsieur, me did make de Cuckle of you, and your Vife send me de Picture for my Pain.

Wild. Look ye, Sir, if I thought you had Merit enough to gain a Lady's Heart from me, I wou'd shake Hands immediately, and be Friends : But as I believe you to be a vain scandalous Lyar, I'll cut your Throat.

[They fight.]

Enter Standard and Fireball, who part 'em.

Stand. Hold, hold, Gentlemen.—Brother, secure the Marquis.—Come, Sir Harry, put up ; I have something to say to you very serious.

Wild. Say it quickly then ; for I am a little out of Humour, and want something to make me laugh.

[As they talk, Marquis dresses, and Fireball helps him.]
Stand.

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Stand. Will what's very serious make you laugh?

Wild. Most of all.

Stand. Pshaw! Pray, Sir *Harry*, tell me what made you leave your Wife?

Wild. Ha, ha, ha! I knew it ——— Pray, Colonel, what makes you stay with your Wife?

Stand. Nay, but pray answer me directly; I beg it as a Favour.

Wild. Why then, Colonel, you must know we were a Pair of the most happy, toying, foolish People in the World, till she got, I don't know how, a Crotchet of Jealousy in her Head. This made her frumpish; but we had ne'er an angry Word: She only fell a crying over Night, and I went for *Italy* next Morning.—— But pray no more on't.—— Are you hurt, Monsieur?

Stand. But, Sir *Harry*, you'll be serious when I tell you that her Ghost appears.

Wild. Her Ghost! Ha, ha, ha! That's pleasant, faith.

Stand. As sure as Fate, it walks in my House.

Wild. In your House! Come along, Colonel; by the Lard I'll kiss it. [Exit *Wild.* and *Stand.*]

Mar. Monsieur le Captain, Adieu.

Fire. Adieu! No, Sir, you shall follow Sir *Harry*.

Mar. For wat?

Fire. For what! Why, d'ye think I'm such a Rogue as to part a Couple of Gentlemen when they're fighting, and not see 'em make an End on't:——I think it a less Sin to part Man and Wife.——Come along, Sir.

[Exit, pulling Monsieur.]

S C E N E, *Standard's House.*

Enter *Wildair* and *Standard*.

Wild. Well then; this, it seems, is the enchanted Chamber. The Ghost has pitch'd upon a handsome Apartment however.—— Well, Colonel, when do you intend to begin?

Q 2

Stand.

152 *Sir Harry Wildair ; being*

Stand. What, Sir ?

Wild. To laugh at me ; I know you design it.

Stand. Ha ! By all that's powerful, there it is.

Ghost walks cross the Stage.

Wild. The Devil it is——Emh ! Blood, I'll speak to't.——Vous, Mademoiselle Ghost, parlez vous François ?—No ! Hark ye, Mrs. Ghost, will your Ladyship be pleas'd to inform us who you are, that we may pay you the Respect due to your Quality.

[Ghost returns.

Ghost. I am the Spirit of thy departed Wife.

Wild. Are you, faith ! Why then here's the Body of thy living Husband, and stand me if you dare. *[Runs to her, and embraces her.]*——Ha ! 'tis Substance, I'm sure.——But hold, Lady Ghost, stand off a little, and tell me in good Earnest now, whether you are alive or dead.

Ang. *[Throwing off her Shroud.]*——Alive ! alive ! *[Runs and throws her Arms about his Neck.]* and never liv'd so much as in this Moment.

Wild. What d'ye think of the Ghost now, Colonel ? *[She hangs upon him.]* Is it not a very loving Ghost ?

Stand. Amazement !

Wild. Ay, 'tis Amazement, truly.——Look ye, Madam, I hate to converse so familiarly with Spirits : Pray keep your Distance.

Ang. I am alive, indeed I am.

Wild. I don't believe a Word on't. *[Moving away.]*

Stand. Sir Harry, you're more afraid now than before.

Wild. Ay, most Men are more afraid of a living Wife than a dead one.

Stand. 'Tis good Manners to leave you together, however. *[Exit.]*

Ang. 'Tis unkind, my Dear, after so long and tedious an Absence, to act the Stranger so. I now shall die in earnest, and must for ever vanish from your Sight. *[Weeping and going.]*

W&J

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Wild. Hold, hold, Madam. Don't be angry, my Dear; you took me unprovided: Had you but sent me Word of your coming, I had got three or four Speeches out of *Oroonoko* and the *Mourning-Bride* upon this Occasion, that wou'd have charm'd your very Heart. But we'll do as well as we can; I'll have the Musick from both Houses; *Pawlet* and *Locket* shall contrive for our Taste; we'll charm ours with *Abel's* Voice; feast our Eyes with one another; and thus, with all our Senses tun'd to Love, we'll hurl off our Cloaths, leap into Bed, and there——Look ye, Madam, if I don't welcome you home with Raptures more natural, and more moving, than all the Plays in *Christendom*——I'll say no more.

Ang. As mad as ever.

Wild. But ease my Wonder first, and let me know the Riddle of your Death.

Ang. Your unkind Departure hence, and your avoiding me abroad, made me resolve, since I cou'd not live with you, to die to all the World besides: I fancy'd, that tho' it exceeded the Force of Love, yet the Power of Grief perhaps might change your Humour, and therefore had it given out that I dy'd in *France*; my Sickness at *Montpelier*, which indeed was next to Death, and the Affront offer'd to the Body of our Ambassador's Chaplain at *Paris*, conduc'd to have my Burial private. This deceiv'd my Retinue; and by the Assistance of my Woman, and your faithful Servant, I got into Man's Cloaths, came home into *England*, and sent him to observe your Motions abroad, with Orders not to undeceive you till your Return.——Here I met you in the Quality of Beau *Banter*, your busy Brother, under which Disguise I have disappointed your Design upon my Lady *Lurerwell*; and, in the Form of a Ghost, have reveng'd the Scandal she this Day threw upon me, and have frightened her sufficiently from lying alone. I did resolve to have frightened you likewise, but you were too hard for me.

Wild. How weak, how squeamish, and how fearful are Women, when they want to be humour'd! and how extravagant, how daring, and how provoking, when they get the impertinent Maggot in their Head! — But by what Means, my Dear, could you purchase this double Disguise? How came you by my Letter to my Brother?

Ang. By intercepting all your Letters since I came home. But for my ghostly Contrivance, good Mrs. Parly (mov'd by the Justness of my Cause, and a Bribe) was my chief Engineer.

Enter Fireball and Marquis.

Fire. Sir Harry, if you have a Mind to fight it out, there's your Man; if not, I have discharg'd my Trust.

Wild. Oh, Monsieur! Won't you salute your Mistress, Sir?

Mar. Oh, Morbleu! Begar me must run to some other Country now for my Religion.

Ang. Oh! what the French Marquis! I know him.

Wild. Ay, ay, my Dear, you do know him, and I can't be angry, because 'tis the Fashion for Ladies to know every Body: But methinks, Madam, that Picture now! Hang it, considering 'twas my Gift, you might have kept it — But no matter; my Neighbours shall pay for't.

Ang. Picture, my Dear! Cou'd you think I e'er wou'd part with that? No; of all my Jewels, this alone I kept, 'cause 'twas given by you.

[Shows the Picture.]

Wild. Eh! Wonderful! — And what's this?

[Pulling out t'other Picture.]

Ang. They're very much alike.

Wild. So alike, that one might fairly pass for t'other. — Monsieur Marquis, *écouté.* — You did lie wid my Vife, and she did give you de Picture for your Pain. Eh! Come, Sir, add to your *France* Politique a little of your Native Impudence, and tell us plainly how you came by't.

Mar.

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Mar. Begar, Monsieur Chevalier, wen de *France-man* can tell no more Lye, den vill he tell Trute.—— I was acquaint wid de *Paintre* dat draw your Lady's Picture, an I give him ten Pistole for de Copy.—— An so me ave de Picture of all de Beauty in *London*; and by dis Politique, me ave de Reputation to lie wid dem all.

Wild. When perhaps your Pleasure never reach'd above a Pit-Masque in your Life.

Mar. An begar, for dat *Matre*, de *Natre* of Women, a Pit-Masque is as good as de best. De Pleasure is nothing, de Glory is all, Alamode de France.

[Struts out.]

Wild. Go thy ways for a true Pattern of the Vanity, Impertinence, Subtlety, and the Ostentation of thy Country.—— Look ye, Captain, give me thy Hand; once I was a Friend to *France*; but henceforth I promise to sacrifice my Fashions, Coaches, Wigs, and Vanity, to Horses, Arms, and Equipage, and serve my King in *propria Persona*, to promote a vigorous War, if there be Occasion.

Fire. Bravely said, Sir *Harry*: And if all the *Beaux* in the Side-boxes were of your Mind, we would send 'em back their *L'Abbe*, and *Balon*, and shew 'em a new Dance, to the Tune of *Harry* the Fifth.

Enter Standard, Lurewell, Dicky and Parly.

Wild. Oh Colonel! Such Discoveries!

Stand. Sir, I have heard all from your Servant; honest *Dicky* has told me the whole Story.

Wild. Why then let *Dicky* run for the Fiddles immediately.

Dick. Oh, Sir; I knew what it would come to; they're here already, Sir:

Wild. Then, Colonel, we'll have a new Wedding, and begin it with a Dance——Strike up.

[A Dance here.]

Stand. Now, Sir *Harry*, we have retriev'd our Wives; yours from Death, and mine from the Devil;

vil; and they are at present very honest. But how shall we keep 'em so?

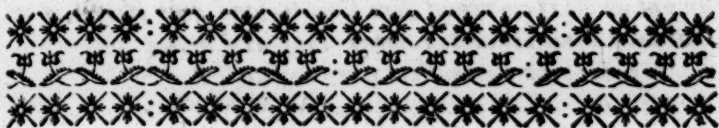
Ang. By being good Husbands, Sir; and the great Secret for keeping Matters right in Wedlock, is never to quarrel with your Wives for Trifles: For we are but Babies at best, and must have our Play-things, our Longings, our Vapours, our Frights, our Monkies, our China, our Fashions, our Washes, our Patches, our Waters, our Tattle and Impertinence; therefore, I say, 'tis better to let a Woman play the Fool, than provoke her to play the Devil.

Lure. And another Rule, Gentlemen, let me advise you to observe; never to be jealous; or if you shou'd, be sure never to let your Wife think you suspect her; for we are more restrain'd by the Scandal of the Lewdness, than by the Wickedness of the Fact; when once a Woman has borne the Shame of a Whore, she'll dispatch you the Sin in a Moment.

Wild. We're oblig'd to you Ladies, for your Advice; and in Return, give me Leave to give you the Definition of a good Wife, in the Character of my own.

The Wit of her Conversation never out-strips the Conduct of her Behaviour: She's affable to all Men, free with no Man, and only kind to me: Often chearful, sometimes gay, and always pleas'd, but when I am angry; then sorry, not sullen: The Park, Play-house, and Cards, she frequents in Compliance with Custom; but her Diversions of Inclination are at home: She's more cautious of a remarkable Woman, than of a noted Wit, well knowing that the Infection of her own Sex is more catching than the Temptation of ours: To all this, she is beautiful to a Wonder, scorns all Devices that engage a Gallant, and uses all Arts to please her Husband.

*So, spite of Satyr 'gainst a marry'd Life,
A Man is truly blest with such a Wife.*



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

V Entre bleu! were is dis dam Poet? were
Garzoon! me wil cut off all his two Ear:
Je suis Enrage—now he is not here.
He has affront de French! Le vilaine Bête!
De French! your best Friend!—you suffre dat?
Parbleu! Messieurs a serait fort Ingrate!
Vat have you English, dat you can call your own!
Vat have you of grand Pleasure in dis Town,
Vidout it come from France, dat wil go down?
Picquet, Basset; your Vin, your Dress, your Dance;
'Tis all, you see, tout Alamode de France.
De Beau dere buy a hondre Knick-knack;
He carry out Wit, but seldom bring it back:
But den he bring a Snuff-box Hinge, so small
De Joint, you can no see de Vark at all,
Cost him five Pistoles, dat is sheap enough,
In tre Year it sal save half an Ounce of Snoffe.
De Coquet, she ave her Ratifica dere,
Her Gown, her Complexion, Deux yeux, her Lovere.
As for de Cuckold—dat indeed you can make here.
De French it is dat teach de Lady wear
De short Muff, wit her vite Elbow bare;
De Beaux de large Muff, wit his Sleeve down dere.*

* Pointing to his Fingers.

EPILOGUE.

*Ve teach your Vifes to ope dere Husbands Purfes,
To put de Furbelo round dere Coach, and dere Horses.
Garzoon! ve teach you every Ting de Varle;
For vy den your damn Poet dare to snarle?
Begar, me wil be revenge upon his Play,
Tre tousan Refugee (Parbleu c'est vray).
Sall all come here, and damn him upon his tird Day.*

F I N I S.





1345. c. 5.